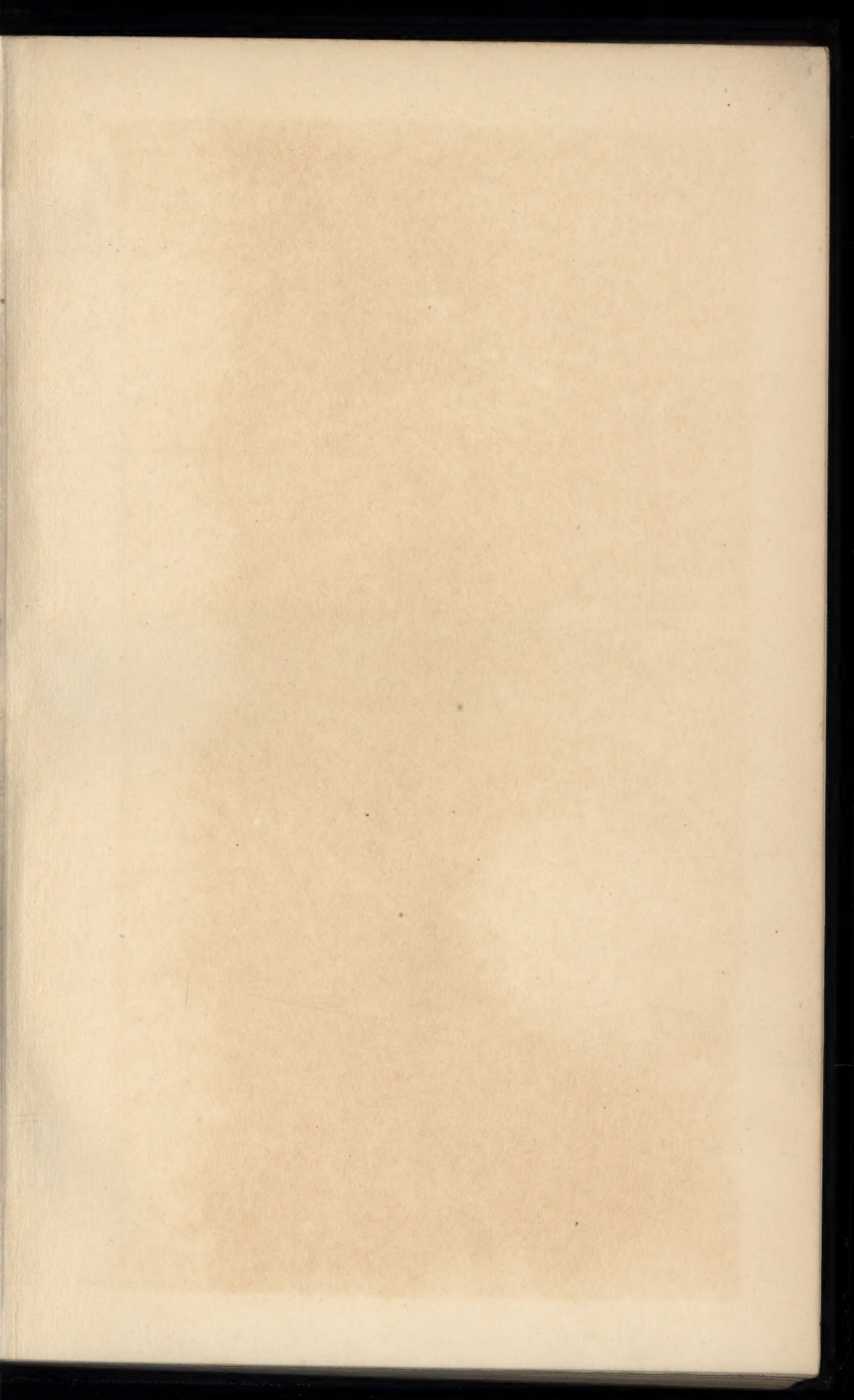
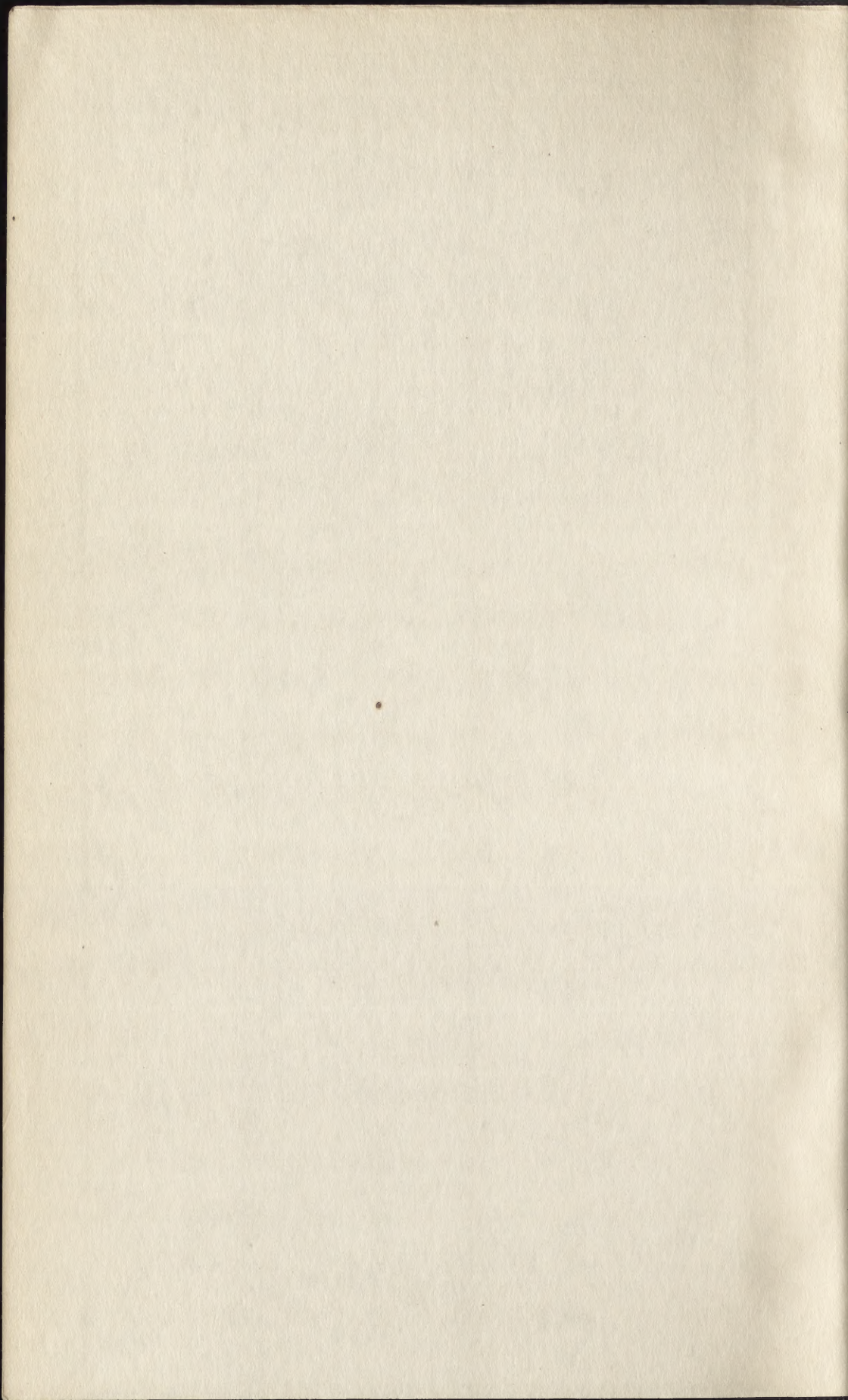




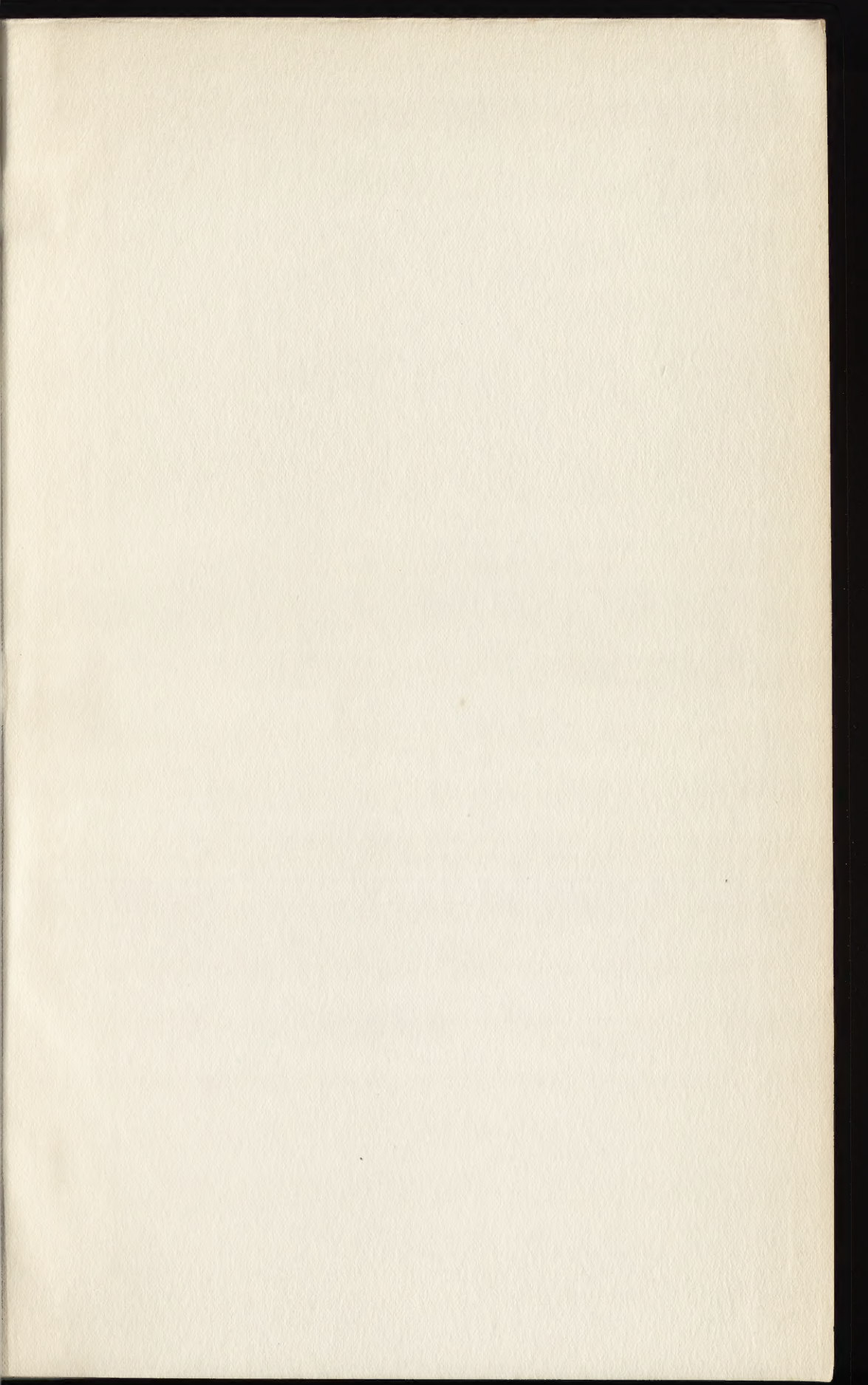
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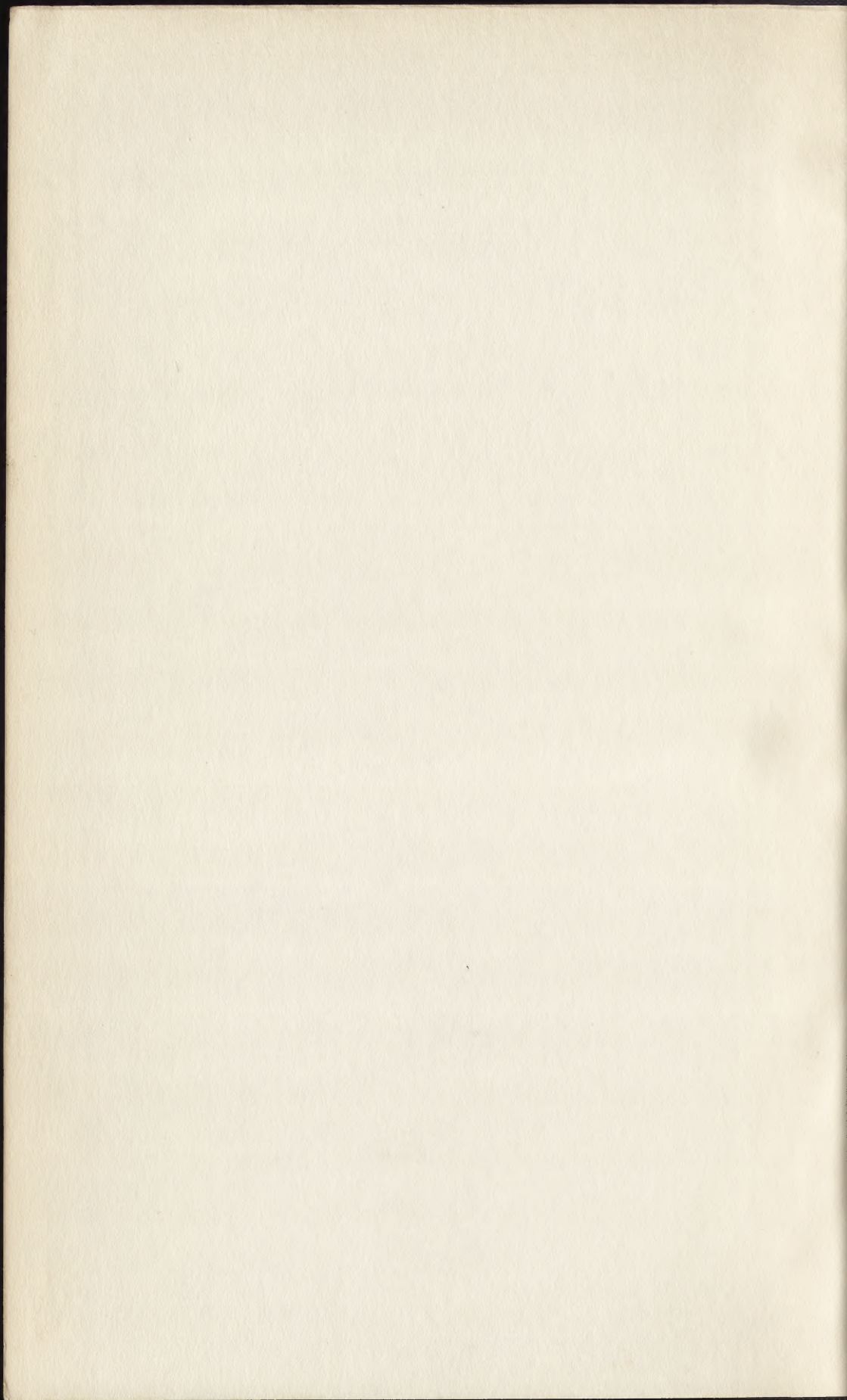












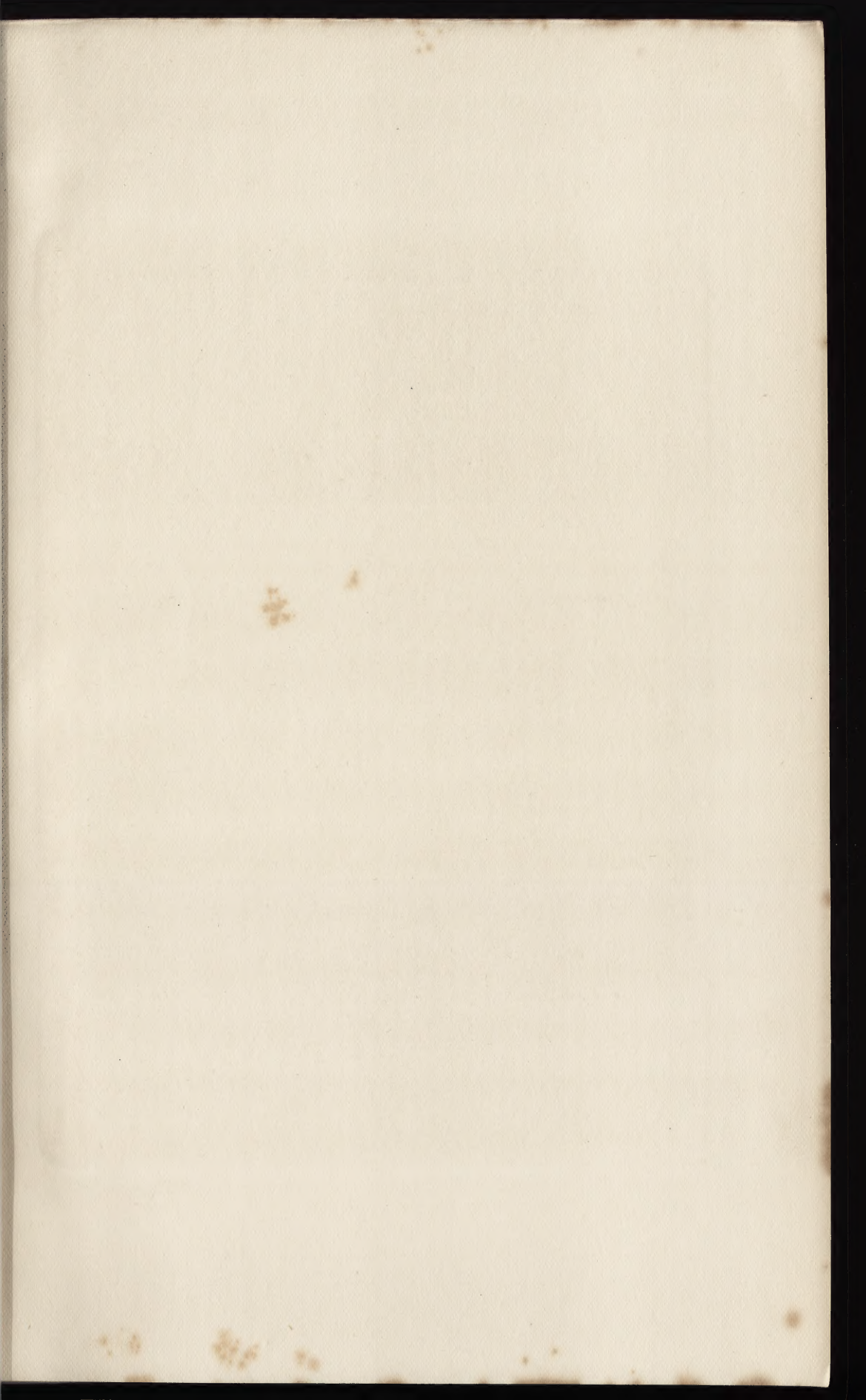


THE ORRERY PAPERS



THE RYAN PAPERS









**RICHARD BOYLE. FIRST EARL of CORK**  
**LORD HIGH TREASURER of IRELAND &c. &c.**

ob<sup>t</sup> 1643. æt. 77.

From the Original Picture at Chatsworth

Published Oct. 11 1803 by W Richardson York House 31 Strand.

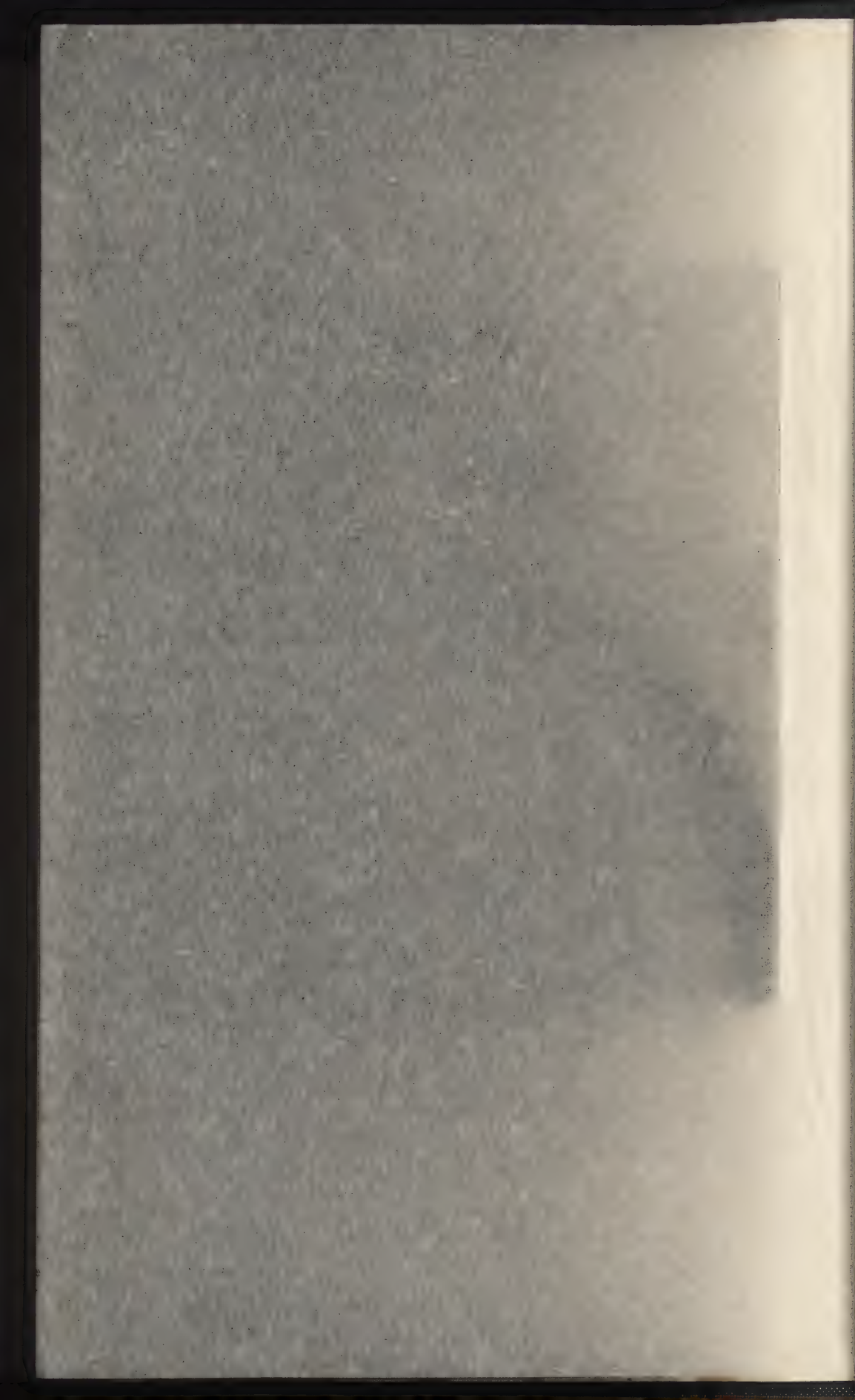
*Walker & Cocherell. Ph. &c.*

*Really James 5<sup>th</sup>*



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# THE ORRERY PAPERS

EDITED BY THE COUNTESS  
OF CORK AND ORRERY

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

*'C'était jadis'*



LONDON  
*DUCKWORTH AND COMPANY*

3 HENRIETTA STREET, W.C.

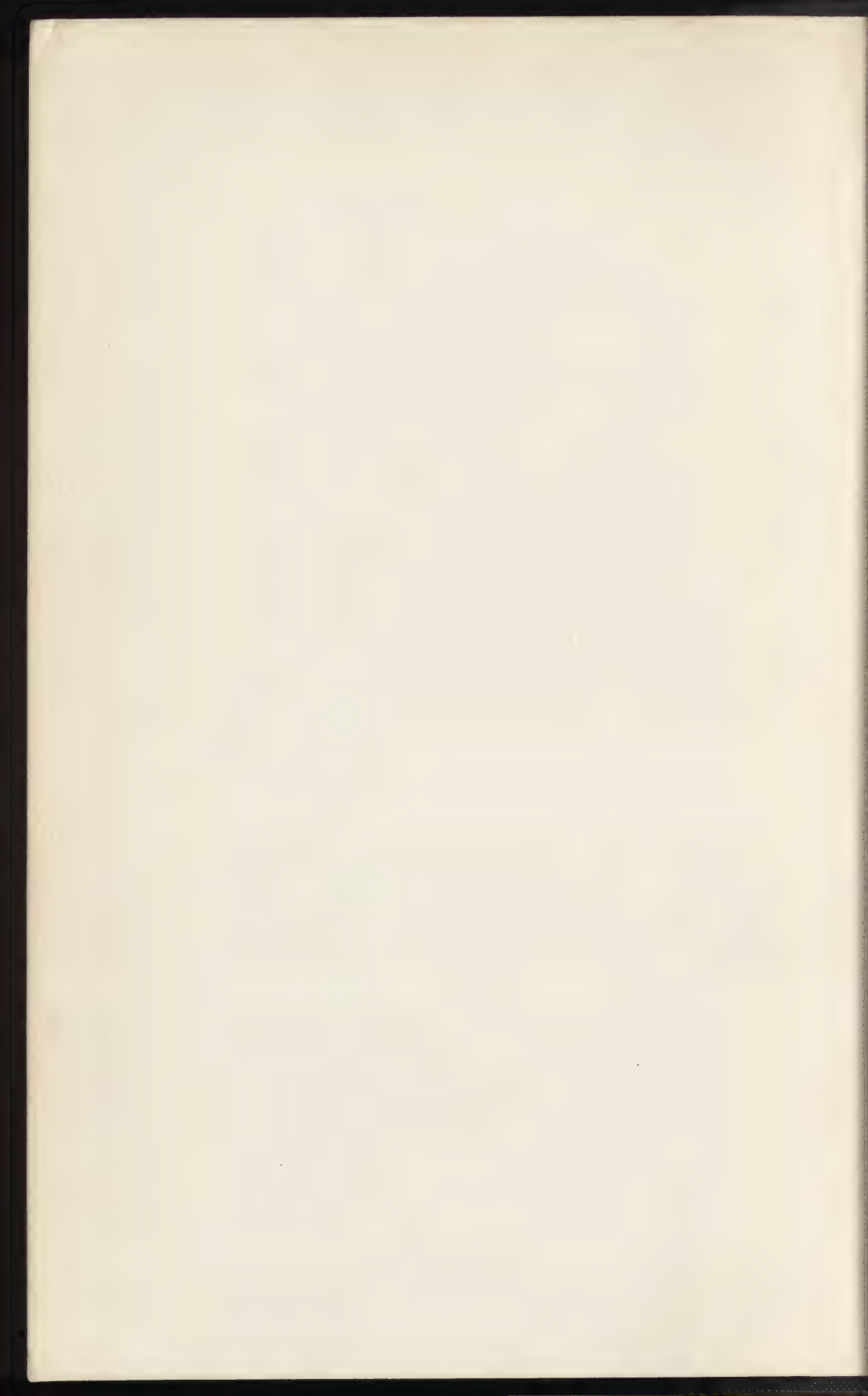
1903

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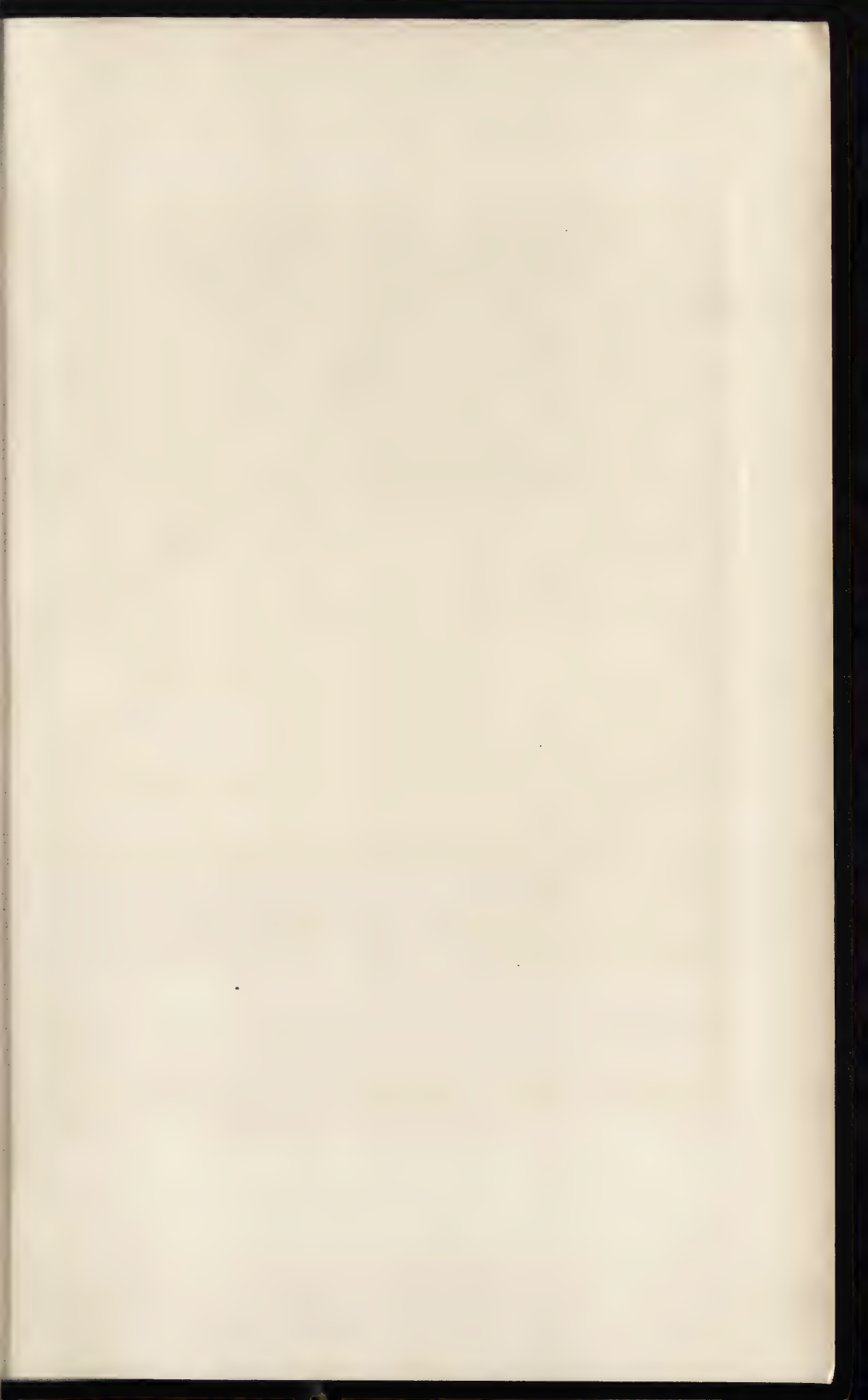


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Catherine Fenton  
wife of Richard 1<sup>st</sup> Earl of Cork.

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Leafy Green, 1/2 cup (25) & 1/2 cup (25) 18 per 100 g.



## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

THE collection of Papers from which the contents of these volumes have been selected was chiefly made by John, fifth Earl of Ossory, (primarily fifth Earl also of Cork (the earlier creation), although some of the documents in the first pages must obviously have been compiled by his father, Charles, fourth Earl of Ossory.

The public career and deeds of their common ancestor Richard Boyle, first Earl of Cork, are too well known to history and literature need either record or comment; and even in the course of his private life, perhaps the only notable fact worth mentioning is the incident of his meeting with a delightful two-year-old baby (when himself quite a young man), and being so attracted by her engaging little ways and appearance, as to declare jestingly his intention of marrying her when a woman grown. This haphazard prediction was curiously fulfilled when, after the premature death (in child-birth) of his first wife, he took to himself as number two Miss Catherine Fenton, daughter of Sir Geoffrey Fenton, a knight of much influence and great consideration. It is also somewhat noteworthy that, in both the marriages of this eminent and admirable man, Wisdom was greatly justified in her distinguished child, inasmuch as Miss Joan Apsley brought him a by no means unimaged income of £300 per annum, and his Countess Catherine a father-in-law who largely helped to advance his fortunes. Notwithstanding the difference in their respective ages, his second wife also preferred him after





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and possibly by reason of, having borne him fifteen children; and the family monument, erected by himself in St. Patrick's Cathedral, is well known to Dublin sight-seers, but is greatly inferior to the one in his honour at Youghal.

Lord Broghill, the fifth (though third surviving) son of Earl Richard, and eventually first Earl of Orrery (Roger), married Lady Margaret Howard, daughter of Theophilus, Earl of Suffolk, whose grace and beauty were celebrated by Suckling in his once well-known poem of 'The Bride,' which is written as the description by a rustic to his friend of a grand wedding he had witnessed, and begins—

‘I'll tell thee, Dick, where I have been.’

His admiration of the heroine, which runs through the whole, is best expressed in two charming passages as follows:—

‘Her feet beneath her petticoat,  
Like little mice, stole in and out.

And of her lips, the one was thin,  
But as for that one next her chin,  
Some bee had stung it newly.’

This fine and spirited composition is marred, like so many productions of that age, by one touch of coarseness at the end, which has excluded it from most of the modern popular anthologies. As regards his heroine, it is only just to her memory to add, that a contemporary writer strongly eulogises her ‘unaffected piety, love of her Lord, and sweetness of temper.’ The public career of that Lord is again an integral part of Irish history, and when civil wars had suspended their devastation of his country, being created by Charles II. both Earl of Orrery and President of Munster, he strove in all ways to promote the welfare of his Province. The villages of Rathgogran and a smaller adjacent one, were by him concentrated together and formed into a borough, which he named



the town of Charleville, after Charles II., and close to which he built an imposing stone mansion, known as Charleville House. In this house he dispensed justice, held courts, and gave general entertainments ; but some twenty years later, after his death, the building, which is described by contemporary chronicles as 'one of the finest in Ireland,' was ruthlessly burnt to the ground by the Duke of Berwick (in command of James II.'s troops), who, after dining and sleeping there, bestowed its furniture (probably in lieu of pay arrears) upon his soldiers, and commanded its destruction. This Vandal-like act was perhaps not altogether without provocation at a time when the fierce struggle for Monarchy was based upon opposite religious creeds ; Earl Roger having proved throughout his career a Protestant of somewhat aggressive staunchness, whereby he is credited with the incident of having inscribed the gates of the town of Bandon Bridge<sup>1</sup> with the following distich :—

‘Jew, Infidel, or Atheist  
May enter here, but not a Papist.’

A spirited and quick-witted R. C. capped these lines, during a dark night, by putting underneath them—

‘Who wrote these words composed them well,  
The same are written on the Gates of Hell.’

Roger, the second Earl of Orrery, who succeeded his bellicose father in 1679, is described as having been ‘of a ‘most refined temper, which early perceived the vanity’ [possibly also the insecurity] ‘of too great application to State affairs.’ He led a retired life, and having married Lady Mary Sackville, daughter of the Earl, and sister of the first Duke, of Dorset, passed quietly out of the world three years after succeeding to the title, leaving two sons.

<sup>1</sup> Bestowed on him by his father.

The elder of these two, Lionel, third Earl of Orrery, succeeded his father as a minor, and followed him to the churchyard in nine years, leaving no issue to intervene between him and his brother

Charles, fourth Earl of Orrery, who by both private and public report must have been a man of considerable mental attainment as well as personal distinction. His career at Christ Church was exceptionally brilliant, although it involved him in severe controversial differences with Dr. Bentley, the King's 'library-keeper' at St. James's. The origin of these differences may be summed up by stating that Mr. Boyle (that being his existing status) was commanded by the Dean of his College, as the best Grecian therein, to put out a new edition of the Epistles of Phalaris. This order he obeyed by 'putting out a fine edition of Phalaris, which he dedicated to 'the Dean, and translated into Latin.' A slight personal friction that already existed between him and the Librarian, was greatly accentuated by sundry reflections in the work, which roused fierce ire in Dr. Bentley. Mutually hostile passages ensued, and long and furiously waged 'the Battle of the Books.' If we may judge by the papers that remain to us—all naturally on one side—Mr. Boyle triumphed completely. Sir William Temple ranked among his supporters, and even at the rival University of Cambridge caricatures were circulated of the Doctor being inserted into the Bull of Phalaris, with a label in his mouth to the effect that he 'had rather be *roasted* than *Boyled*.' On leaving Oxford, Charles Boyle entered Parliament as Member for Huntingdon, when it is chronicled that 'no 'young Gentleman ever came into the House of Commons with 'a greater reputation for wit and learning.' The Senate had not, however, much scope for profiting by his talents, inasmuch as his clever, but somewhat flippant, maiden speech



there (being perhaps the climax of some previous irritating hustings episodes), at once involved him in a duel with his late opponent, Mr. Wortley, and resulted in his being laid up for some months, soon after which the death of his elder brother brought to him the Irish Earldom. From that epoch his existence became, to say the least, a varied and highly occupied one : whether serving in military fields, under the Duke of Marlborough, or shining in diplomatic functions as Envoy to the States of Brabant and Flanders for Queen Anne, or further, on being appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Somerset and Lord of the Bedchamber to George I., his time can scarcely have weighed in stagnation on his hands. But his star of prosperity did not continue for ever in the ascendant. His tongue, which appears to have been as sharp as his sword, had the reverse effect of the latter appendage, in creating instead of destroying enemies ; while his determined hostility to Sir Robert Walpole and that minister's supporters gave opportunity to the ill-wishers. Their malignity at last found vent in procuring his imprisonment on an absolutely baseless charge of conspiracy, carrying with it an imaginary suspicion of high treason, and he was, with circumstances and treatment of much indignity, committed for several months to the Tower. Throughout these vicissitudes his spirit never quailed, his name suffered no tarnish, and it is expressly stated that 'in both public and private life his Lordship behaved with 'strict honour and exemplary integrity.' He received from Queen Anne both an English Barony and the—for an Irishman almost unique—honour of the Order of the Thistle, and retained to the last his reputation for literary and scientific learning, a compliment to which acquirements was emphasised, by the dedication to him (at Richard Steele's suggestion), of that ingenious astronomical Instrument, invented by Graham,

and thenceforward known as the Orrery.<sup>1</sup> Earl Charles's wife, Lady Elizabeth Cecil (of the House of Exeter), appears in Lely's portrait to have been of singular beauty, but almost equal delicacy; and died early in their married life, after presenting him with an only son. Her husband never sought remarriage, and his attentions to the other sex are said from that time to have been promiscuous rather than correct. His health was not a little shaken by the hardships of his imprisoned life, and even when the indignation of many friends had brought about the release, his constitution remained impaired, till a brief illness ended his earthly days in 1737. In the public interests of Scholarship it is perhaps hardly to be regretted, that in the latter years of his life, during a period of brief, but undoubtedly acute, estrangement from his son, Charles committed an act of private injustice in alienating from that son by will, for the benefit of his former College at Oxford, where it is still preserved, his carefully selected and valuable library. It is fair to add that at the last he keenly regretted this act, having become reconciled in strong affection to its victim; but the contemplated rectification of the deed was hindered by the rapid phases of his final illness, though one is glad to learn, from the evidence on both sides, that the original cause of the breach, such as it was, proceeded from the conduct, not of John, Lord Boyle, but of the Earl of Orkney, his father-in-law.

The character of the fifth Earl of Orrery seems, so far as one may judge from the written evidence now remaining of himself and others, to have been of a more complex, and in many respects less firmly woven, texture. The early loss of a mother, and the inevitable separation, during his years of childhood, from an incessantly occupied father, are doubtless

<sup>1</sup> The original Instrument is to be found in a College at Oxford. No. 2 is in the possession of the present Earl of Cork and Orrery; and a magnificent replica was carried by Lord Macartney in mission to the Emperor of China.

accountable for some of its inequalities, although he inherited paternally the strong literary tastes to which he had a right. Both father and son, too, despite the youthful classical successes of the former, belonged rather to the class of *Littérateurs* than that of Authors, being diligent and studious, and what in those days were termed 'elegant scholars.' These tastes were fostered in John by his first tutor, Mr. Fenton—the collaborator of Pope in the *Odyssey* (declared by sundry backbiters to be responsible for all the best parts of that epic)—for whom he preserved great friendship and esteem until a course of over-indulgence in food, liquor, and bodily inactivity rather prematurely ended poor Fenton's life. From his hands John passed creditably into Oxford to spend, as he later averred, two of the happiest years he had ever known, and to achieve probably some distinction, but for the fact of his being suddenly taken away, while under nineteen, to accompany his father abroad. The exact reason of this change is not given, but one may surmise the absence from England to have been, at that juncture, politically expedient (if not necessary) for Earl Charles. The details of John's two marriages and domestic history are sufficiently revealed by his correspondence, which also throws side-lights on some of his mental traits—his devotion to Homer, Virgil, Horace, and other Ancients, was deep, and conspicuous for the times wherein he lived. The copious translations which it induced him to attempt, were probably more esteemed, and more deserving of esteem, at that period than they would be in ours, but are careful and conscientious in details. Some slight articles or essays in occasional journalistic productions (two or three of which are placed in the Appendix to these Papers) show a facile and often humorous pen, and though in most of his poetic attempts there is scant originality, he occasionally turned off a graceful



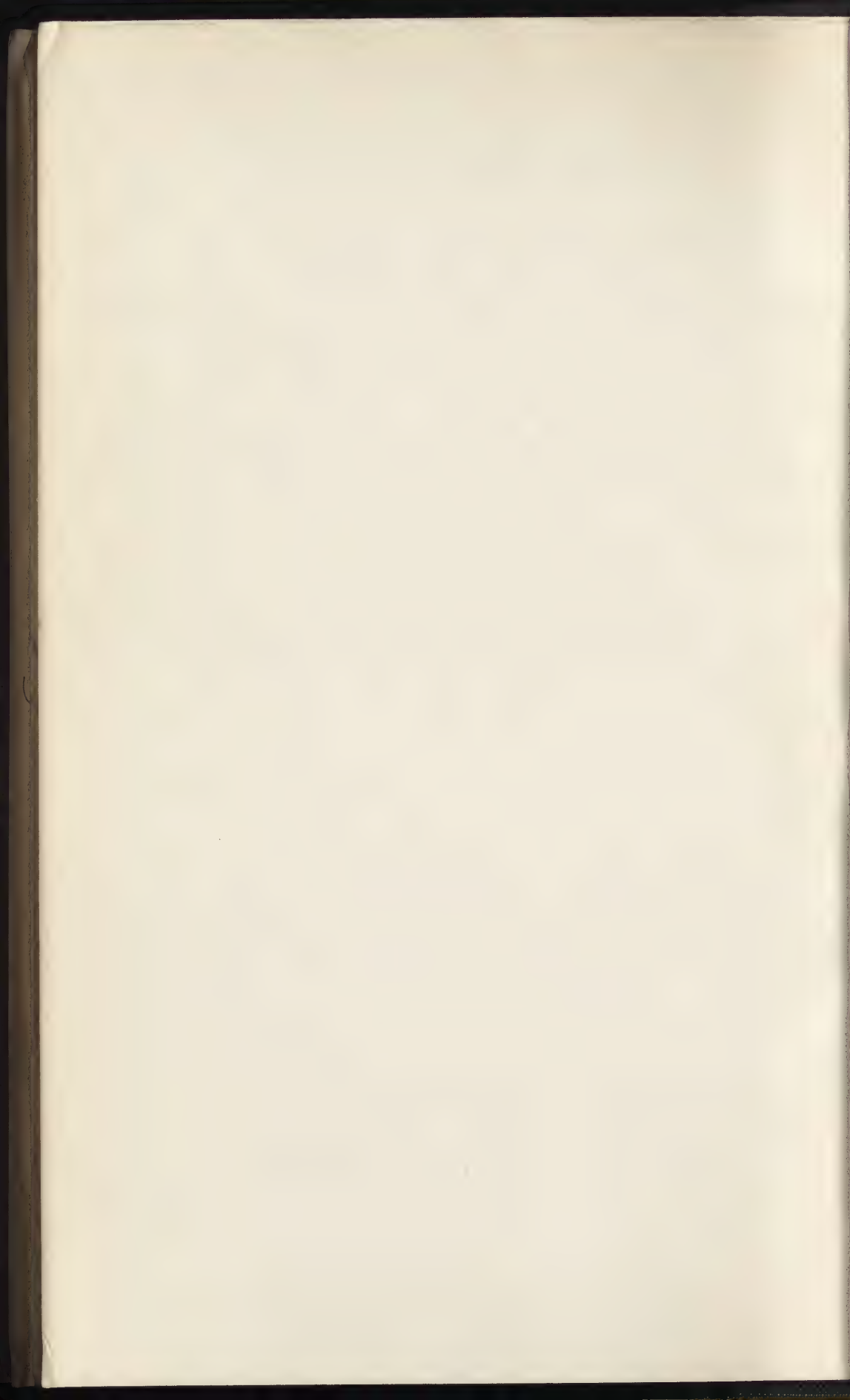
little piece, foremost among which the epitaph to his first wife, Lady Harriet Hamilton,<sup>1</sup> must count. His large and varied correspondence shows him as the intimate, and often affectionate, friend of most of the literary celebrities of the day—Pope, Swift, the aged (but always delightful) Tom Southerne; Dr. King, of Oxford celebrity; Dr. Barry, of Dublin fame; Dr. Mead, a physician of repute; Faulkner, the noted Dublin bookseller; Lord Roscommon, a minor but popular versifier, and several more, occupied most of his time and thoughts. His political guiding star was Lord Bolingbroke, and if less traces remain of written intercourse with both him and Lord Chesterfield, the reason is probably that the retention of such circumstantial evidence of their opinions was considered more or less dangerous. A characteristic likeness of Lord Chesterfield holding in one hand a book lettered 'Orrery's Pliny,' and obviously painted for presentation to him, is in good preservation at Marston, and its shrewd eyes, sharpened features, and sarcastic mouth, all give the expression one would expect of its original. Lord Orrery's three most important prose works, the translation of Pliny's Letters, the Life of Swift, and the Letters from Italy (dedicated to his three sons in succession), had their season of success (the two former especially), but that season is not of our day. Of his numerous and highly varied correspondence, two impartial criticisms are inevitable, viz., the unconscious exhibition therein of abnormal vanity and self-esteem, and the less unconscious tendency to exaggerate the vitiated style of the period, not only in a profuseness of compliment that largely discounts sincerity, but, far less excusably, in a constantly recurring vein of coarse indelicacy, which seriously complicates the difficulties of editing his

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of the Earl of Orkney and his wife, known as the mistress of William III. Lord Orkney held the lucrative appointment of Governor of Virginia, which he never visited, ruling it by deputy, but retaining most of the pay.

writings, many of the salient passages being tainted to a degree that makes reproduction impossible. With infinitely better judgment, however, as to the works of others, John, while deeply grieved by the alienation of his father's library, replaced this loss, in due course of years, by the formation of an excellent one of his own, which is still in existence, and in which the theological or classical scholar, the poet, the metaphysical student,—in short, all of thought and culture (within limits of date), may in various languages find interest and charm, for *il y en a pour tous les goûts*.

Like his father, John did not attain old age, and his days fell even short of the paternal mark, thereby more or less justifying his frequent complaints of unsatisfactory health. In a brief interval after his death, his titles and property finally accrued to a not very worthy successor in Edmund, seventh Earl, third son of his father, but sole one by the second wife, Margaret Hamilton. In the dissipation and extravagance of this family representative, all the maternal inheritance in the North of Ireland was gradually absorbed, and the Caledon estates, having passed irretrievably away, now give its title to the house of Alexander. Further details of his domestic conduct do not concern this brief account, beyond a passing notice of his second wife, the Hon. Mary Monckton, who long survived him as Dowager-Countess, and in whose small but well-known house most of the distinguished literary and other stars of London society were for years accustomed to meet. To the entailed property alone, which defied his unrighteous grasp, Edmund left an heir, on quitting, towards the close of the eighteenth century, a life wherein he had shed no additional lustre on a name, until then so fairly borne by his predecessors, to the fulfilment of their second motto, *Honor Virtutis Præmium*, that unto this might almost have been appended a third—*Clarus si non Præclarus*.

E. C. CORK AND ORRERY.





# THE ORRERY PAPERS

COPY OF THE INSTRUMENT SIGNED BY OLIVER  
CROMWELL WHEN HE WAS MADE LORD PRO-  
TECTOR.

WHEREAS the Major Part of the last Parliament, judging that their sitting any longer, as then constituted, would not be for the Good of this Common-Wealth, did dissolve the same; And by a Writing under their Hands, dated the twelfth Day of December, resigned unto Me their Powers and Authorities: And whereas it was necessary thereupon that some speedy Course should be taken, for the settlement of these Nations upon such a Basis and Foundation, as, by the Blessing of God, might be lasting, secure Property, and answer those great Ends of Religion and Liberty so long contended for. And upon full and mature Consideration had of the Form of Government hereunto annexed, being satisfied that the Same through Divine Assistance may answer the Ends aforementioned: And having also been desired and advised, as well by several Persons of Interest and Fidelity in this Common-Wealth, as the Officers of the Army, to take upon me the Protection and Government of these Nations, I have accepted thereof, and do hereby declare my Acceptance accordingly; And do promise in the Presence of God, that I will not violate, or infringe, the Matters and Things contained therein; but to my Power observe the Same, and cause them

## THE ORRERY PAPERS

to be observed : And shall in all other Things to the best of my Understanding, govern these Nations according to the Laws, Statutes, and Customs, seeking their Peace, and causing Justice and Law to be equally administered.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Oliver Cromwell Captain General of all the Forces of this Nation, did this sixteenth Day of December 1653 Sign this writing and solemnly promise, as is therein contained, in Presence of the Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal of England, who administered the same Oath, and of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London, diverse of the Judges of the Land the Officers of State and Army and many other Persons of Quality.

NIC : KEBLE, C.S.

JOHN LISLE, C.S.

A COPY OF A LETTER FROM JAMES, DUKE OF  
MONMOUTH, TO THE DUKE OF ALBEMARLE.

*To our trusty and wellbeloved Cousin and Counsellor Christopher Duke of  
Albemarle.*

MY LORD,—Whereas we are credibly informed, that there are some Horse and Foot, in Arms under Your command for James Duke of York, which are purposely raised in opposition to Us and Our Royal Authority, We have thought fit to signifie to you Our Resentments thereof; and do promise our self that what you have transacted therein is through Inadvertency and Mistake; and that your Grace will take other Measures, when you have received Information of our being proclaimed King, to succeed our Royal Father lately

deceased : We therefore have sent this Messenger on purpose to intimate the same to you. And it is our Royal Will and Pleasure, and we do hereby strictly charge and command you upon Notice and Receipt hereof to cease all Hostility and Force of Arms against Us, and all our loving Subjects ; and that your Grace would immediately repair to our Camp, where you shall not fail of a very kind and hearty Reception by Us. And in default of the Premises, We shall be obliged to proclaim You, and all those under your Command, Rebels and Traytors, and shall proceed against both them and You accordingly : yet We assure Our Self your Grace will pay a ready Obedience to our Commands, therefore We bid You heartily farewell.

JAMES REX.

THE DUKE OF ALBEMARLE'S ANSWER BY THE  
SAME TRUMPET.

*For James Scott lately Duke of Monmouth.*

I RECEIVED your Letter, and do not doubt but you would receive me very kindly if you had me. And since that you have given Yourself the Trouble of an Invitation ; This is to let you know that I never was, nor will be, a Rebel to my lawful King, who is James II. Brother to my late dear Master King Charles the Second. If you think I am in the Wrong, and Yourself in the Right, whenever we meet, I do not doubt but the Justness of my Cause shall sufficiently convince you that you had better have let this Rebellion alone, and not to have put the Nation to so much trouble.

ALBEMARLE.



## COPY OF AN ORIGINAL LETTER OF KING JAMES II.

FROM FEVERSHAM IN KENT, ON HIS BEING SEIZED BY THE  
RABBLE THERE; DELIVERED TO THE LORDS IN COUNCIL.  
THE EARL OF MULGRAVE, PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL.

*Dec. 12th, 1688.*

I HAD the Misfortune to be stopt at Shellness, and brought in here this Day by a Rabble of Seamen, Fishermen and Others, who still detain me here, tho' they know me. Lord Winchilsea came to me here, but too late, that if those who detain would have let me go to Canterbury I could not have stirr'd. I must see if that Lord can persuade them to permit it To-morrow. However speak to some of my most necessary Servants to come to me, and bring with them some Linnen and Cloaths. And if Frasier be in the Way, let him be one; direct them to come by Sittinburn, and so to this Place or to Canterbury, if I be not here. I know not if this Letter will get to you safe, and so say no more. Let James Graham know I shall want some Money. If he could come and bring some himself or send some, it would be but necessary those who seized me having taken all the Little I had about me when they layed Hands upon me.

J. R.

*Dec. 13.*

This letter should have gone last Night, but the Person who was to carry it was frightened, so that he durst not stir out of this Town, being stopped and frightened by the Rabble. I hope he that conveys now will get through to You, though the whole country are up and have plundered most of the Catholick's Houses.

COPY OF AN ORIGINAL LETTER FROM THE  
DUTCHESS<sup>1</sup> OF POWIS TO THE DUTCHESS OF  
BEAUFORT.

CONCERNING THE PRINCE OF WALES, SON OF KING JAMES II.

*St. James', June 25, 1688.*

DEAR SISTER,—I am extreamly glad, that at the same Time that I return Thanks for Yours of the 18th Instant, and the Account you therein give of the Manner you use in the breeding your dear Children, I can assure you that the Prince is very well, for any Thing I can discern, a very likely thriving Child. I told the King of your Letter and I read it to the Queen ; both command me to give you Thanks, and seemed very sensible of your Care and Concern in it, but still We dare not give it a Drop of Food, but by the Doctor's Orders, and what it has had hitherto, has been only plain Water-Gruel, without any Bread or Spice ; and his Drink, Water boyled and poured upon a plain Wheaten Toast, and so let stand till it be cold ; and twice a Day we give him the same kind of Water poured upon a very small Proportion of Anniseds. One Day I had Leave to give him a Water Pap, with a Spoon of Sack in a whole Porringer of Pap, but the Day following that was forbid. We shall see what Liberty they will allow me this Day, when they meet. But he is so strong a healthy

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of the Marquis of Worcester, and at the time of writing the above letter Marchioness of Powis, her husband's Dukedom having been one of James II.'s creations when in exile at St. Germain, and never recognised in England. The Marquisate was eventually forfeited by attainder, but later restored to their son. The infant Prince in question was the sixth son of King James (the second only by Queen Mary), and the only one who survived to Manhood, which if his baby Predecessors were all dieted in like curious fashion is perhaps not surprising. He was ultimately known as the Chevalier St. George, father of Charles Edward the Young Pretender.

Child, that I durst forfeit my own Life, if I did not deliver him a lusty Boy to the King and Queen this Time Twelvemonth, with God's Assistance, if either you or I had the ordering his Food ; and I hope however he will go thro' all Things, for I cannot discern any Thing to ail him but Wind, which at the first beginning always struggles with his Meat, but he Over comes it, and after two or three Spoonful takes the rest very heartily. We are to carry it to Richmond the 26th of July if their Majesties Minds do not alter. The Surveyor went yesterday to secure the House from falling upon our Heads. I do not hear that the Queen has any Thought of going to the Bath this next Season, but I fancy Queen Dowager will. This is the first Time I have been able to write a Letter since the Prince was born, for I live in his Chamber ; to supply by Care what I want in skill. But wherever I am, you may freely command me, and be assured of all the Service which is in the Power of, Dear Sister, your most humble Servant and affectionate Sister,

ELIZA. POWIS.

AN ACCOUNT OF A LETTER WROTE BY THE  
BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS (DR. THOS. KEN)  
TO HIS ROYAL MISTRESS.

THE Bishop of Bath and Wells having Affairs of his own, which drew him to London for a few Days, and coming thither on the 22nd of April 1692, he soon perceived that the whole Town and People of all Persuasions were full of Belief that King James would make a very sudden, and a very powerful Descent into England, and he found that the Dutch Prints which are not wont to publish any Lye tend-



ing to their Disadvantage, spake the same Thing. This made him apprehensive that if King James should land with any Appearance of Success, there might then happen as great a Desertion to him, as there was from him, which seemed very probable to more than himself, from those Symptoms of Repentance which were observable in all considering Persons and the ready disposition they were in of returning to their Allegiance :—that if such a Desertion should happen, he was thoro'ly persuaded that his Royal Mistress would find herself on a sudden surprised into a Confluence of Distresses, as great as ever her afflicted Father felt, or rather greater in regard her Fall would probably be the more unpitied and unretrievable of the two, and the World would conclude that God, who permitted the first Desertion for a medicinal Chastisement of the Royal Father, decreed the second for a Judicial Chastisement of the Royal Daughter.

The Bishop being truly sensible of all this, having a sincere zeal for the Safety and Piety of his Mistress, fearing she might want a free and a faithful Remembrancer, and having had no Encouragement to wait on her himself, wrote a Letter to One, who had been his Fellow-Servant in Holland, who is now in the same Station at White-Hall and who was the only Person he thought he could prevail on to communicate what he wrote to his Mistress. And he entreated that Person to lay his humble Duty at her Royal Feet, and to let her know :—that the Bishop did verily believe she would find at long Run, that those very Persons who pretended the most real Concern for her Service, would at the first Appearance of Danger wholly forsake her. That he dreaded to think there should be any Probability of his living to see his Mistress calamitous ;—That he earnestly besought God to be propitious to her, to direct her the right way and to guard her from

evil Counsellours, from unchristian Casuists, from all unnatural Opposition to her most tender and Royal Father, whenever he returned to assert his Right, and from the Guilt of all that Bloodshed which would be the unavoidable Consequence of such an Opposition, and which would loudly cry to Heaven for Vengeance. That he did with a bleeding Heart deplore the Condition in which he apprehended his Mistress to be, and humbly begged of God to open her Eyes, that she might see in this her Day (a Day which he feared was short and would soon be irrevocable) the Things that belong to her Peace lest they should be hid from her Eyes—That if he had a regular Call to preach at Court, this Passage of the Prophet Jeremy should be the Subject he should very passionately recommend to Consideration, ‘Say unto the King and to the Queen humble yourselves, sit down, for your Principalities shall come down, even the Crown of your Glory.’ The Bishop having received no Answer, and leaving the Town the next Day, and fearing that his Correspondent might think it the safest Way to conceal what he wrote, and being resolved whatever Danger he ran himself, to suggest those plain Truths to his Royal Mistress, which seemed to him highly necessary and very seasonable also, especially considering that Her Highness had at present the sole Administration of the Government in her Hands, and was preparing to make War against her Father, he wrote a letter out of the Country to his Royal Mistress herself, enclos’d in a Cover to the Person before mention’d, which he is satisfied was delivered, and in the Cover which he imagined his Mistress would see, the Bishop did affirm that he had done Nothing in all this, but what he thought most agreeable to his Character as a Bishop, and in his former Relation to his Mistress as a Servant, and which on that account seem’d to be a Duty, more

particularly incumbent on him than on any other, and which might be more justly expected from him. He professed that if he was persecuted for doing his Duty, it was also his Duty to rejoice and glory in such Persecution. He besought God to bless what he wrote, and to glorify himself in the weakness of the Instrument.

## THE BISHOP'S LETTER TO HIS ROYAL MISTRESS.

*All Glory be to God.*

MADAM,—I wrote a letter very lately to Mrs. Jessell which I desired her to lay before Your Royal Highness, but fearing that her Heart might have fail'd her, and having had no Opportunity offer'd me of waiting on you, and being inexpressibly zealous and solicitous for your Good I presume to write to You myself.

I do not give You the Title of Majesty, not daring to do it, because I think it justly belongs to none but to Your Royal Father and to his Queen. And my Encouragement to make this Address to you, is the Persuasion which possesses me, that You have of late acted from an Intention which is rather misguided than willfully evil, and the entire Confidence I have in your Wisdom, and the Goodness of your Nature, which will be better pleased with Sincerity than with Flattery.

I am willing to believe that Your Royal Highness thinks me at least an honest Man. And you cannot but be sensible, that I having never had any personal Obligation to King James, and having had the Honour to have been your Servant, and to have received particular Marks of your Favour (of which I shall always retain a most grateful Remembrance) my worldly Interest, and my own natural Inclinations for the



Service of so gracious a Mistress, whose Happiness temporal as well as eternal I always most passionately desired, would from the Beginning have very readily determined me to have followed all your Measures. But my Conscience would not permit me to comply then, and it will as little permit me to be silent now.

I thank God I had rather suffer your utmost Severity than be disregardful of your Wellfare at such a Time as this, when the probable Apprehensions of Danger may, by God's Grace, soften you into that relenting, and awaken those serious Reflections, which Success and Prosperity, even in devout Persons, are too apt to stifle and to lay asleep, and I may reasonably hope that you will hearken to a Word spoken in due Season.

Madam, I most humbly, most importunately, beg of You to consider, that the Duty You owe to an Husband, to a Father and to a Brother, are not at all inconsistent; that the Duty You owe to God is superiour to them all; that no one Command of God is to be violated to gratify either; that such a Violation is a publick Scandal to our Christianity; that no Evil is to be done to promote our most holy Religion, that there can be no Repentance without Restitution; that if King James sets up his Standard in his Kingdom, the Arguments, now urg'd against him, will then turn for him, and be generally urg'd on his Side; that You yourself will tremble at the Thoughts of drawing the Sword against Your own Royal Father and against God's anointed—and if You should not tremble, the Nation will tremble to follow You.

For my own Part, I wish my Head Waters, and my Eyes Fountains of Tears, to bewail the Sins of the late Revolution, and I will gladly sacrifice my Life to heal those Wounds, which You yourself have given to your own Conscience, and which at one Time or other will fall a bleeding.

God out of the multitude of his most tender mercies give You Grace to weep much, to love much, and to be much belov'd by God.—Madam, Your Royal Highness's Most Humble, faithful and affectionate Servant and Intercessour at the Throne of Grace,

THOMAS BATH and WELLS.

*April 29, 1692.*

The Bishop besides his Episcopal Subscription, seal'd the Letter with his Episcopal Seal, notwithstanding his pretended Deprivation, and thus superscrib'd it :

*To my Royal Mistress*

*Most humbly*

*Presents.*

The Bishop when he wrote this Letter, foresaw that he might be call'd in Question for the Freedom he had taken, and that the Revolutionary Judges, according to the late Conventional Edicts, would pronounce it at least an High Misdemeanour, or would presume it to be Treason ; and that such a Presumption might be judg'd sufficient to condemn him. This made him presently lodge a Copy of what he had written in a Friend's Hand, that if he himself should be seiz'd on, his Friend, if it was advisable, might publish it for his Justification before the World, which the Bishop doubted not but that he had before God. To whom be all Honour and Glory, for Ever and Ever.—Amen.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM THE EARL OF MIDDLETON WITH HIS REASONS FOR TURNING ROMAN CATHOLIC AND RETIRING FROM COURT.

You know that my Desire of retiring from any sort of Busyness has been of old Date, but the Execution of it was

still deferred by Difficulties, which I could not then well get over, but now are ceased. For had I humour'd myself it might have given Occasion to People in England to have said [altho' unjustly] that no Protestant could live at St. Germain's, which would have been the greatest Disservice imaginable to my Master, and have given a fair Occasion to my Enemies, to have fix'd a Reproach upon me which I never deserved. When I came to St. Germain's I declined taking any particular Employment; but when the late King told me that it was his Pleasure that I should act in the Place I had, which He had never disposed of, I accepted of the Seal, on Condition that I might resign it as soon as I had the Happiness of seeing him at Home; for which I gave these three Reasons: I. That it ought to be given to a Man of great Parts, well known and well esteemed in the Nation; II. That it ought to be given to a natural-born English-Man, for Such were presumed to be best acquainted with their Constitution, and to have the greatest affection for it; III. That it ought to have a great Stake in the Nation, which is considered the greatest Security that can be given for his Behaviour. All which were full against myself. And as to the Truth of this I appeal to the Queen. Those who hate the Catholick Religion, do not for that Reason hate those who were bred in it. And the Resentment may be much abated by Time, and Accidents, against those embraced it some years ago. But the first Ardour of Conversion is so abominable to the English, that One must expect to be loaded with all the Reproach which Malice, Wit, Indiscretion, and Zeal can devise: But as the Fore-sight of this could not divert me from my Purpose, so it cannot in the least disturb me, but proves plainly that it would be a mighty Prejudice to the King to have about him One so universally obnoxious. I have heard the Queen say that the King her



Son would do everything he could in Conscience to please his Protestant Subjects, that He was born to govern Protestant Countries, and by them only could be restored and supported, and here is now an Opportunity of giving a clear Proof by dismissing an useless Servant.—I am told of an Objection against my Retreat which I should not otherwise have guest, that my continuing at Court would be an Edification to others, but I am of a contrary Opinion, which in this Case must have the greatest Weight, because no Body else can so well know my Weakness. I dare not presume so far on my own Strength, as to venture among inevitable Temptations and necessary Distractions. I thank God I have now heartily forgiven my Enemies, but I apprehend that if I should expose myself to injurious Calumnies, and Affronts, Nature might revolt to the Destruction of Charity, so absolutely requisite. It may be thought too that I have done this in Worldly View, not that I mind this Censure, but 'tis plain that those who entertain this Suspicion cannot be edified in seeing me at Court, but abandoning All for the Thing necessary is the safest and surest way of working out my own Salvation in contributing to that of others. My Case is very different from theirs, who have always led innocent Lives, since they, renouncing their Errors, come into a good State, but an old habitual grievous Offender ought to dedicate the short uncertain Part of his life to do Penance. For my Part I cannot think myself otherwise. Those who have been bred at Court ought to be more sensible of the Danger of being there. Those who resolve not to sin ought to shun the occasions, by a true Sense of their own corruption. Those who trust to their own Resolutions, may tempt God to humble their Pride by withdrawing his Grace. St. Peters Fall is a terrible Instance which ought to be reflected on as the best preservation against Presumption. Those who

oppose my Design contradict the Opinion and Practice of some of the greatest Saints, and may throw away the best Books which have been written from Direction, Having shown that my Attendance on the King would be not only contrary, but hurtful to his Service, and that Retreat for the Rest of my Life is absolutely necessary for myself. I hope the Queen will have the Charity to consent to it, whereby her Majesty will reward me more than by all the glittering trifles Men contend for. And having fixt this Resolution, I thought it should be intimated immediately, lest the Service should suffer by delay to put one in my Place. Many may be fitter for it, tho' none more faithful than

M.

[Charles, 2nd Earl of Middleton, Secretary of State with other Offices, under Charles II., followed James II. into France, whereby his Earldom (bestowed on his Father in 1660) was forfeited in 1695, which gives inferentially the probable time of this undated letter. His wife was Lady Catherine Brudenell, daughter of the 2nd Earl of Cardigan, by whom he had one son, Lord Claremont, and several daughters.]

#### A CURIOUS ANECDOTE CONCERNING KING CHARLES

II. (RELATED TO LORD ORRERY BY THE REV. MR. WATKINS OF ST. MARY'S HALL, OXFORD).

IT is very strange that amongst so many Dangers to which King Charles II. was exposed, and from which he was surprisingly and miraculously delivered, neither this (Lord Clarendon) nor any other, Author that I have met with, takes the least notice of one of a very extraordinary Nature, which happened to Him in Holland, and which was as follows.

The King when at Brussels being desirous and resolved to see his Sister<sup>1</sup> the Princess of Orange, but withall under a Necessity to make the Journey with the utmost Secrecy, did communicate his Design to no Person whatsoever. He ordered Fleming (a Servant of the Earl of Wington) who was in his Service, and of whose Fidelity he neither then nor ever after did doubt, secretly to provide a couple of good Horses, and have them ready at a certain Place and Time of the next ensuing Night by His Majesty appointed ;—that Fleeming with these Horses should remain alone, till he heard from the King. At the Time appointed the King (having gone to bed and afterwards dressed himself and privately gone out of a back Door, and leaving only a Letter to some one of his Servants in whom he confided, with an account of his having gone from Thence for a few Days, and with Directions to keep his Absence as secret as possible under Pretence of being indisposed) came to the Place, where he found Fleeming with the Horses as he had directed. He then acquainted Fleming with his Design to speak with his Sister at the Hague, and not regarding the Hazards he might be exposed to, away he went with this slender Iquipage and Attendance, travelling thro' the most secret By-Ways, and contriving it so that he came to the Hague at six in the morning, and lighted at a scrub Inn in a remote Part of the Town, where he was confident none would know him under the Disguise he was then in. He immediately sent Fleeming to acquaint his Sister where he was, and to leave it to her to contrive the Way and Manner of having access to her, so as not to be known. Fleeming having dispatched his Commission in a very short Time (less than an Hour), was no sooner returned to the King (finding him in

<sup>1</sup> Princess Mary, eldest daughter of Charles I., married to the Prince of Orange and mother of William III.



the Room where he had left him, and where he had been still alone), than an unknown Person came and asked of the Landlord, if two French men had not alighted at his House that morning. The Landlord replied that indeed two Men had come, but of what Country he knew not. The Stranger desired him to tell them he wanted to speak to them, which he having done, the King was much surprised, but withall inclined to see the Person. Fleeming opposed it, but the King being positive, the Person was introduced, being an old Reverend-like Man, with a long gray Beard, and ordinary gray Cloathes, who looking and speaking to the King told him he was the Person he wanted to speak to, and that all alone on Matters of Importance. The King believing it might perhaps be a Return from his Sister, or being curious to know the Result of such an Adventure, desired Fleeming to withdraw, which he refused till the King, taking him aside, told him there could be no Hazard from such an old Man for whom he was too much, and commanded him to retire. They were no sooner alone than the Stranger bolted the Door (which brought the King to think what might or would happen), and at the same Time falling down upon his knees, pulled off his very nice and artificial Mask, and discovered himself to be Mr. Downing (afterwards well known by the Name of St. George, and Ambassadour from the King to the States after his Restoration), then Envoy or Ambassadour from Cromwell to the States, being the Son of one Downing an Independent Minister, who attended some of the Parliament Men who were once sent to Scotland to treat with the Scots to join against the King, and who was a very active virulent Enemy to the Royal Family, as appears from this History. The King you may easily imagine, was not a little surprised at this Discovery. But Downing gave him no Time

for reflection, having immediately spoke to him in the following Manner : ‘ that he humbly begged His Majesty’s Pardon ‘ for any Share, or Part, he had acted during the Rebellion ‘ against his Royal Interest ; and assured him that tho’ he ‘ was just now in the Service of the Usurper, he wished His ‘ Majesty as well as Any of his Subjects, and would, when an ‘ occasion offered, venture all for his Service ; and was hopeful ‘ what he was about to say would convince His Majesty of his ‘ Sincerity. But before he mentioned the Cause of his coming ‘ to him, he must insist that His Majesty would solemnly ‘ promise to him not to mention what had happened ; and he ‘ was to say nothing to Fleeming or any other Person whatsoever until it pleased God that His Majesty was restored to ‘ his Crowns, when he should not have Reason to desire it ‘ concealed ; tho’ even then he must have His Majesty’s ‘ Promise, never to aske, or expect, he should discover how, ‘ or when, he came to know of his being there.’ The King having solemnly engaged in the Terms required, Downing proceeded, and told ‘ that his Master the Usurper being now ‘ at Peace with the Dutch, and the States so dependent and ‘ obsequious to him that they refused nothing that he required, ‘ had with the greatest Secrecy, in order to make it the more ‘ effectual, entered into a Treaty by which, among other trifling ‘ matters agreed to him, inde<sup>1</sup> the chief, and indeed main end ‘ of the Negotiation was, that the States stood engaged to ‘ seize and deliver up to the Usurper the Person of His ‘ Majesty, if so be at any Time he should happen by Chance or ‘ Design, to come within their Territories, when required there- ‘ to by Any in his Name :—and that this Treaty having been ‘ Signed by the States, was sent to London, from whence it had

<sup>1</sup> An awkward piece of writing, the Latin word being apparently superfluous, and meant perhaps to be taken as ‘thereupon.’

‘ returned but Yesterday Morning and totally finished Yester  
‘ Night betwixt him and a secret Committee of the States. He  
‘ represented his Master’s Intelligence to be so good, that  
‘ Discovery would be made even to himself (Downing) of His  
‘ Majesty’s being there, and if he neglected to apply to have  
‘ him seized, his Master would resent it to the highest, which  
‘ would infallibly cost him his Head, and deprive His Majesty  
‘ of a faithful Servant ; and being desirous to prevent the  
‘ miserable consequences of what would follow if his being here  
‘ were discovered, he resolved to communicate the Danger he  
‘ was in, and for Fear of a future Discovery, he had disguised  
‘ himself, being resolved to trust no Person, with the Secrets.  
‘ He then proposed that His Majesty would immediately mount  
‘ his Horses and make all Despatch imaginable out of the  
‘ States’ Territories, that he himself would return Home, and  
‘ under Pretence of Sickness, lye longer a Bed than usual ; and  
‘ that when he thought His Majesty was so far off, as to be out  
‘ of Danger to be overtaken, he would go to the States and  
‘ acquaint them that he understood His Majesty was in Town,  
‘ and require his being seized in the Terms of the late Treaty ;  
‘ that he knew they would comply and send to the Place  
‘ directed, but on finding that His Majesty was gone off so far  
‘ as to be safe, he would propose to make no further Noise  
‘ about it, lest it should discover the Treaty and prevent His  
‘ Majesty’s falling afterwards into their Hands.’ The King  
immediately following his Advice, and he returning Home,  
every Thing was acted, and happened, as he proposed and  
foretold. The King having escaped this imminent Danger,  
most religiously performed what he had promised, never  
mentioning any Part of this Story till after his Restoration,  
and not then desiring to know, how Downing’s Intelligence  
came (which he never discovered) tho’ He (the King) often  
said it was a Mystery, for no Person knew of his Design till



he was on Horseback, and that he could not think Fleeming went and discovered him to Downing. Beside he so soon returned from his Sister he could not have Time. Downing having come much about the Time Fleeming returned. I have heard this Story told by several who frequented King Charles' Court after the Restoration, particularly by the Earl of Cromartie, who said, that next Year after the Restoration, he with the Duke of Rothes, and several other Scots' Quality, being one Night with the King over a Bottle, they all complained of an impertinent Speech Downing had made in Parliament, reflecting on the Scots' Nation, which they thought His Majesty should resent, so as to discard him from Court, and withdraw his Favour from him. The King replied he did not approve what he had said, and would reprove him for it; but to goe further he could not well do because of this Story which he repeated in the Terms here narrated, which made such an Impression on all present, that they freely forgave what had passed, and Rothes asked Liberty to begin his Health in a Bumper.<sup>1</sup>

DR. CHARLETT'S<sup>2</sup> LETTER TO THE HONOURABLE  
MR. CHARLES BOYLE CONCERNING THE ANSWER TO  
DR. BENTLEY.

*12th April 1698.*

HONOURED SIR,—Give me Leave, among many Others, to present You with my Thanks in particular for your noble Present which our new Proctor-Elect gave me in your Name. Without that Honour I should have look't on myself obliged to have my Acknowledgments to Mr. Boyle, as a Member of

<sup>1</sup> This Anecdote was only imparted to John Earl of Orrery in November 1745, but having occurred during the Protectorate, naturally finds its place among the earlier papers collected by him.

<sup>2</sup> Head of Charles Lord Orrery's College at Oxford—see Introductory Remarks.

the University, for so admirable and seasonable a Defence of a Book published here, or rather of the Learning of this University, which by our Enemies as well as Friends, was thought to be attacked with so much Rudeness in their Dissertations. . . . You must hear from all Hands and Places, tho' never so uneasy, how much the Defence delights and satisfies all London, the Old and the Young of both Sexes reading it.

Dr. Wallis complain'd to me that the Women of his family allowed him but one Half Hour in the first 48, and that by Stealth ; since that he has read it with equal Delight and Satisfaction as he used to do a Discourse of Mathematicks ; that admirable old gentleman of 93 bids me tell you, tho' he has not the Honour to be related to Phalaris yet Archimedes is very dear and tender to him. . . . I hope, Sir, Mr. Isted has presented you with my more early Thanks so long since due, and never too often to be performed by, Honoured Sir, Your most obliged Hum. Servant,

AR. CHARLETT.

I beg You to present my humble Service to Mr. Compton<sup>1</sup> and Col. Codrington. The Czar<sup>2</sup> came hither late and privately to the Cross Inn. The next morning he took the Master of the House with his Interpreter and Prince Alexander to see the Library, Gallery, Theatre. I happened by Accident to be sitting in a Delegacy in the Apoditerium whilst he passed into the Convocation House, so that having half a minute's notice, we had a very full, distinct, View of him twice, moving his Hat and looking us in the Face both Times. Thence he went to the Museum, where he spent near an Hour ; then perceiving himself discovered, he fled away, and dismissed his Innkeeper, who rode with him (as other Introductors) in the Coach, and

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Earl of Wilmington.

<sup>2</sup> Peter the Great.

bid him, by his Interpreter tell the Company the Play was over. So Admiral Michel and the rest overtook him at Wheatley at Dinner.

COPY OF AN ORIGINAL LETTER FROM <sup>1</sup>SIR WILLIAM  
TEMPLE TO THE HONOURABLE MR. CHARLES  
BOYLE.

SIR,—Though I doubt it will not be my Advantage that you should know me better, for fear you should like me less than I have Reason to think you do, yet I shall be very glad to run that Venture, rather than lose the Honour of your Acquaintance and Company here, which I find by your letter you intend me. I am sorry you should think there is any Need of any Body to introduce you, but hope my Lord Berkley will at least make you the Offer of conveying you hither, where he intends to come the Beginning of this week, and which is a Time I should like the better because there will be no other Company that I know of here. But whether in his, or any other, or alone, you will be always well come to, Sir,  
Yr most humble Servant, WM. TEMPLE.

*Moor Park, July 17, 1698.*

A COPY OF AN ORIGINAL LETTER FROM MR.  
WYCHERLEY TO THE EARL OF MULGRAVE.

*London, April 20th, 1677.*

MY LORD,—At this distance, and among Fanfarons, you may brag as you please, but I must believe you lazy still ;

<sup>1</sup> Sir W. Temple was emphatically on the Boyle side in the Bentley controversy, which (probably through the medium of Dean Swift) led to their mutual acquaintance. His letter is a pretty example, from an elderly and highly distinguished to a very young man, of the polished courtesy of style in his day.



only by your long letter to me it appears (as lazy as you are) you are never weary of obliging your Friends. I received it yesterday with as much satisfaction as My Lord Middleton would a Billet-doux, from Mrs. Yard, and think your Lordship has done as much for me as for the King of France. For the fatigue of a long letter at any time is to be compared with that of a luxurious Campaign; and Louvoy cannot be more thankful to you in the name of his King than I am. But — him for his unwonted civility; for I was in Hopes that the civility of the Enemy's Army (as you call it) and the Ill-Usage from your own, would have made your Return more suddain than I find it will be. But what? I forget myself, and for your sake call the Confederates Enemies, like a false Coffee-House-Brother; therefore for God's sake My Lord, do not stay longer with the French. For whilst you are amongst 'em I shall, contrary to my Coffee-House Allegiance, wish 'em well. But since Your Lordship sais My Lord Middleton and you are but one, I must despair of your Removal, for though you would jog on, the Middleton side of you would hang. . . . For his is the most invincible laziness in the World; and he only could make it a military virtue to serve him in the place of Ambition, and make him suffer anything but motion. I suppose he rides properly like a Foot Officer to avoid the fatigue of pulling on his boots, and lies rough rather than take pains to unbutton himself, and upon a march has always the Place of Honour in bringing up the Rear; and if the whole Army were routed would be killed not to be at the trouble of running away. In fine, if I may quibble, he is of a young one a very stay'd Officer, but I shall never think him capable of active fatigue 'till he writes me as long a letter as your Lordship has done, which, if it were but for the pleasure of sitting still without disturbance he should do methinks. Well, to say no worse

of him, he is properly in the French Army as Voluntier ; and you have pressed him into that Service, whilst his inclination wd have carried him to his brother lazars the Spaniards. Pray tell him My Lord that if the Haste of this Bearer had afforded me Time, I should have had too much Respect for him to write to him till I knew certainly he would pardon a Letter that would give him an occasion of writing an Answer ; but the next opportunity I have (to speak in a Camp phrase) let him look to 't my pen shall give him no quarter. In the mean Time My Lord, pray let him know I am his humble servant. We have no news to send you here but of yourself, which seemed as false as if it came by your Enemy's Letters, the Dutch. As terrible however as it was, I dare say your last mistress was no more afraid than I, of your being killed in a Quarrell by my Lord Lumley, as it was here incredibly reported. The King is not yet returned from Plimouth, but expected To-morrow Night. This Town is now as empty as if your Army were marching over the Bridge, and as—as if the French had possessed the Town 3 days. I have no scandalous news to send you, for Mr. Russel is out of Town, nor any poetical news, for Dryden is in Northamptonshire. When I write to him I will not fail to make him proud with your Lordship's compliment. Though I am forbidden drinking wine so soon after my Waters, I cannot refrain it to your Health, which I drank lately with the Duke of Buckingham, who is now gone to Cliveden, to survey and confound his Builders like those of Babel ; and I hope for his good the work may stand still. I had almost forgot to tell you that in your Absence your favourite Plays, The King and no King, the Maid's Tragedy and Rollo are all torn to pieces by a New Critique lately published by Rymer, which we intend Jack Markham shall answer. The book is duller than his Play

of Edgar which he promises to publish as a Pattern for exact Tragedies. This last piece is written after the Epistolary way of Politick Fops, directed to Mr. Shepheard, I suppose from one Room to another at the George and Vulture Tavern, when the Wine was dead and the spirit of the Brandy much wasted by burning, so that it will be no hard matter for Jack Markham's Water to inspire him with a wittier answer in defence of his old Friends Beaumont and Fletcher. You may see My Lord I want news since I am forced to entertain you with such ; but since you confess the conversation in a Camp is none of the wittiest or most entertaining, I am the less impudent in keeping you so long from it. However, lest the Monsieurs grow impatient for Tattle, and my Ld Lumley for Play, I'll make an end here. I will not fail to write to you by all the Opportunities I can have, and in the mean Time if your Lordship has any commands for any of your Friends here, be assur'd they will not be wellcomer to any man than to your Lordship's most humble Servant,

W. WYCHERLEY.

[John Sheffield Earl of Mulgrave, afterwards Marquis and Duke of Normanby, and finally Duke of Buckingham and Normanby, was a Personage of distinction and importance in his Day, who served first in the battlefield, then in the Courts of both Charles II. and James II. His Marquisate was conferred by William III. and the two Dukedoms by Queen Anne. By his 3rd wife — Lady Catherine Sedley, daughter of the Countess of Dorchester and James II.—he had an only Son, Edmund Duke of Buckingham and Normanby, at whose early death unmarried those titles became extinct, and whose epitaph was written by Pope. John Lord Orrery also composed a poem in his honour which is scarcely of sufficient



interest for reproduction at this distance of time. The D. and Dss. of Buckingham were connected with Charles Lord Orrery thro' the families of Cranfield and Sackville (Middlesex and Dorset), and on terms of great intimacy and friendship, as is apparent in many of these papers. The D. of B. made John Ld. O. his executor, whereby he obtained the early letters, etc., directed to the Earl of Mulgrave, besides later ones. This ducal Creation is totally distinct from the previous Villiers, and the later Chandos ones.]

FROM F. MANNING.

*Cowie, 11/22 December 1711.*

MY LORD,—You'l give me leave to return You my most humble thanks for the honour of your Letters of the vi<sup>th</sup> post from Brussels, and your obliging promise to employ your good offices for Me with our Ministers upon your arrival at London, where I hope this will find your Lordship in perfect health and satisfaction.

Your Lordship will have heard that these people desire a reconciliation with Me. I have made instances to her Majesty by their Minister in Holland for my continuing here, but as I am not yet informed what resolution the Queen has taken thereupon, and there is besides great appearance of a sudden Peace, which in all probability would remove me from hence if there were no other motive for it I humbly beg your Lordsp to give me leave to put you in mind of me once again, if to let our Ministers know how uneasy I am like to be in my circumstances in case I should have the misfortune to be wholly left without employment.

I know not whether there be any change in the Nominations formerly made of Mr. Stanyan and Mr. Davenant for

Berne, but in case there should be any, and the Station of Switzerland become vacant, I make bold to renew my instances to your Lordp to employ your Credit for me with the Ministry and let them know the reasons that make me so desirous to obtain that Station.

I beg leave to ask your Lordp whether it would not be proper at this juncture to demand of the French Court a speedy and entire Satisfaction for the affront and violence offer'd me last Summer in the Swiss Territorys by the Ministry of the Count du Luc, since it is very probable the Cantons will never grant any without the consent of France. The occasion seems fair and is perhaps the only Expedient that can be found to repair Her Majesty's honour offended in the Person of her Minister.—I have the honour to be with the utmost Zeal and Respect, My Lord, Your Lordship's most faithful and most obedient Servant,

F. MANNING.

MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT, IN ANSWER TO A LETTER FROM  
THE DR., PERSUADING MR. POPE TO CHANGE HIS RELIGION.

*Binfield, Dec. 8, 1713.*

DEAR SIR,—Not to trouble you at present with the Recital of all my Obligations to You, I shall only mention two Things, which I take particularly well of you; your Desire that I should write to you; and your Proposal of giving me twenty Guineas to change my Religion, which last you must give me Leave to make the Subject of this Letter. Sure no Clergyman ever offered so much, out of his own Purse, for the sake of any Religion. 'Tis almost as many Pieces of Gold, as an Apostle could get of Silver from the Priests of old, on a much more Valuable Consideration. I believe

it will be better worth my while to propose a Change of my Faith by Subscription, than a Translation of Homer. And to convince you how well disposed I am to the Reformation, I shall be content if you can prevail with my Ld Treasurer and the Ministry, to rise to the same Sum, each of them, on this pious Account, as my Lord Halifax has done on the prophane one. I am afraid there is no being at once a Poet and a good Christian; and I am very much straitened between Two, while the Whigs seem willing to contribute as much to continue me the one, as you would to make me the other. But if you can move every man in the Government, that has above ten Thousand Pounds a Year to subscribe as much as Yourself, I shall become a Convert as most Men do, when the Lords turn it to my Interest. I know they have the Truth of Religion so much at Heart, that they would certainly give more to have one good Subject translated to the Church of England, than twenty heathenish Authors out of any unknown Tongue into ours. I therefore commission you Mr. Dean, with full authority to transact this Affair in my Name, and to propose as follows.

First, that as to the Head of our Church, the Pope, I may engage to renounce his Power, whensoever I shall receive any particular Indulgences from the Head of your Church the Queen. As to Communion in one Kind I shall also promise to change it for Communion in both, as soon as the Ministry will allow me wherewithal to eat and to drink. For Invocations to Saints, mine shall be turned into Dedications to Sinners, when I shall find the Great Ones of this World as willing to do me any Good, as I believe those of the Other are. You see, I shall not be obstinate on the main Points. But there is one Article I must reserve, and wh



you seemed not unwilling to allow me, Prayer for the Dead. There are People to whose Souls I wish as well as to my own, and I must crave Leave humbly to lay before them, that tho' the Subscriptions above mentioned will suffice for myself, there are necessary Perquisites and Additions wh I must demand on the Score of this charitable Article. It is also to be considered that the greater Part of those whose Souls I am most concerned for, were unfortunately Heretics, Schismatics, Poets, Painters, or Persons of such Lives and Manners, as few or no Churches are willing to save. The Expence will be therefore the greater to make an effectual Provision for the said Souls. Old Dryden tho' a Roman Catholic was a Poet; and 'tis revealed in the Visions of some ancient Saints that no Poet was ever saved under some hundreds of Masses. I cannot set his Delivery from Purgatory at less than fifty Pounds sterling. Walsh was not only a Socinian but (what you'll own is harder to be saved) a Whig. He cannot modestly be rated at less than a Hundred. L'Estrange being a Tory we compute him at but Twenty Pounds, which I hope no Friend of the Party can deny to keep him from d—g in the next Life, considering they never gave him Sixpence to keep him from starving in this. All this together amounts to 170 Pounds. In the next Place I must desire you to represent that there are several of my Friends yet living, whom I design, God willing, to outlive, in consideration of Legacies, out of which it is a Doctrine in the Reformed Church that not a Farthing shall be allowed to save their Souls who gave them. There is One who will dye within these few months with —— [disease not mentioned] one Mr. Jervas, who hath grievously offended in making the Likeness of all Things in Heaven above and Earth below.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Jervas had painted Swift's portrait, and was much the fashion at that time.

And one Mr. Gay, an unhappy Youth that writes Pastorals during Divine Service, whose case is the more deplorable, as he has miserably lavished away all that Silver he should have reserved for his Soul's Health, on Buttons and Loops for his Coat. I cannot pretend to have these People honestly saved under some Hundred Pounds, whether you consider the difficulty of such a Work, or the extreme Love and Tenderness I bear them, which will infallibly make me push this Charity as far as I am able. There is but One more whose Salvation I insist upon, and then I have done. But indeed it may prove of so much greater Charge than all the rest that I will only lay the Case before You and the Ministry, and leave to their Prudence and Generosity what Summ they shall think fit to bestow upon it. The Person I mean is Dr. Swift, a dignified Clergyman, but One who by his own Confession has composed more Libels than Sermons. If it be true, what I have heard often affirmed by innocent People that too much wit is dangerous to Salvation,<sup>1</sup> this unfortunate Gentleman must certainly be d—d to all Eternity. But I hope his long Experience in the World, and frequent Conversation with Great Men, will cause him (as it has some others) to have less and less Wit every Day. Be it as it will, I should not think my own Soul deserved to be saved, if I did not endeavour to save his, for I have all the obligations in Nature to him. He has brought me into better Company than I cared for, made me merrier when I was sick than I had a Mind to be, put me upon making Poems on Purpose that he might alter them etc. I once thought I could never have discharged my Debt to his Kindness, but have lately

<sup>1</sup> An allusion to his own Lines—

‘For souls may have more wit than does them good,  
As bodies perish through excess of blood.’

been informed, to my unspeakable Comfort, that I have more than paid it all. For Monsieur de Montayne has assured me that the Person who receives a Benefit obliges the Giver ; for since the chief Endeavour of one Friend is to do Good to the other, He who administers both the Matter and the Occasion is the Man that is Liberal. At this Rate it is impossible Dr. Swift should be ever out of my Debt as Matters stand already, and for the Future, he may expect daily more Obligations from His most Faithful and Affectionate Humble Servant,

A. POPE.

I have finished the Rape of the Lock but believe I may stay here till Christmas without Hindrance of Busyness.

[This letter was first published by Lord Orrery in his life of Swift, on the twofold score of his possessing the original, and of his 'Opinion that this letter has more wit in it than any one letter of Mr. Pope's that has been hitherto published.' Being comparatively little known or remembered by the general Public of the present day, it has seemed worth giving them a fresh opportunity of perusal. It is scarcely needful to add that Swift's offer upon which this letter was founded was not made seriously.]

MR. BYRD TO CHARLES EARL OF ORRERY.<sup>1</sup>

*Virginia, March 16, 1719.*

MY LORD,—The many Favours I was so happy as to receive from Your Lordship in England, stick fast in my Memory in all Clymates and I belive I could go thro' the Ceremony of *Husquenawing* without forgetting them. This

<sup>1</sup> Deputy Governor, for the Earl of Orkney, of Virginia.



Operation is performed upon the Indians of this part of the World at the Age of Puberty when they commence Men and is in order to make them forget all the Follies of their Childhood. For this end they are lockt up in a place of Security, and the Physicians of the place ply them Night and Morning with a Potion that transports them out of their Senses, and makes them perfectly mad for Six Weeks together. When this time is expired they are kept upon meagre Dyet for three days, and in that Space they return to their Understanding, but pretend to have forgot everything that befell them in the early part of their Lives. I had no reason to have been terrified at a winter's passage, for it was the most agreeable that ever I had in my life. In about a week we got into a pleasant Latitude betwixt 30 and 40, where we found the Air as mild as it is with you in April: in that fine Clymate we saild about a thousand Leagues till we got to the west of Bermudas, having all the while the finest weather in the World. Two days before we saild by that Island, we understood there had been a Pyrate of good force, that had plundered several Ships, and among the rest a Portuguese Admiral who was returning home from Brasill richly laden, out of which the Pyrate took a prodigious Booty in Gold. However we had the good fortune to miss him. These Rogues swarm in this part of the World, and we are told of 70 Sail at least that haunt the several parts of America; and our Captains of Men of War are so intent on Trade that they neglect their Stations, and contrive to be blown away to the Country whither their Traffick calls them. This is so great an Abuse that the Nation is at the Expence of building and maintaining Ships of War, for the enabling the Commanders of them to ruin the fair Traders in every Country where they come. For these Gentlemen pay neither

Freight nor Custome, nor run any Risque, by which Iniquity they are in condition to undersell all those that do. We have some Men here who have been on some of the Branches of Massasipi River. The nearest to us are 500 miles from this Country ; lying about the Latitude of 30, and these Travellers say they never saw either a finer Soil or a finer Clymate. But these Branches are at least 300 miles from the mouth of the River where the French are seated, and great Waterfalls intercept all passage from one to the other by Water. The Indians are very numerous on the Branches of the River ; and if the French find Means to gain them it will render the English Plantations very unsafe. And when it comes to that, what with the ill treatment of the English Governors, and the great encouragement given by the French to their Colonies the English Plantations will make no difficulty of changing their Masters, unless some measures be taken to restrain the arbitrary behaviour of these little Rulers whose heads grow giddy with their power upon which they immediately set up for Princes and Sovereigns.—I am, My Lord, yr most faithful humble Servant,

W. BYRD.

THE FOLLOWING LETTERS ARE FROM A SERIES OF ELEVEN FROM  
DR. ATTERBURY, BP. OF ROCHESTER, TO  
CATHERINE, DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM:—

MADAM,—It grieves me to hear that Dr. Ch.<sup>1</sup> still continues so ill, and that I can do nothing for him, but pray God to restore him ! I carried this Day to the House the Newspaper with Curl's Advertisement about the Duke's Will, Life, etc., and having spoke to Lords Gresiden, Harcourt

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Chamberleyn, a great physician of the day.

and Cooper upon it, they agreed upon the Complaint, but said it should be made by One of the Lord's Trustees. My Ld Trevor was not in the House to Day: but my Ld Bathurst soon came, and readily undertook it, having, it seems, been writ to by your Grace<sup>1</sup> on that Head. To him, therefore, I delivered the Paper and did my best to support his Motion. But there was no room for Argument; all the House came readily into it. Curl<sup>2</sup> is to attend to Morrow, when it will, I believe, be voted a Breach of Privilege to print the Will of any Peer, without Leave from his Executors, etc. And your Grace may depend on it, that Curl will be stopped in that Respect. The Poems and Life are matters of more Difficulty.—I am, your Grace's ever faithful and Obedient Servant,

FRA. ROFFEN.

MADAM,—Waiting on your Grace has often given me a good deal of Pleasure, but never yet did me any Harm. It gave me Courage to venture again into the Cold to Day. At my return I found your Grace's obliging Letter. I call it so, because even that Part of it was wellcome to me wherein you chide me, and endeavour to argue me into good Sense, good Nature, and good Manners. For all these I must want whenever I pretend to blame any Action of your Grace in good Earnest. But what I said to your Grace upon the subject of your Message was not meant in that View. I flatter myself that I understood the Purport of it and was really pleased to find that your Grace thought it worth the while to reprove me in that decent Manner, for not waiting on you so often as I ought to do, and as I would certainly

<sup>1</sup> The widowed Duchess of Buckingham, who lodged a Complaint *re* publication of the Duke's will, etc.

<sup>2</sup> Edmund Curll, a well-known publisher of the day.



do if I had more Health and less Busyness. I am resolv'd for my own sake thus to interpret your Message; tho' your Grace take never so much Pains to clear yourself from intending me such a Favour. Depend upon it, Madam, that I take no Impressions about any One that I am acquainted with, but from my own Eyes and Observations. And they never yet furnished me with a Thought that was to your Grace's Disadvantage, nor, I daresay, ever will.

I return your Grace the Letters<sup>1</sup> you trusted me with. They are a mixture of Gallantry, Friendship and Busyness; and will give me an Occasion of discoursing your Grace some Time or other concerning the Subject of them, which is, for the greatest Part, new and surprizing to me.

I humbly thank your Grace for the Stilton Cheese you proffer me. But I can in Conscience take nothing more from your Grace till I have deserved some Part of what you have bestowed on me already. I hated always being in Debt and never was so till I knew your Grace; and now, I fear, I shall never be out of it. It will pay no Part of it to say (tho' I say it never so sincerely) that I am, with the greatest Respect, your Grace's, etc. etc.

FRA. ROFFEN.

*Mund Night.*

To Morrow is a Day of Busyness, when I am to attend Ld Bathurst in the House of Lords, and shall be employ'd before I go thither, and that I might be sure therefore of answering your Grace's Letter, I was resolv'd to write before I slept.

MADAM,—I am the worst Man in the World to be advis'd with in the Point of Stocks, having always had an

<sup>1</sup> From Lord Orrery, the Duke's executor.

Aversion to them, even when there was a certainty of gaining by them : And I cannot therefore, but like them less when there is a strong Probability of losing by them. For that is the case, Madam ; the Proprietors of Stock will sooner or later suffer yet more than they have done. How soon or late, God only knows certainly ; though the Politicians, and those that are in the Secret have Opportunitys of making better Guesses of this kind than I am, who am here in perfect Solitude, and at a Distance from the great Scene of Intelligence. I am very conscious of my own Inability to judge in this Case for want of proper Lights : And yet I have something within me that forces me to judge even without such Lights, and determines one to think the Funds insecure even without being able to explain to myself the Reasons why I think so. But this sort of Enthusiasm, tho' it would be a Guide to me in my own Case, where I only am to answer to myself for the Event, yet ought not to be employ'd towards influencing Others ; nor dare I offer any Thing to your Grace on this Head for Fear of a Mistake in a Point of such Consequence.

Should your Grace be of an Opinion to turn the greatest Part at least of the Duke's<sup>1</sup> Fund Estate into ready Money ; and should no Purchase be ready, can no good Mortgage be procured ? That would answer Ld Trevor's Objection.

I hope the question of the Duke's Maintenance is got over, because your Grace says Nothing of it. I return Ld O's Letter. I have burnt the other two of Ld and Lady M. as your Grace directed.

I am in some Hopes that the present Illness here may blow over, if I can attend to it as diligently as I have done for a Week past, and intend to do still on ; but even after that I have too much Reason to be of Dr. Chamberleyn's Opinion.

<sup>1</sup> The Duchess's young Son, she being at this date a widow of recent standing.

I will not keep your Grace's Servant longer than to assure your Grace that I am with my usual, that is, with the highest Respect,—Your Grace's etc. etc.

FRA. ROFFEN.

*Bromley, Wedn. Noon.*

MADAM,—I am, for more than one Reason, glad to see what your Grace has imparted to me. It is not proper for me to explain myself to your Grace; but when I wait on you next I will let your Grace farther into my Meaning.

I have spoke of Ld Walgrave's Affair to two or three Persons, according to the Truth, without deviating in the least Circumstance from what really hapned, and have own'd my great Surprize at seeing him in the House of Lords so soon after we had parted in that Manner your Grace knows we did. If I have done wrong in this Case, I beg your Grace's (not his) Pardon. But the Indignity, as I thought, put upon me, gave me a Title to speak; especially when I found Myself smil'd at, as I did, for being his Dupe.

I am again call'd to Bromley on the same melancholy Occasion as formerly; and question whether it will not be the last time I shall see my Wife alive. Your Grace will therefore excuse my subscribing myself abruptly,—Your most obedient etc. etc.

FRA. ROFFEN.

*Tuesd. Noon.*

*Bromley, Wedn. Night.*

MADAM,—I find such a melancholy Scene here that I am not sure I shall be long in a Condition of writing to your Grace, and am very sure I shall not soon be able to wait on you. I take this Opportunity, therefore, of excusing myself



to your Grace for not waiting on You before I left Westminster, which I had a great Mind to do, but was hurried away hither by ill News before I could compass it. And here now I am fix'd, till the Accident I apprehend, will happen, does happen, and for some time longer. Your Grace has my warmest Wishes and Prayers that every thing which is good may befall you ! For I am, with the greatest Respect,—Your Grace's etc. etc.

FRA. ROFFEN.

*Tower, June 2, 1723.*

MADAM,—At last I think it is determin'd that I must leave England without seeing your Grace. I submit to it as to the last of my Misfortunes ; and will now trouble myself about Nothing further. They have done their worst in all Respects, and the sooner I am out of their Hands the better. Tho' I fear I must stay here still for about 14 or 15 Days before I can possibly put my small Affairs in any tolerable Order. But I shall not stay a Minute beyond what is necessary. Adieu to your Grace ! and may Heaven add to your Prosperity and Ease as much as it has pleased to take from mine ! And may you find all People that know you equally striving to express their Care and Zeal to serve you, as I would have done if I had not been thus forc'd from my Country.

I am concerned to find your Grace has any thoughts of parting with B . . . m<sup>1</sup> House. Doubtless You can best judge whether the Circumstances of the Family absolutely require it. If they do not, I could wish your Grace would not think of an Act of Parliament on that Head ! Wrong Constructions will be made of it, and I am persuaded it will be of worse Influence

<sup>1</sup> Buckingham.

towards marrying the Duke well than may at first be imagin'd. But your Grace must be best able to judge in such a Case as this ; and if you do it I shall be satisfi'd You have good Reasons for it, tho' I cannot forbear wishing that you would rather let it than sell it !

Whether You do the one or the other, it will not be fit for me to think of putting some Chests and Boxes of Books (which I shall reserve to myself out of the Furniture of my two Houses) into any Room of it, and therefore I have given my Daughter Directions to find out some other convenient Place for them. I agree with your Grace entirely as to your declining to live at your own House in St. James's Square, and for the very Reason you give among some others, which I have not Time, and which it is needless to explain to your Grace. The present Position your Grace is now in, and wishes to continue in, cannot then possibly be maintained. Twenty little Things will or may happen to break in upon it, and lose you some of the Advantages you now have. I need not explain myself. Your Grace sees everything at once, and wants not any Help from such an Adviser. When Ld Bathurst waits on you (as he will, it seems, on Tuesday), pray take an occasion to tell him that you find my Hope of being tolerably easy abroad depends chiefly on his Friendship, which, I am sure, he is now employing to the utmost to serve me, tho' the groundless Lyes they print every Day as to the Presents made me, would make a Friend, less zealous than he is, cooler in his Desires to serve me. And be pleas'd withall to tell him that I intend to imbark the 17th or 18th at farthest. This need not come from me, Your Grace may have it from One of my Family. I have seen Mr. D. Coste, and by half an Hour's Conversation that I had with him find him to be a sensible Man, and, as far as I could sound him in that

time, a man of polite Learning, and, so far from being a Fop, that his Turn of Behaviour seems rather to lean a little the other Way. I do not see but your Grace has chosen well, but I should be better able to judge upon a second Sight of him, if that happens. What I do know of him I like. He spoke to me about the Specimen of Montagne and lay'd it upon his Bookseller and seem'd very sensible of the Indecency of it.

I saw no Room for writing as your Grace advised when little Things of no Consequence were so peremptorily deny'd me. I had soften'd Ld T—d<sup>1</sup> and several others of the Cabinet who were really willing to have let me go down to Westminster if W—le<sup>2</sup> would have agreed to it. But my Examination of him at the Bar of the House of Lords can never be forgotten, and will scarce ever be forgiven by him, and much less he forgive me the Injuries he has done me. For he it is that is the Author of all I suffer, and has pushed the Point to the utmost in every Article, assisted chiefly by my good old Friend whom your Grace has several times mention'd. God pardon them both! I do, and hope to be easier in my obscure Retreat than they are in all their infamous Plenty. But I will not trouble your Grace with such melancholy Reflections. God preserve your Grace, and, if I see you not agen, believe me when I say that no Body else who does, or shall see you, can value and honour you more or do more than I would have done to shew it.

*Tower, Tuesd.*

MADAM,—I would not interrupt you till your Busyness with the Trustees was over, else I should not have deferr'd for a Minute acknowledging the favour of your Grace's Letter, as I now do with the utmost Pleasure and Thankfulness.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Townshend.

<sup>2</sup> Walpole.



I can apply my Mind to speak to no Point of it, but that wherein your Grace relieves me in a Point which gave me more Concern than any other, the Despair I was in of seeing you before I embark'd. I speak Truth to your Grace when I say that tho' I had born other Hardships tolerably well, yet this shock'd me, and I was apprehensive the Discomposure I was under would have been perceived by a Spy or two, sent to observe me.

I am now at Ease, and depend upon your Grace's Goodness in performing your Promise. The sooner you are pleas'd to do it the better. Any Day at two o'Clock your Grace shall appoint after your Return I will be free : But I fear that Hour will be inconvenient for your Grace's Health and intrench upon your Time of Eating. I mention it as least likely I should have any Visitants. And if your Grace brings two Women Servants with you, they may be above just by, and yet not with your Grace, and those below will not know that I have any Opportunity of saying a Word to your Grace in private. There can be no possible Inconvenience to me in your Grace's seeing me. All my Concern is, lest the Court should take it in the least ill of You : which yet, I hope, they will not, since every Body almost has been with me, and particularly some Ladys of Quality, and One of them twice.

I own that I have somewhat of Consequence to say to your Grace which I dare not trust to a Letter, I would not willingly leave England till I have said. I have had a Message from the Admiralty to Day, the purport of which, I apprehend, was to quicken me ; but I have sent them Word I cannot embark possibly before Munday sevensnight, the 17th, tho' I shall every minute from my Heart wish myself out of England after I have once seen your Grace. I can write or think of Nothing

else, if I were to continue this Letter to the End of the Paper. And therefore I will stop here, that I may not say the same things over and over, and beg your Grace to believe that I am in Earnest when I say that tho' I have receiv'd a thousand Favours from you (which I am no more capable of forgetting than returning), yet I value this last beyond all the rest, and live upon the Hopes of it.

Ld B.<sup>1</sup> was with me to Day, and went from me to R—ns, but did not say Who was to be his Guest there.<sup>2</sup>

Bp. Atterbury enjoyed the esteem and friendship of Charles Lord Orrery. He was lookt upon very differently by John, as will be apparent in a letter on learning his death.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Bathurst.

<sup>2</sup> The imprisonment and exile of Dr. Atterbury has been variously looked upon and treated of by different writers of that Period. It was undoubtedly an arbitrary exercise of Walpole's power and, so far as can be accurately learnt up to this distance of time, not softened by any amenities in the manner of execution and continuance. His age and failing health claimed at least a more lenient degree of treatment while in the Tower, where, as has been stated by a writer on the subject, his usage was disgraceful to the Minister who prompted it, and his own Defence, despite long years and infirmity, a masterpiece of spirited eloquence. On the other part, it is just to bear in mind that the Country was at that epoch teeming with Jacobite plots, actual or imaginary (and many of the minor ones far more real sources of danger than, owing to their prompt suppression, has often been apparent to posterity), and the Bishop, notwithstanding his benefice in and unshaken attachment to the Church of England, was undoubtedly the secret but most important Jacobite agent personally devoted to James II. and his family, and in constant communion with them through the Duchess of Buckingham, whom notwithstanding her irregular birth that King always acknowledged and cherished as his daughter. The seizure of Bishop Atterbury's papers doubtless brought him under the heavy hand of the law for at least constructive treason, and the Age was not a merciful one to that offence. Still it is impossible to withhold a meed of sympathy from the poor old Prelate in his complication of adversity; his wife was—perhaps happily for her—taken from him while in expectation of the impending imprisonment and life-long exile; the sequestration of his benefices reduced him to poverty, and his only daughter, when able after some years of separation to rejoin him, lived just 20 hours before expiring in his arms. Pope's double epitaph on this tragic climax is a touching evidence of sincere and long-standing friendship, equally honourable to the Author and its Subject.

LETTER FROM JOHN LORD BOYLE (AGED BARELY  
NINETEEN) TO COUNSELLOR KEMPE.*Paris, Dec. 25, 1725.*

DEAR SIR,—It is January with these anti-Christian Papists, but with all true Protestants Christmas Day. What fitter time can I chuse to describe to you the Vivacity of Paris, and the Gaiety of France? No matter how we came hither, but here we are, and however melancholy I might be at parting with you, my looks and thoughts are now quite changed. *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.* The French Court is at Versailles; the King like Nimrod a mighty Hunter before the Lord; the Queen as barren as the Arabian Sands, but when he keeps his mouth shut she may perhaps be a joyfull Mother of Children. The Duke of Bourbon governs all with one Eye. He probably sees but one side of most Things; however, Madame de Prie supplies the Defect. She is exquisitely handsome; her Face is neither plaistered nor puttyed, her shape *à l'Angloise*, her Teeth smooth and even. But I shall run on for ever: let us quit the Charmer. Dr. Lister has been at Paris before me, and to that learned sage I refer you for a Description of the — and other Minutiæ of the City. The Women are never old, for the Wrinkles are well filled up by Paint, and Maiter Thomas sur le Pont Neuf supplies Venus with a set of Teeth at any Time. The Husbands are polite and know their Duty, so keep at a Distance. The Wives good natured. . . . 'Tis Honour enough to be *le Mari de Madame*, and the Children are generally provided for, in the Army, the Church or at Court. Far different is the Life of the Beaux. Half their time is taken up in dressing, and the rest in talking Nonsense



to *les Filles de Comédie*. These Animals called Beaux are more nauseous than the Slovens I left at Christchurch. They reek of Perfume more than our Junior Fellows of Tobacco, and are Insects more troublesome than Moths and less Beautifull than Butterflies. As the Women trowel themselves with red, these Gewgaws paint themselves white, and are paler than poor Banquo. The thought of a Ghost leads me to the Opera, where there is a Noise, at the first hearing of which, you would imagine the House on Fire, but it is only the Chorus of the Parterre, which joins constantly with the Stage in roaring as loud as possible for three hours together, and puts one in mind of the Corybantes who outbellowed the mighty Jove. Their Machinery is fine and a Man is sure to be kept awake while the Opera lasts, which is not always the case in the Haymarket. But I must own to you, notwithstanding their Divertions, and the many drol Figures I see from Morning till Night, I am heartily tired of the Place. A Father and a Son travelling together are Obstacles to each other's Amusements; perhaps if I were more my own Master, Paris might be more palatable to my Taste. I began a Frenchman, but will end a downright Englishman that is, faithfully yours,

BOYLE.

JOHN LORD BOYLE TO MR. TREVANION.

*Paris, Jany. 2nd, 1726.*

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry I left Christ Church just at a Time when You were coming there. My Departure thence was *malgré moi*, and with infinite Regrett. That Colledge caused two years of my Life to glide away in a very agreeable Manner, and as much to my Proffit and Improvement as my idle Temper would permit; but some odd Circumstances

obliged me to leave England and to transport myself to this gay City ; where while you are engaged with Horace and Virgil, our Time is taken up with powdering for the Play, or painting for the Ball ; while you are forming Syllogisms from Wallis, or solving Problems in Euclid, we are singing *Chansons à boire*, and bidding Defiance to all Seriousness and Thought ; and while you are gravely at your Prayers, we are merrily mounting the great Horse and flying about from one end of the *Manège* to the other, with a mercurial Alacrity that nothing but this Clymate can produce. One of my fellow Cavaliers at our Academy, asked me if we could go to England by Land, to which I with a grave Face answered, Yes, but it was a great way about. Another would fain know Why the English passed so much of their Time at a Coffee-House : I told him we were obliged to do it by the Laws of our Land ; to which he very judiciously replied, That the Laws of England, next to the Laws of France, were the best in the World. Innumerable Demands are daily made upon me about our poor Country, and when I can't pay in Sterling, I am forced to issue Counterfeit Coin, for all sorts of Money go here. Speaking of Money, it leads me to tell you that at this juncture of Time Messieurs les François are miserably poor and inimitably merry. The Common People have scarce bread to eat, for which reason like Grasshoppers as they are, they sing all Day, and the little Time that is not passed in Singing, is spent in cursing the first Minister who is governed by his Mistress Madame de Prie a Woman of great Intrigue and exquisitely handsome. The French Ladies most of them, for what I can perceive, may be very beautiful ; but they dress themselves in a new painted Face every day, and like the antient Britons vye who shall put on the most tawdry colours. Their shapes also may possibly be fine, but of this no Certainty,

for they wear Sacs or Robes de Chambre that will hide the roundest Shoulders. . . . The Hotels of the Nobility here are extremely magnificent ; their Tables are finely served, and there is a good humour that runs throughout the Nation, to which we English are Strangers. They either have no Care, or which is equal they seem to have none ; even married Men are gay and under such Circumstances as would made a bold Briton hang himself. . . . The Young Nobility can neither read nor write, and the King scorning to set his Mark, has a Stamp made for his Name, by which means LOUIS always comes forth in fair Letters. The Queen has had no Children, and the learned say will have none. Her days therefore will probably be short ; or else she'll be created a Dowager, like our Queen Catherine. The Duke of Orleans is next Heir to the Crown. He is eaten up with Devotion and is as great a Slave to Superstition, as his father was to Atheism. A glorious Prospect for the Priests, in Case the fifteeneth Lodovick is gathered to his Ancestors ! which Misfortune tho' it shou'd happen shall not hinder me from being most faithfully yours,

BOYLE.

P.S.—This Day Nineteen Years, I made my first Appearance in this miserable World.

LORD BOYLE TO COUNSELLOR KEMPE.

*Brussels, Febr. 18, 1725-6.*

DEAR SIR,—I write to you from a Place where an old Hag presides with as much Arrogance and Pride as if she had one tolerable Feature in her Face. My Father has heretofore been a great Man in this Town ; and having many of his Friends and Acquaintance still living here, His Lordship



constantly takes me with him to visit them. In such a Situation methinks I look like *Numps Gubbins*, and make as awkward an English Figure. The Brussellians regard me comme le *Fils de Milord*; they seat me generally over against the Chimney and addressing themselves entirely to my noble Father, leave me to gaze at the Figures in the Fire. My natural Taciturnity, joined to the demureness of my Visage, makes me appear quite tame and inattentive, nor do I smile even at Nonsense, nor at Flattery. We are now hastening to England, which I shall relish much better since my Absence from It, for I belive take it for All in All you shall not see its Like again. The Flanderkins are less noisy, and therefore more tolerable than the French. The Women paint with moderation not above an Inch deep. The Men wear tied Perriwigs, and as we express it, look something like Christians. Lord Aylesbury's constant Residence is here; his Lordship's Stories, like Penelope's Webb, never draw to an End. How happy are those People who love to hear themselves talk, and sit attentively listening to their own words for Hours together! But that I may not fall into a like Error, and take Delight in seeing myself write, I will here bid you Farewell, till our happy Meeting in the Metropolis of George Lewis King of Great Britain.

BOYLE.

LORD BOYLE TO COUNSELLOR KEMPE.

*London, 27th June 1727.*

DEAR SIR,—It is a Maxim among you Lawyers that the King can never dye: notwithstanding which George I. of glorious Memory has made a Shift to slip thro' our Fingers. The fatal Sisters were going to cut his Throat on the 10th Instant: but Hermes was sent from Jove to defer the Closure

of their Scissors till the Parish Clocks had struck Twelve at Night: the Jacobites therefore rejoice on the 10th and the Georgites on the 11th of June. The happy Omens of the present Reign are too many to be inserted in a Letter. They are more in Number than the Divisions in Tate's Sermones. Two Advantages are very visible already, both in the Death of the late King and the Name of the present. The first is to the Players, the Second to the Ale-house Keepers. The Playhouses are always shutt up for Six Weeks after the Demise of a Sovereign: but his late Majesty having gathered himself to his Ancestors in the midst of Summer, neither Rick, nor Booth, Wilks, nor Cibber, will be Losers by his Departure. The loyal Alehouse Keepers need only add No. 2 to the Letter G., and George the 1st makes as good a George the Second as any Man can desire: a very different case from that of Charles the Martyr, and Charles his Successor, the Father wearing his own Hair (not to mention the picked Beard) the Son a Perriwig; the Father being a brown, the Son a black Man. But enough of Kings, now for Bishops.—The Prelate of Winchester is thought to be dying; John Sandford<sup>1</sup> will certainly be his Successor. Merit however depressed heretofore, will now raise its head in triumph. Tate will be a Dean; Jonathan Colly a cannon and Tom Terry an Archbishop in Ireland. The Ladies also are to add a double Luster to the Court: Ruth and Rebecca Tate are to be Maids of Honour, Lady Anne Governess of Bedlam and Bridewell; Dame Stevens will quit the Groves of Marston for the Shades of St. James' Park; and by the Curate's Interest is to have the royal Ducks and Geese under her Care and Custody; Moll Priddle

<sup>1</sup> The curate of Marston and Ld Orrery's constant Butt for many years. 'Lady Anne' was Mrs. Sandford (his cracked mother). Moll Priddle a woman of the Town and Mrs. Bodens kept a house of ill-fame.

is to marry a Beef-Eater, and old Mrs. Bodens is to be made a Lady in her own Right. These are all the Alterations that are at present talked of and they are all certainly true. When I hear of more they shall be transmitted to you by Yrs etc.

BOYLE.

LORD BOYLE TO MR. SALKELD.<sup>1</sup>

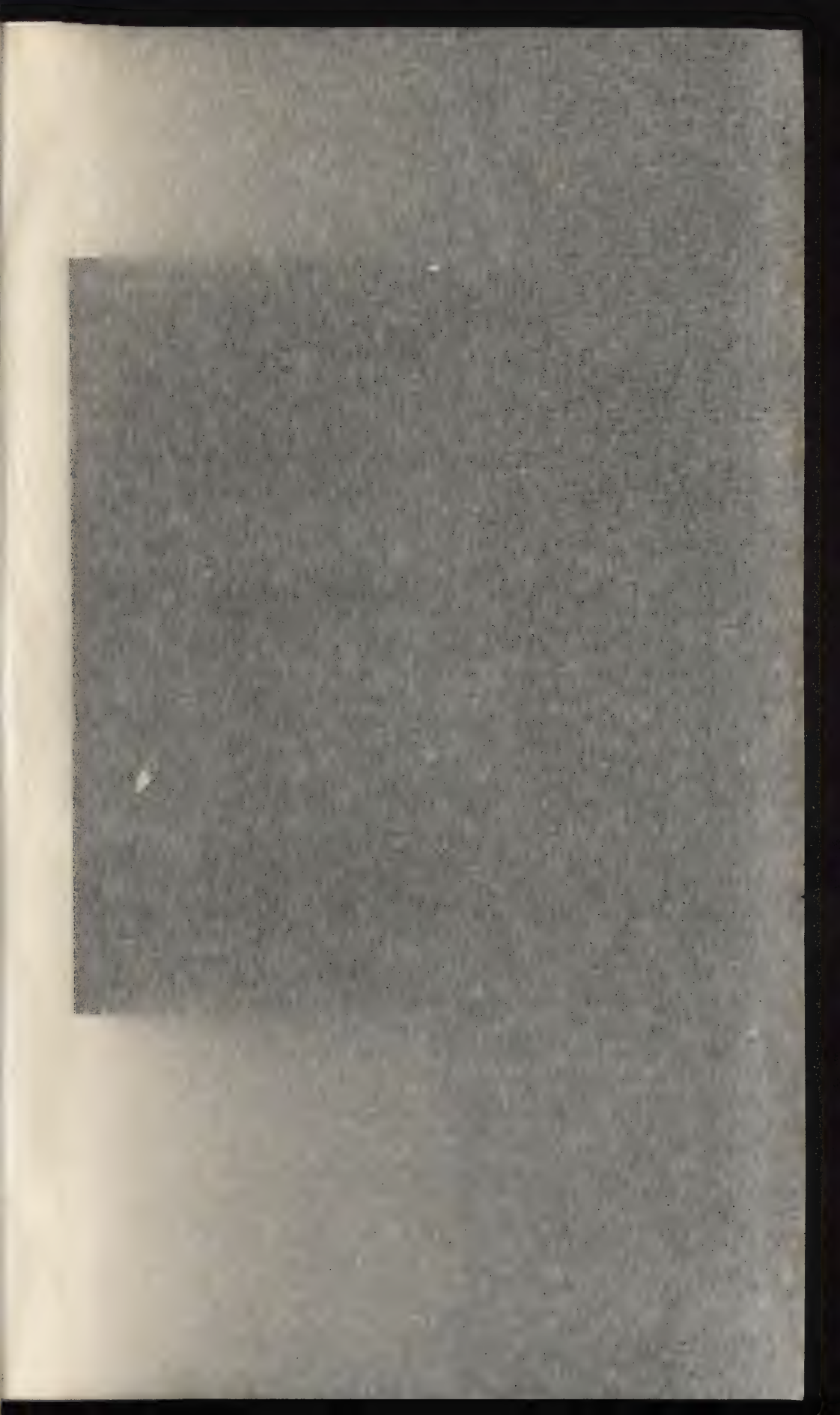
*Brittwell,<sup>2</sup> Dec. 13, 1726.*

SIR,—The Year 26 must not perish without my Enquiries after all my Friends at Paris. I began the Year in Picardy, I end it in Buck<sup>re</sup>, and except the Loss of your Company, I do not in the least regret my Absence from the gayest City in the World. A true Englishman who loves Roast Beef and Pudding cannot breath freely out of his own Island. The solidity of our Diet and the Prejudice of our Education makes us look upon All Mirth except our own as Folly and Nonsense. But if I may speak as a Citizen of the Universe, the English Laughter is another Term for extravagant Noise and the English Gravity borders a little upon Dullness. I confess I admire the French Gaiety, at the same time that I cannot join in it. We may like to see a play well acted but yet not wish Ourselves Commedians. Paris is a delightful Place to look at, but London is a much better Place to live in. I am pleased with the Grandure of Palaces, yet I chuse humble Marston for my Dwelling. Love and Admiration are very different. We always admire What We love, but We seldom love everything that We admire. I would allow France all its Beauties and I would add to England more than it has ; but

<sup>1</sup> The author of several very learned works, and at one time tutor to Lord Orrery's sons.

<sup>2</sup> A small place near Burnham Beeches belonging to Charles Ld Orrery, and later sold.





## THE ORRERY PAPERS

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*Roger Lord Brehill, 1<sup>st</sup> Earl of Errery*  
*(younger son of the 1<sup>st</sup> Earl of Cork)*

28½ x 23 in.

Earl of Cork sale, 26 Nov. 1905 (H.V. a. 11.1.1905). 17/100.





the Medium betwixt the English and the French is no where so well hitt as at Brussels. The Brussellians are neither impertinently Vivacious, nor absurdly shy. This I take to be owing to the late Wars, which gave them an advantage of conversing with the most polite People of both Countries, and laying hold of the Opportunity they had Judgment enough to leave out the Bad, and pick out the Good from each Nation.—As to England it stands just where it did—*its Foundation is on a Rock*. We cannot be hurt Without, but We are often wounded Within. Our own Cannon is planted against us, and that which should be our Bulwark proves our destruction. The Luxury of the Times appears great even to me, who am not a little fond of Pleasure and Extravagance. What all this will end in I am too young to be a Prophet, and am content to go along with the Herd and partake of my Country's Fate be it what it will. But I must thus far boast myself learned in Futurity, that I am certain you will always find me Yrs etc.

BOYLE.

MR. BYRD TO JOHN LORD BOYLE.

(IN ANSWER TO ONE OF WHICH THERE IS NO COPY)

*Virginia, Feby. 2d, 1726/7.*

MY DEAR LORD,—The Historical Epistle which You did me the Honour to send me, of the 30th of June last, gave us great Entertainment. Every thing is described with so much life and propriety that I fancied the Objects themselves present before my eyes. I could imagine I saw Miss Die Chapman bridle up and look happy when the Queen of France seemed gracious, and put on her disappointed Face when Her Majesty withdrew her Smiles. I could also figure your Lordship performing the friendly Office of picking up some of Lord Windsor's Effects, and others of them dropping while he was

bowing low for the trouble he had the misfortune of giving you. I could also paint the sprightly Colonel nodding over his Draughts, and cracking a stale Joke for the hundred and fiftieth time, while some of the Company take the liberty to laugh, not so much at the Story as the Historian. As some People are very awkward when they are Gay, I believe the French are so when they are melancholy. It is a most unnatural part for that merry Nation to Act, which used to Sing when they had short Commons, and dance in wooden shoes, either of which would make a true Briton very low Spirited. I was in hopes Your Lordship had quitted your Passion for Old Women when you quitted England, and resigned your Claims to Withered Beauties to your God Father. His Grace has an aversion to green Charms, they set his Teeth on Edge, and therefore he loves the Fruit better when it is mellow. However if that taste followed by you beyond the Seas, I wonder you could want an agreeable Old Woman in France so long as Lady Sandwich<sup>1</sup> was there; tho' I must confess it was exceeding odd in Your Lordship to expect to meet with Ancient Ladys in a Country where every Creature is young, at least every Age puts on the same youthful Ornaments, and is amused with the same youth-

<sup>1</sup> The Countess of Sandwich (by birth Elizabeth, daughter of George, 2d Earl of Halifax) is thus mentioned by the Cardinal de Bernis, 'M<sup>me</sup> de Sandwich qui avait la figure et l'esprit le plus mâles que j'aie connus à aucune femme, disait de M<sup>me</sup> du Maine, avec qui elle passait sa vie, "Si M<sup>me</sup> la Duchesse avait le Sceptre du monde, elle trouverait le secret d'en faire un hochet." Cette définition était exacte.' Lady Sandwich died in Paris aged 92, after 20 years of Widowhood. Her husband, Edward, 2d Earl, whose mother was Lady Anne Boyle, daughter of the Earl of Cork and Burlington, was the great Grandfather of the Peer who held for a time the office of first Lord of the Admiralty, but is chiefly known to posterity by the name of Jemmy Twitcher (from a character in a Play) and by the following quatrain:

'Two noble Lords were I to quote,  
The World would call me Sinner,  
The one invented half a coat,  
The other half a dinner!'—(SPENCER SANDWICH.)



ful Trifles. And if you should ask an Old Fellow how old he was, instead of answering that he was turned of four score, He will tell you that blessed be his Stars, he found himself in perfect good Health. It is a pity that Lord North<sup>1</sup> should so far forget his Character and Quality as to treat Ladys of Honour with Indecency. I fear he has accustomed himself so much to the Conversation of —— Females that he is apt to forget himself when he happens into better Company. I am the more concerned for his Lordship, because if Fine Things come out of his Mouth with none of the best Grace, how shocking must Rude Ones appear ! I will trust old Ned for good Claret and an easy Chair, to mend his Shape and brighten up his Genius, which in the cloudiest English weather lies extreamly towards getting to as full an Understanding as one would be fond of in a Father, how little soever one might covet it in Oneself. I will answer for young Ned, He esteems the Old Gentleman a Man of excellent parts, and had much rather be his Son and Heir, than that of the brightest Wit in the Land. I had the honour of a Letter from Him, since he returned from his Travels, and belive he has profited more by going Abroad than his Countrymen usualy have done. Most young Fellows improve in little beside Confidence ; this helps them to discover their whole stock of Vice and Folly, which Bashfulness concealed in them before. I fancy Your Lordship is not a little diverted to see the honest Colonel at his own Table supported by his two Maiden Aunts. They talk the Northern Dialect without Doubt in all its Purity, and dress to the Primitive Simplicity. I hope our Friend is not quite so peevish to them as he used to be to poor Little

<sup>1</sup> William, 6th Baron North and 2d Baron Grey, served under the D. of Marlborough in all his campaigns and lost one hand at Blenheim.

foot. One of my Female Correspondents tells a wofull Story of my good Friend the Major (Gooche). She says he was taken at a Disadvantage by one of his own modish Countrymen, and Brother Gamesters, who handled him pretty roughly and almost demolished his Person. But the most incredible part of the Story was, that the Major endured it all with the Patience of a Martyr, and the Forgiveness of a Christian. This surely cannot be true, because all the Major's acquaintance both Gentlemen and Ladys, have heard him swear as manfully as any Hero in His Majesty's Guards. We have had the most delightfull Winter here that I ever saw in any Country, just Frost enough to fertilize over our Ground, and purify the Air. The Sun has befriended us constantly with the chearfullest of its Smiles, and Foggs and Clouds have been as absolute Prodigys with us the whole Season as a Constant Man or an humble Woman is in England. My Young Gentlewomen like everything in the Country except the Retirement, they can't get the Plays, the Operas and the Masquerades out of their Heads, much less can they forget their Friends. However the lightness of our Atmosphere helps them to bear all their losses with more Spirit, and that they may amuse themselves the better, they are every Day up to their Elbows in Housewifery, which will qualify them effectually for usefull Wives and if they live long enough, for Notable Women. Now Your Lordship has finished your Studys, learnt all your Exercises, and ended your Travels, I shall expect to hear very soon that you are Married and become a Grave Member of the Common-Wealth. May that Circumstance of Life, and everything else be happy to you; and may you not forget, though at this unmerciful Distance, Your Lordship's most obedient Servant,

W. BYRD.

## LORD BOYLE TO MR. BYRD IN VIRGINIA.

*Brittwell, Sept. 1727.*

SIR,—I have defferred answering your obliging Letter for some Time, till I could send You an exact Account of the State of Affairs, after so great an Event, as the Death of the King. You may imagine for the first Fortnight so far were We from having Time to write, that we scarce had Time to think either Who or where We were : or if We ever deigned to cast the least Thought upon our present Condition : Our future Prospect was so delightfull that we even despised Ourselves. Each Man had fixed upon a Place of Profet and Honour, and was to be awarded according to his great Deserts ! Bribery and Corruption were to be destroyed ; Piety was to fill the Bishop's Sees, Justice the Judge's Bench. Foreigners were to be banished, and even Scotch-men confined to their own Country. These were the Schemes, these the Chimæras of our noble true-born Britons. But to begin methodically—His Majesty departed this Life the 11th of June (the Jacobites will have it the 10th) and Lord Townshend sent a Messenger to his Brother-in-Law Sir Robert Walpole with the News. Sir Robert immediately flew to Richmond, where he found our New Monarch reposed after Dinner upon a Bed—his Thoughts serene ! little imagining He must quit that blessed Retirement to receive the Acclamations of a most noisy People, and to bear the Load of such weighty Affairs as might make an Atlas sink under them. The King burst into Tears upon the News of his Father's Death, and Sir Robert who had staid about a Quarter of an Hour with Him, returned to London, to inform the People of their



approaching Happiness. It was that Quarter of an Hour, that happy Quarter of an Hour, wherein the Knight was to display the Statesman and Politician and to fix his own Fate for ever. But surely that was an easy Part to act, when he brought with him Crown, Scepters, Power and Dominion! To return to our King, His Majesty went to his Royal Consort's Apartment to inform Her of her new Dignity; She received the News either with great Joy or great Sorrow for She fell into an hysterick Fitt, which Excess of either Passion will occasion. However Heaven preserve Her for better Days; and She came about Five in the Afternoon, with her princely Spouse to Leicester House. Now the joyfull Scene appears; and it would need an abler Painter than I am to describe It, who besides my Inability was not in Town till the third Day. What I was told I will reapeate. Leicester Fields, and all the Streets near it, were crowded with Coaches; So many were the Bone-fires and Illuminations that the Town seemed all on Fire. Bells, Trumpets and Drums deafened the Inhabitants; Nothing but Joy was seen; Nothing but Huzzas heard, and if you will allow a Classical Simile, it was like the Rejoicing of the Trojans described in Virgil, when they thought the Grecians were run away. Ruine and Destruction followed the Trojan Merriement; the Gods avert the Omen from the *English*! The Noise was too great not to reach us, who were but twenty Miles distant from London. Duval arrived at four o'clock in the morning, awakened Us out of our Sleep, and frightened us out of our Senses. The Day after his Arrival, the 16th of June, we went to Town. On the 17th Lord Bingley,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Robert Benson, M.P. for York, was successively Commissioner, Chancellor and Under-Secretary to the Exchequer. He was created Baron Bingley in 1713. Sent as Ambassador to Madrid, married Lady Elizabeth Finch, daughter of the first Earl of

my Father and your humble Servant, repaired to the lesser Leicester House. It was the first Time I had ever been there, and was surprized to see in the outward room miserable Copies of Titian's Heathen Gods, butt upon Enquiry found the Maids of Honour were strictly forbid to come into that Chamber ; however some of those Nymphs had been caught peeping now and then out of curiosity thro' the Keyhole. The Croud was so great, and the Clergy so numerous and so bulky, that it was with great difficulty we could come near the King. His Majesty received Us royally, graciously, and civilly, and in about a quarter of an Hour, retired to his Closet. We then went to the Great House, and after waiting above two Hours, were admitted into the Queen's Apartment. Her Majesty sent me away happy, by telling me with a Smile, that I was much grown since She had seen me. Yet after some Consideration I began to look upon this rather as a Reproof than a Mark of Kindness, since it carries with it a Sort of Reprimand for not having been at Court before in many years.—Great Changes were now talked of : Sir Robert Walpole was to be demolished ; the Duke of Newcastle's Head taken off ; the Duke of Ormond recalled ; and what was the greatest News of all, the Whigs and Tories to be mixed in the Administration. But as yet Things stand as they did : I had almost forgot to tell you that in the Midst of the Plebeian Satisfaction the Dutchess of Kendal was burnt in Effigie. However Her Grace is now coming over *in Propriâ Personâ*, so fearless is She of the People of England's Resentment at this Juncture, how great soever it was then.—The Coronation

Aylesford and died in 1730, when his title became extinct. His only daughter married Geo. Lane Fox, Esq., for whom the title was re-created, but at whose death in 1773 it again, and finally, became extinct.

which draws near will make our Family go up to London soon. After that Ceremony all eyes will be turned towards the Actions of the Parliaments. If I have omitted Any Thing in this my poor Account of our New Sovereignty, I hope your other Correspondents will supply my Deficiencies; but the most publick News, such as Deaths and Marriages, the Papers will convey to Virginia. Let me now therefore proceed to some History of our common Friends, and descend from the Annals of Kings to Anecdotes of their Subjects. The Colonel (tho' discarded from his Place) nods on with unparalled Victory at Draughts; which made an unlucky Wag compare him to the General who took Towns in his Sleep, and ask what would He do if awake. His Passion for the Ladies still remains. He does not think the Fruit sour because he cannot reach it. On the Contrary like Nestor he boasts of his former Deeds. . . . He despises the young Fellows of the Age and thinks they degenerate from the Hectors of the Last. . . . Captain H—— retired in the midst of all the Joy to the Melancholy of the Forest without any visible Companion. . . . The World is still simple enough to be always of a contrary Opinion from Him: his Schemes and other People's never agree. He sees with different Eyes from them the most plain Objects, and Captain Fitzgerald who is happy in an easy and concise Way of explaining Himself cannot convince the Sea-Captain that the Emperor and the King of Spain are entered into a firm Alliance with each other. I come next to our Friend the Major (Smith) who teaches more by the motion of his Eyes in one Minute than other Husbands can in seven Years. He and his Lady are both very well and She to her great Comfort is in Mourning. As to myself I begin to disdain the old Ladies and to look upon the Young. The withered Beauties



cease to charm. Sophronia and Laloessar are no more. The names of Howard and Halifax are forgotten ; and His Grace of Argyle is unenvied in the decaying Blooms of Miss Vincent and Moll of Kent—Cloe and Semanthe are the reigning Favourites and Conquerors of all Hearts.—I am happy in the Intimacy of Mr. Southwell. We both hope your Return will be sooner than You design ; and as we agree in most Things, so in Nothing more than our Good Wishes for You and your Family to Whom Every Body desire their Compliments.—I am, Sir, Yrs. etc.

BOYLE.

MR. BYRD TO CHARLES, EARL OF ORRERY.

*Virginia, Feb. 3d, 1727/8.*

MY LORD,—I am much obliged to Your Lordship for being so very good as to sweeten my Retirement by writing often. Whenever my Spirits sink at any Time below their natural pitch Your Letters are Cordial enough to raise them again, and make me as gay as the Spring. They call back to my Memory all the delightfull scenes of Brittwell and Downing Street, and for Variety make me look back sometimes on the graver amusements at Wills. Mrs. Byrd too gives you a thousand thanks for your Favours to her Daughter. There is now a little Virginian that I fancy is much more a Romp than her Sister. She is so lively that unless her Nurse were very carefull, She would spring out of her Arms. Like the Children of Languedoc and Gascony, She dances before she can walk and sings before she can speak. If she lives we must get her a Husband as soon as the Law will allow, which makes Females forbidden Fruit before ten years old. . . . Not content with two Spinsters

Mrs. Byrd is now breeding again, with hopes of having a Son; tho' after All I wish She mayn't run upon the Distaff as much as Her Grace of Argyle. I belive even Madam Smith would healp the Major to an Heir if an ill-turn of luck at Play, should send them to this Country. . . . These Disadvantages to Gallantry make well for Matrimony, which thrives so excellently, that an Old Maid or an Old Batchelour are as rare among us and reckoned as ominous as a Blazing Star. One of the most antick Virgins I am acquainted with is my Daughter, either our young Fellows are not smart eno' for her, or she seems too smart for them, but in a little Time I hope they will split the Difference. We are quite in the Dark what they are doing in Europe, having had hardly any Intelligence of a latter date than Your Lordship's letter. However we look out very sharp for Ships at this Time to satisfie our Curiosity. I find there are two extraordinary Persons appointed Governors of Barbados and New York since the King's Accession. What a Misfortune it would be for those Countrys if their Creditors should stop them with a *Ne Exeant Regno*. By great Accident we have a very Worthy Man to represent Lord Orkney. It is Major Gooch, brother to an eminent Clergyman of that Name. He seems hitherto to maintain the Character of a very just Man, and has a reasonable share of good Sense, good Nature, and good Breeding. How long He may hold his Integrity I cannot warrant because Power and Flattery corrupt many a Hopefull Ruler. However we are not so apt to spoile our Governors as they are in the other Plantations, because we never compliment with one Penny more than their established Income. We dare not be generous to those who are Good, for fear of setting a Precedent for those who are Bad. Most of the Colonies have been imprudent that way. They

have done extravagant things for Governors they have been fond of, which has afterwards been made a Rule for their Successors tho' never so disagreeable. Our Winter has been very severe this Year with Cold, much keener than ever I felt in England; but by the benefit of our Climate it has been very short and we begin now to expect our Spring which is always very beautifull and Fragrant. I am much in Lord Boyle's Debt for the entertaining Peice of History He was so good as to send me, and shall thank Him for it by this Opportunity. Whenever His Lordship engages in the hazardous State of Matrimony I hope it will be to his Satisfaction in every Circumstance. I am never so happy as when I understand that Your Lordship and all for whom you have any concern are well, for I shall always remain yr Ldship's most humble Servt,

BYRD.

MR. BYRD TO CHARLES EARL OF ORRERY.

*Virginia, July 5, 1726.*

MY LORD,—Soon after my arrival I had the honour to write to Your Ldsp to acquaint you that we had happily escaped all the Dangers of the Sea, and were safely landed at my own House. There was nothing frightfull in the whole Voyage but a suddain Puff that carried away our Topmast, which in the falling gave a very bad crack, but we received no other Damage, neither were our Women terrified at It. The beautifullest Bloom of our Spring when we came Ashore, gave Mrs. Byrd a good impression of the Country. But since that the Weather is grown Warm, and some days have been troublesome eno' to make Her wish herself back in England. She now begins to be seasoned to the Heat,



and to think more favourably of our Clymate. She comforts herself with the thought that a warm Sun is necessary to ripen our fine Fruit, and so pays herself with the Pleasure of one Sense, for the Inconvenience that attends the others. I must own to Yr Ldship that we have about three months that impatient People call warm, but the Colonel would think them cool enough for a pair of Blankets, and perhaps a comfortable Counterpain into the Bargain. Yet there are not 10 days in the whole summer that Yr Ldsp would complain of, and they happen when the Breazes fail us and it is a dead Calme. But then the other nine Months are most charmingly delightfull, with a fine Air and a Serene Sky that keeps us in Good Health and Good Humour. Spleen and Vapours are as absolute Rarities here as a Winter's Sun, or a Publick Spirit in England. A Man may eat Beef, be as lazy as Captain Hardy, or even marry in this Clymate, without having the least Inclination to hang himself. It would cure all Mr. Hutchinson's distempers if the Ministry would transport him hither unless they sent Lady G—— (?) along with him. Your Ldsp will allow it to be a fair Commendation of a Country that it reconciles a Man to himself, and makes him suffer the weight of his misfortunes with the same tranquility that he bears with his own Frailtys. After your September is over, I shall wish your Ldsp a little of our Sunshine to disperse that Fogg and Smoake with which your Atmosphere is loaded. 'Tis miraculous that any Lungs can breath in an Air compounded of so many different Vapours and Exhalations like that of dirty London. For my part mine were never of a texture to bear it in winter without great convulsions, so that nothing could make me amends for that uneasiness but the pleasure of being near your Lordship. Besides the advantage of a pure Air, we

abound in all kinds of Provisions without expence (I mean we who have Plantations). I have a large Family of my own, and my Doors are open to Every Body, yet I have no Bills to pay, and half-a-Crown will rest undisturbed in my Pocket for many Moons together. Like one of the Patriarchs, I have my Flocks and my Herds, my Bond-men and Bond-women, and every Soart of Trade amongst my own Servants, so that I live in a kind of Independance on every one but Providence. However tho' this Soart of Life is without expence, yet it is attended with a great deal of trouble. I must take care to keep all my People to their Duty, to set all the Springs in motion and to make every one draw his equal Share to carry the Machine forward. But then 'tis an amusement in this silent Country and a continual exercise of our Patience and Economy.

Another thing My Lord that recomends this Country very much—we sit securely under our Vines and our Fig Trees without any Danger to our Property. We have neither publick Robbers nor private, which Your Ldsp will think very strange, when we have often needy Governors, and pilfering Convicts sent amongst us. The first of these it is suspected have some-times an inclination to plunder, but want the pow'r, and tho' they may be Tyrants in their Nature, yet they are Tyrants without Guards, which makes them as harmless as a Scold would be without a Tongue. Neither can they do much Injustice by being partial in Judgment, because in the Supreme Court the Council have each an equal Vote with them. Thus both the Teeth and the Claws of the Lion are secured, and He can neither bite nor tear us, except we turn him loose upon Ourselves. I wish this was the Case with all His Majesty's good Subjects, and I dare say Your Ldsp has the goodness to wish so too. Then we have

no such Trades carried on amongst us, as that of Horse-breakers, Highway-men, or Beggers. We can rest securely in our Beds with all our Doors and Windows open, and yet find every thing exactly in place the next Morning. We can travel all over the Country by Night and by Day, unguarded and unarmed, and never meet with any Person so rude as to bid us Stand. We have no Vagrant Mendicants to seize and deafen us wherever we go, as in your Island of Beggers. Thus My Lord we are very happy in our Canaans if we could but forget the Onions and Fleshpots of Egypt. There are so many Temptations in England to inflame the Appetite and charm the Senses, that we are content to run all Risques to enjoy them. They always had I must own too strong an Influence upon me, as Your Ldsp will believe when they could keep me so long from the more solid pleasures of Innocence and Retirement. I doubt not but My Lord Boyle has learn't at Paris to perform all his Exercises in perfection and is become an absolute Master of the French Language. I wish every Secretary of State could write it as perfectly as his Ldsp does, that their Performances might not be subjected to the Correction of Mr. De La Fay. I am sure that Lord Boyle will in every respect Answer the affectionate care your Lordship has taken of him, and I suppose It will not be long before I shall have the pleasure to hear that he is happily married, for it now seems wholly to depend upon Him, to furnish Heirs to the Noble Family of his Name. I most heartily long to hear from Your Lordship, and shall rejoice at every happy Accident that befalls you, for I am as much as any Man alive, My Lord, yr etc.

W. BYRD.



## LORD BOYLE TO MR. BYRD.

*Brittwell, 2 Jan. 1727/8.*

DEAR SIR,—This is the day on which I quitt my infant, and enter into my Virile State. My worthy friends the Burnhamites have ushered in the morning with the harmony of their Bells, and the myrmidons of Brittwell carry a Joy in their countenances that demands strong Beer at noon and a Fiddle at night. The whole world around seems gay, and even old Mrs. Lowe has hobbled down through this nipping frost in order to begin the Ball with which our Evening is to conclude. The coquetry of her daughter (a Virgin just entering her forty-seventh year) does, I confess, give me a pleasing pain about my heart, *Agnosco Veteris Vestigia Flammæ*, but not to surfeit you with our neighbours, I will only add that I must I fear sail into the nuptial Port soon. An only Son is indispensably obliged to propagate his name. All the glory of my life will probably be the addition I make to my Species; so soon as my Father will find a Woman whose person shall pleas me, and whose fortune will pleas Him, She shall be heartily wellcome to the arms of, dear Sir, etc.

BOYLE.

## MR. BYRD TO JOHN LORD BOYLE.

IN ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING ONE.

*Virginia the 12th of Feby. 1727/8.*

MY LORD,—Nothing can be more obliging than the Memoirs your Lordship was pleased to send me. They were so entertaining that I have almost worn out the Paper with

often reading It. No grave Santercross<sup>1</sup> at Wilks' can be better informed of your Affairs both public and privat, than I am by the Favour of so kind a Correspondent. Pray continue that indulgence to a poor Hermit, because the next pleasure to being in the fine World is from time to time to receive an elegant account of it. A lively description paints every Thing so strongly on the Fancy, that it almost cheats us into a belief that the Original is present, tho' we are a little out of Temper when the Delusion vanishes, as our Ladies are when they are awakened out of a delightful Dream. When Your Lordship did me the Honour of Your Letter it was a little too soon to foresee what turn things would take. The King was just seated on the Throne, and doubtless under great Concern for the Death of his Royal Father. He had not then Leasure to look about Him, nor consider maturely the Situation of his Affairs. It might be necessary just at first to keep every Thing in the Old Channel, as the most likely means to prevent disorder and confusion. Hasty alterations, like hasty Physick might occasion Convulsions, just as when a Man jumps into a great Estate, it may be prudent to continue the same Steward (who He knows cheated his Father) till he has got into full possession, and has got himself Master of his Business.<sup>2</sup> After all this is done, it may be a very proper Time to change hands, and make choicē of more able and faithfull Servants. Thus when the King has tried the Temper of his Parliament at Home, and has concluded a lasting Peace abroad, it may be a right Season to make Substantial Removes, and chuse such

<sup>1</sup> No explanation of this colloquial expression is forthcoming—query, a possible corruption of 'saunteracross'? The Dictionaries give 'santer' as an alternative spelling, and quote 'a saunter of the Town.' Grosse gives 'saunterer' as Buckish.

<sup>2</sup> The unflattering comparison and its following diatribe are of course aimed at Sir R. Walpole, to whom Lord Orrery and his son were steadily opposed, and whose star was not for some time in ascendancy under Queen Caroline's protection.

Persons to serve Him, as by their wise Administration may gain Him the Affections of His People. Such as may have the Industry of Hercules to cleanse the State of Impurities much harder to remove than those of the Augean Stables. Such as may influence our Parliament by Arguments taken from Reason and Regard for the Publick Good, not from the Bank and the Exchequer. Such as will in earnest pay off the Nation's Debt and not increase it in Time of Peace. Such as will take off the Load that lies so heavy upon Trade and Industry and lay it upon Vice and Luxury. Such as will put the Laws into Vigorous Execution, without Regard to Party or Respect of Persons. This would be a glorious Reign indeed if we could see such Men advanced, but Princes who see with other Men's Eyes, will have great luck if they find out such absolute Rarities.—I am sorry our dear Friend the Colonel was toss't out of his Place so early and forc'd to move his Lodgings. It is a great Character you give of the Major, that he is able to govern the most rebellious part of his Family with a Nod. It was more than Homer ever pretended to say of Jupiter, who was forced to add Menaces to the Terrour of his Looks, and both together could hardly keep his Consort in Order. I have no skill in the Sex, if his Lady did not need a pretty deal of subduing before she was brought under the Dominion of Brow, the most absolute of all Governments.—I am heartily glad that Your Lordship and Mr. Southwell are so happy in one another. I do not know where either of you would mend yourselves or share a better Task. May your Intimacy improve into perfect Friendship of which very few of this selfish Generation are capable. I beg you will continue me the Honour of a Letter now and then, to enliven my Solitude and give a great deal of Pleasure to Your Lordship's most obedient Servant

W. BYRD.



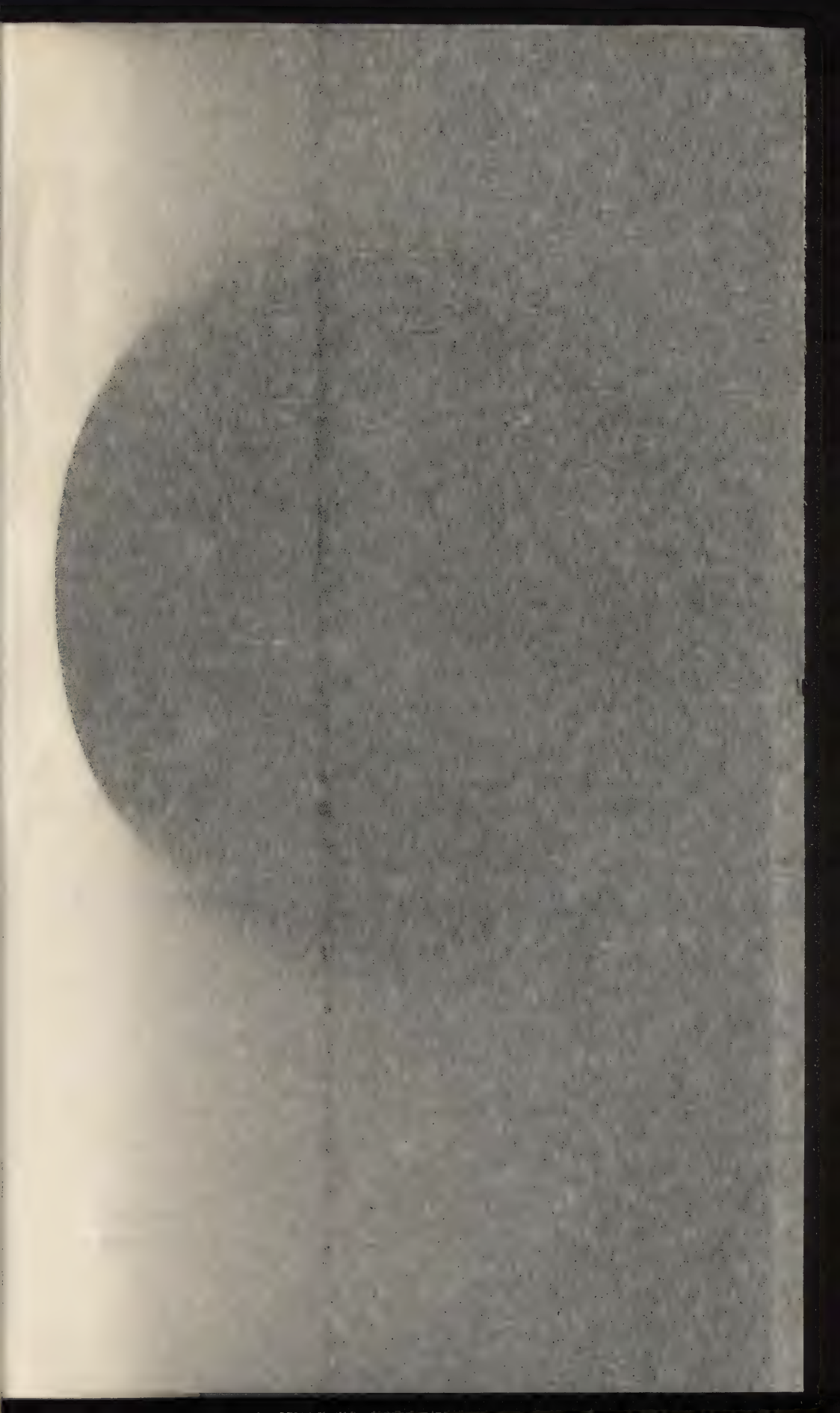
## LORD BOYLE TO WILLIAM CECIL, ESQ.

*Marston, 12th June 1726.*

DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for your Letter. All here are well, nor can I be otherwise whilst at Marston, the Place I love best in the World. From the first Time I saw it, I fell as much a Victim to its charms, as I have since done to Celia's Eyes, and yet the House was then rather in a State of Ruin than otherwise. My Amour may probably one Day cost me a great deal of Money, for I have heard from Men of Experience that we seldom care how much we bestow upon our Mistresses, and how little upon our Wives. . . . Had this House been a new Purchase of my Father's, my Veneration for it in all Probability had been less, but it has remained in our Family about a hundred Years. The first Earl of Corke bought the Estate of Sir John Hippisley and by his last Will left it to Lord Broghill<sup>1</sup> who lived here whenever Leisure and Absence from Ireland would permitt him. My Father has added a Wing to compleat the Fabrick and by that means has enlarged the House within and rendered the Building uniform and regular without. Offices we have none. That's a Work for me to do. . . . We are to remove from hence to Brittwell To-morrow, but our Return hither is uncertain; it will be a happy day for me whenever it happens. Next to Marston, London is my Favourite Place of Residence; one good Reason is because You are there: but there are many Others which You may more easily guess at, than I can give under the Hand of, Yours,

BOYLE.

<sup>1</sup> Roger, Lord Broghill, 1st Earl of Orrery.









*Lady Margaret Howard*  
*wife of Roger 1<sup>st</sup> Earl of Ormoy.*

28 x 23 cm

Painted by Hans Holbein the Younger, 1531 (45) x 15 cm (18 x 6 in)



## LORD BOYLE TO COUNSELLOR KEMPE.

*Brittwell, Dec. 24, 1726.*

DEAR SIR,—If You expect News from hence, You will be much mistaken. We go on in the same Family Road that we did three Years ago. Breakfast and Billiards in the Morning, Dinner and Tea in the Afternoon, Cards and Supper at Night. How I envy You, placed as You are within the Sound of Covent-Garden Bells. But let my Person be at ever so great a Distance I am sure my Thoughts will be at London. I often lose the Odd Trick at Whist because I see Mrs. Oldfield<sup>1</sup> hugg Nykin and kiss Wilks; and frequently renounce a Suit because Beau Clincher is going to the Jubilee. . . . But ‘come what may *Patience* and *Time* run through the ‘roughest Day.’—Yours always,

BOYLE.

## LORD BOYLE TO COUNSELLOR KEMPE.

*London, Feb. 25, 1727/8.*

I HAVE always observed, in the little space of time hitherto allotted me to study Mankind, that covetousness shows itself plainest in the lowest Instances. You may remember at Christ Church I told you how very avaritious our Friend Terry (when Sub Dean) appeared to me, in a thousand Trifles, that made a Youth of my Disposition not only laugh at, but heartily despise him. I recollect particularly his unwillingness to pay post-letters. Some wag who has made the same observation, has it seems, in an unknown hand, sent him a feigned letter of which I have procured the enclosed copy, and

<sup>1</sup> A celebrated Actress of the Day.



at the same time did so enclose and fold up his letter that Mrs. Terry was obliged to pay seventeen pence in her husband's absence, who when he returned home and opened it found the following contents:—

(The enclosure is not worth reproducing, nor would the letter itself be, but for the connection with the succeeding one, and the evidence afforded of the absurd importance attached in those still unquiet times to puerile annoyances by even learned Professors such as the Dean [and Canon] in question).

#### LORD BOYLE TO MR. SALKELD.

*London, May 1st, 1728.*

DEAR SIR,—I am obliged to you for your last letter, and the kind wishes it contains. I am apt to think all things will be agreed upon, and possibly the next Epistle you receive from me will be from a married man. I have been assured, and I have read that the Nuptial State allows no medium in its happiness: I own I look for perfect felicity from the manners and disposition of Lady Harriot Hamilton;<sup>1</sup> however there are certain Circumstances in my particular situation that may possibly embitter our sweet cup,<sup>2</sup> and—but I am growing serious, which befits not my time of life, let us call therefore some other subject and avoid Egotisms. Luckily after having writ thus far, and while turning my thoughts towards cheerfulness and merriment, my Servant told me Dr. Terry of Christchurch was below, and desired in my Father's Absence to pay me his respects. I flew down with the utmost haste to attend him, and I found him talking aloud to himself as his manner is, and repeating the same word a hundred times over. I soon grew weary of hearing the same thing over and over,

<sup>1</sup> Youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Orkney.

<sup>2</sup> These anticipations were unhappily fulfilled, tho' from no fault of the Bride.

and to awaken him from his Reverie I pinched this profound Scholar till he cried out Enough, enough I say, my Lord. The cause of his leaving Oxford at this particular Time, was a complaint which he intended to lay before the House of Lords of certain letters written to Him under feigned names, which were generally filled with Jokes, or such idle Trifles as by no means recompensed the money paid for their postage. He gave me a Copy of the last Epistle of this kind that he had received, and I perceived its greatest merit seems to be the expence of it, which I assure you wounds Terry deeply. I applauded with great Zeal, his scheme of applying to Parliament, and he left me not an hour agoe in a full resolution of trying to bring in A Great Act of Parliament against sham letters and unknown Correspondents.—I am, etc.

BOYLE.

[The chief point in the perpetration of this very trivial practical pleasantry seems to have been—after putting its Victim to needless expense—an indirect rebuke of his constant and wearisome abuse of the colloquialism ‘I say,’ which suggests the possibility that Dr. T. may have been the identical learned Professor who on being informed that an irreverent Undergraduate was given to ridiculing him on the same score, strode hastily across Quad to meet the approaching Culprit and thundered in his ear ‘You Sir! I say they say that you say I say ‘I say!’ turning away with a wrathful gesture quite unconscious of the merriment he excited.—Modern progress and customs have gradually extinguished the genus once by no means uncommon in this country of Solitary Book Worms of more than ordinary learning but less than ordinarily developed intelligence, witness the metaphysical lecturer who deduced the inferiority of the feminine mind from the inability of Women to keep fixed on one subject for any length of time, and gave as an instance his conversation with a young Lady whom he assured he had in the course of his whole life never seen a fool, whereupon she with absolute irrelevance congratulated him on having always grown a beard!]

## LORD BOYLE TO COUNSELLOR KEMPE.

*Brittwell, Jan'y. [27/28.*

I RECEIVED yours, which as usual is scarce to be decyphered by any Person less accustomed to your manner of writing than myself. As to John Sandford methinks I look upon Him since he is no longer Curate at Marston as a fallen Minister, and have neither writ to him nor seen him since his degradation. . . . When he gets another Curacy he will be worth our notice, and you and I will pay him our Devoirs, when he obtains a Deanery we will worship him. . . . For if We have a mind to thrive in this honest World, We must regard the station of the man, not his merit, and therefore you must bow equally to a White Staff, whether it be in the hands of Charters<sup>1</sup> or the Archbishop of Canterbury. This calls to my mind a story, which if not true, is at least not unnatural. The morning after Lord Oxford was turned out, the Bishop of L——<sup>2</sup> came to wait upon him. John Reed the porter appeared at the door and assured his Lordship that the Earl was not at Home. 'Here John' (quoth the Prelate) 'take 'these five shillings and let me upstairs.' 'My Lord' replied Reed 'You may go up, but my Lord Oxford's Staff as 'Treasurer was given by the Queen last night to the Duke of 'Shrewsbury.' 'Say you so' answered the Bishop 'Why then 'here's five shillings more not to say I have been here; John, 'drive away with all Haste to the Duke of Shrewsbury's.'

BOYLE.

<sup>1</sup> The greatest and most despised black sheep of his day, freely lampooned by Pope.

<sup>2</sup> London.



COPY OF A LETTER TO THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM  
CONCERNING THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY.

IT is not to be doubted that some Persons, who are Enemies to the Protestant Succession, and to the Peace of these Nations, have been of late endeavouring to set on Foot some Practices for promoting the Interests of St. Germain. To find out the Bottom of these Plots in Scotland, there must serious and impartial Search be made into these Things, which have been done there, and which have contributed to open a Correspondence with France, and look as if they had been designed for that End. As to which a Well-Wisher to the Government humbly suggests a few Matters of Fact; Viz. :— It is plain, that, by the Act of Indemnity lately emitted in Scotland, a Flood of Officers were let in there who would be ready for Mischief on all Occasions, and to be Commanders, in case of an Insurrection. It is also certain that this Indemniture gave new Life and Birth, to the Hopes, and Designs of France upon Scotland. This Act was contrived in London by D. Q—y, by the Advice of the Lord Stairs and others, and sent down by him to his Confidants of the Privy Council of Scotland, that he might be fortified to push it with the Queen upon the Credit and Authority of their Advice. It was accordingly returned by them, and laid before the Queen. It was no Wonder if the Lord Treasurer or any other English Minister concurred in it, being told it was the Advice of the Privy Council of Scotland. And it had been very odd and unfit for them to have dissuaded a Gracious Queen from granting her Subjects an Act of Grace which had been advised by the Privy Council.

Next it will be fit to examine who were the Promoters of an Act, past last Session of Parliament in Scotland, for opening a Trade with France, and the bad Consequences of it, and how, and what, Influences it hath for affording an Opportunity of a Correspondence with, and Means of an Invasion from France.—The first dangerous Consequences of that Act is, that by it may be provided a Fund of french Money in Scotland without Remittance, and thereby put it beyond the Danger of being discovered. For a French Emissary needs do no more but settle himself in Scotland, under a Colour of being a Factor for that Trade. This Factor loads the Wine at Burdeaux upon the Credit of the French Government, and when he sells it out to Merchants in Scotland, he keeps the money, and disposes of it as he is advised from France by the same Ships that brought the Wine. This he may do without the Privy of any Person, and cannot possibly be discovered.

Besides it was objected in Parliament against that Act, that it was dishonourable to the Queen, prejudicial to and inconsistent with the Conditions and State of Her Majesty's Alliances, and for these Reasons was protested against by many eminent Members both Noblemen and Others. Notwithstanding of which it was violently pressed by the Ministry, who did alledge that the want of that Trade did impair Her Majesty's Revenue, to that Degree, that without it it was impossible to support the Civil List of the Government. For Answer to this it was Objected, that whatever was needful for supporting the Civil List, should be secured upon a more certain Fund. But all this was rejected, and the Act pushed on, and carried by the Influence of the D. of Queensberry in Parliament where, (besides Merchants) there were some of the Officers of the Customs, of his making, would reap Advantage of it. If the present Plot be duly considered, it will appear that

D. Q—y had frequent Meetings with Frasier<sup>1</sup> both in Scotland and England : that he gave Frasier Money, when the Money he had got from the French King fell short ; that he gave Frasier Passes and Protection, by which many People were in Danger of being enticed to joyn with him, seeing these naturally imported that D. Q—y favoured the Undertaking. That D. Q—y did under Counterfeit Names, procure from the English Secretaries Passes for Frasier, and other Three with him, who he knew were going to France. And after Frasier was gone, D. Q—y did by Campbell, now in Custody, correspond with him, and Answers came to these Letters that were written by Campbell at D. Q—y's Order. These Things look ill, but in Answer to them All, D. Q—y sais that he used Frasier as a Spie. Here it ought to be narrowly adverted to, whether D. Q—y hath used him as a Spie, as he sais, or if he hath not rather used him of Purpose to promote the Interest of St. Germain's. He carries his Project of using a Man as a Spie too far, who affords him Means (as he did Frasier) and Assistance to carry out his Design, for Discovery of which he pretends to use him as a Spie. These Passes, Protections and Supplies of Money given to Frasier, can in no Sense be constructed as Enticements to procure a Discovery, but were naturally proper Means to enable Frasier to carry on these bad Practices he was about.

But further it can no Ways be supposed that D. Q—y intended to use Frasier as a Spie, if it be considered, that Frasier, when he was last in Scotland, and had finished all his Negotiations there, and was able to discover what was to be done, and by what Persons and Means carried on, yet did he never discover any Thing. So that D. Q—y having (without any Discovery made by Frasier) procured him a Pass to go beyond

<sup>1</sup> Frasier was the confidential attendant of James II. and is mentioned by the King in his letter, page 4 of this Volume.



Sea, where, he knew, he would give an Account of what he had done in Scotland, makes it evident to a Demonstration, that he had some other Aim before him than using Frasier as a Spie. That Frasier never made any Discovery (except of himself) will appear from this, that all the Discoveries made are by Means of Letters intercepted, and other Things emerged since he went to France.

From these Things it doth undeniably follow, that Duke Q—y can never be excused for not seizing him, and preventing his going, and that he did really favour the Undertaking, or that he intended by Frasier's Means and Assistance, to draw into Snares by Contrivances and counterfeit Appearances of Guilt, some Persons of Quality against whom both he and Frasier had inveterate and rooted Malice. It deserves also to be taken Notice of that Frasier, the pretended Spie, is now openly at St. Germain, and is not considered there as a Spie. But after all, there are some to whom D. Q—y upon Occasions that make the Heart free, and open the Mouth, hath bragg'd of his Influences and Interest at St. Germain. But truly they did at the same Time, look upon it only as a Bragg, and so founded Nothing upon it. If these Things be seriously considered, and honest and just Men, who love both their Country and Peace, and are well affected to the present Government be employed, these by past Plots may be discovered and new Ones prevented.<sup>1</sup>

LORD BOYLE TO MR. SALKELD.

*New Bond St., Nov. 1729.*

DEAR SIR,—I write to You with great Pleasure always, but it is lessened when You have the Trouble of paying for

<sup>1</sup> This Letter is unsigned and undated.

my Letters, and the Postmaster the Trouble of opening and reading them. This I hope will go by a private Hand; if not I must commit it to the Post, and that is committing it to the Winds. . . . Here are great numbers of Papers continually coming out, leveled almost all at one particular Person.<sup>1</sup> The Pen of the Craftsman is said to be guided by different but very able Hands. Parallels are drawn, not only from Roman, and Grecian Stories, but from every History that is extant. Mortimer sleeps not in his Grave, Buckingham and Strafford revisit us over and over, and were our Monarch, like Saul, reduced to consult a Woman who had a familiar Spirit, she would probably produce to Him neither a Prophet nor a God, but as many first Ministers as he would please to command. Lady Boyle, Charles, and my approaching Son or Daughter, are, or will be, Yours,

BOYLE.

LORD BOYLE TO MR. SALKELD.

*Brittwell, Dec. 25, 1729.*

You will be glad to see a Letter dated from this Place. It will convince You that I am at present with my Father: and this Christmas has likewise brought down hither the Chevalier Ramsay, who was born in Scotland and educated in France. Methinks *un Ecossois François* appears like a Tulip engrafted upon a Thistle. One is afraid to venture near the Scotch Root, but one is allured towards it by the gaudy Colours of the prominent Flower. I look upon this doughty Knight as the true Representative of the Book He is going to

<sup>1</sup> Sir R. Walpole to whom (as to the Duke of Newcastle) Lord Boyle like his Father was in determined opposition—which fact probably occasioned the apprehension frequently expressed that his letters did not pass unopened to their destinations—how far this apprehension was well founded we have no means of judging: both this and the next letter were conveyed by hand.

publish, a pious Romance at once fictitious and improving. If we are to judge of the Scotch Nation by their own History, it is impossible to have very advantageous sentiments of them. Their Annals are a series of Wickedness in Kings, Rebellion in Subjects, Machinations and Contrivances to destroy and supplant each other, great cunning and no less barbarity, but not the least mention of prudent Schemes, or well digested Plans for the Wealth, Peace and Prosperity of the Kingdom. Many Men there are amongst them to my Knowledge of Probity, nor do I aim these general Reflexions against any Persons, because after all I have advanced, I think there are few Fools of the Nation. The Highlanders indeed are a dreadful People, and upon the whole may not the Scotch Nation be aptly compared to a Yew Tree? It naturally grows rough from the Bottom to the Top, but may easily be cut into what shape you please. It is a Screen to other Trees, and it sets at Defiance, the bleakness of the Wind, and the severity of the Winter, nor can a more excellent Defence be devised either for an Old Wall or a New Castle. In a Letter which I writ to you awhile agoe, I observed how teaming a Mother the Political Press was become, and I have this moment lying before me the characters of those two Brothers in Iniquity, Empson<sup>1</sup> and Dudley. I own in the little I have read of the English History, I cannot find out what was properly the business of those two Horse-Leaches as Lord Verulam surnames them. It is impossible to devise from Lord Herbert's Account (who is one of our most accurate Historians) what Laws they had transgressed, or whether they were executed by virtue of a Condemnation by a Jury, or of their Attainder by Parliament, for it is expressly said they were both found guilty of Treason by a Jury, one at London,

<sup>1</sup> See note at end of this letter.



the other at Northampton, and afterwards, it is as expressly said, they were attainted in Parliament. But what Reason can be given or framed for this Attainder, since they were both condemned before? Some Heads of their Accusation are printed, but they do not appear to be in the least treasonable, and Empson in his Speech before the Council says, 'He was not guilty of any Crime, because he only put the penal Laws in Execution, and all that he had done was warranted by the King's Commission.' Lord Herbert calls Sir Richard Empson Master or Surveyor of the King's Forfeits in divers kinds, and adds that Polydore Virgil calls him and Dudley *Judices Fiscales*, but neither by their English, nor by their Latin Titles can I divine what was properly their Office.—I hear the Chevalier Ramsay at this moment singing in the Hall *Oh! la Vertue, qu'elle est aimable!* and must go and joine in the Chorus. Adieu.

BOYLE.<sup>1</sup>

#### TO COUNSELLOR KEMPE.

*Jany. 1729/30.*

THIS Year begins unhappily. Sir Josslebury Pitcher<sup>2</sup> is dead! He had the Honour to be choaked yesterday by a

<sup>1</sup> Empson and Dudley: Lord Orrery's criticism is absolutely just and true. These two iniquitous extortioners being qualified lawyers, supported by the authority of the King, a notorious miser (Henry VII.), were so skilful mainly in avoiding the appearance of illegality in their nefarious proceedings, that when public indignation was at length allowed to be let loose against them in the early days of Henry VIII., it was well-nigh impossible to frame an adequate indictment founded upon law and exact truth. The arbitrary temper of the times was therefore curiously enough exhibited as much in the chastisement of their flagrant offences, as it had been in the perpetration of those very offences. They were charged with the fabulous crime of conspiracy in lieu of the actual one of rapine, found guilty, as Lord O. observes, twice over, and executed by Warrant from the King. Thus, in the words of Hume, 'justice was equally violated whether the King sought power and riches or courted popularity.'

<sup>2</sup> Sir J. P. and all the other Individuals mentioned in this Letter were neighbours at Britwell.

fish-bone at the Duke of Ne—'s Table ; His Grace's Dinner it seems was in a Masquerade ; no dish appeared in its proper form or nakedness, and poor Sir Josslebury died by mistaking Prawns fried in butter (one of whose heads Armour the careless Cook had neglected to take off) for plain English Skirits.<sup>1</sup> Sir William Turbot was enumerating to us the Lords, Dukes and Marquises who had dined there at the same time, and he concluded by saying, 'It was a glorious thing to dye amidst 'Persons of Quality.' 'Yes,' said Jackson, 'so it is, and therefore how glorious a death had Gallypot Mitchell the Candle-snuffer at Drury Lane Play House, for he dyed upon the 'stage of an Apoplexy as he was snuffing the Candles before 'a crowded Theatre, while five of the Royal Family were 'present.' Sir William appeared a little angry and unhinged at this Answer, but upon Jackson filling a Bumper to the glorious memory of Sir Josslebury, and the long life of all surviving Baronets, our Scene changed to immediate Tranquillity. The deceased Knight has left his Estate, which was all personal, to one Mrs. Mary Mullins his House-keeper. . . . Sir William's Legacy is a Tankard, a Suit of Superfine black Cloath and an Ivory Tobacco Stopper curiously wrought into the shape of a Lady's Leg. Pitcher Simmons, Nephew to Sir J., is disinherited. He is suspected to have a hand in the 'Craftsman,' and to have writ some blasphemous Articles against Standing Armies and exorbitant Taxes, but these sins excepted bears the Character of a polite and ingenious Man. Amidst these Funerals, Legacies, and Disinherisons, and amidst some very corroding circumstances relating to Myself, I am, my dear Friend, ever Yours,

BOYLE.

<sup>1</sup> A plant resembling the parsnip originally imported from the East.

## MR. BYRD TO CHARLES E. OF ORRERY.

*Virginia, May 27, 1728.*

It is some weeks since I returned Your Ldship my humble thanks for the letter you were so good as to write to me of the 20th of July 1727; at the same time I acknowledge my obligations to Ld Boyle for his historical epistle in Sept. following. The next Memoir he sends me will I hope contain an account that he has been successful in his Addresses to Lady Harriot. . . . By our Squadrons being ordered from the West Indies, I hope the Preliminaries have at last been ratified by the K. of Spain. If afterwards the Congress at Cambray should spin out into as great a length as the Preliminaries these pacifick Measurs will cost the Nation as much as a vigorous War. We might have had several handsome Engagements with as moderat Expence of Blood as our inactive Cruize in the Spanish West Indies has cost. They shd have sent a more phlegmatick Admiral than Hozier to command that santering Expedition. He dyed for very regret that his hands were tyed up from Action, not only when he had the greatest probability of Success, but when the mortality was so fatal to his Sailors, that he had barely enough alive to sail his ships. This struck that brave man to his heart, who wd much rather have gone out of the world by a 20 Pounder. But it is not for mortal man to choose his own way of going out of the world, no more than his own way of living in it. . . . I am but lately returned from a Progress where I breathed in worse air, if possible, than in Zeeland, having been employed as a Commissioner for settling the Bounds between this Colony and North Carolina, in obedience to an Order from His late Majesty, to run a due West line



from the North shoar of Corotreck Inlet, quit up the Apaluchian Mountains, in distance may be of about 300 miles. However we cd perform but half this work in the Spring, by reason of the impracticable ways we were obliged to go thro' for near 50 miles from the Sea Side. We passed over several Bays and Rivers in our way, and marcht on foot over many Marshes, Boggs, and Pocosins (this being quite impassible for horses) in which we had frequently the pleasure of plunging up to our knees. In these delightful Stations we pitcht our Tents every Night for near 3 weeks, meeting with no house but what was worse than the open Feild. But the most intolerable place of all was a vast Swamp, which by reason of the Dirt and difficulty of passing it, is called The Dismal. This extends 30 miles in length and 15 in brea[d]th, and is one continued Quagmire, or Magazine of Water, covered over with a thin crust of Earth that trembles frightfully when one walks upon it. No humane creature ever passed this Avernus before, nor can any kind of Animal, not so much as an Insect or a Riptele live in it by reason of the great Briars, and the prickly Junipers, which grow so thickly all over it, that the genial rays of the Sun never warm It. When the men made a fire, after burning half an Hour, it was sure to be extinguished by sinking into a hole of Water. No Bird will attempt to fly over It, such offensive Vapours arise continually out of this foul Place. The difficulty of our journey cannot be better proved than by telling Your Lordship, that sixteen men were twelve days in going fifteen miles, and worked like horses all the way. A large Portion of The Dismal is covered only with Reeds, which being green and waving with every breeze have given it the name of the Green Sea. A hundred thousand Acres are contained in this mighty Bogg and seven Rivers take their rise from it. Thus

entangled in bad Ways, we cd not with all our industry, carry our line further than 73 miles in a month. The rest we reserve for the Fall, when we hope to proceed as far as the Mountains. Thus have I troubled Your Ldsp with an account of my travels, and am with great gt respect, etc. etc.

W. BYRD.

LORD BOYLE TO MR. SALKELD.

*Tunbridge Wells, 29 July 1728.*

DEAR SIR,—New-married men have no more leisure to write Letters than new Courtiers to remember old Freinds. I received yours at this Place but am ashamed to say how long ago. We are honoured here with the Presence of Princess Emilia, to whome the Tunbrigdians leave no method untried to pay their Court. If she laughs (and sometimes Princesses laugh at nothing) we all grin, remembering the good old Saying, ‘the frightfull’st Grinner, be the Winner.’ If she looks grave, we put on countenances more sorrowfull than the Mutes at a Funeral. When She walks, the Lame and the Blind hobble after Her. If she complains of the Toothache, the ugly Faces of the Women of Quality are wrop’d up in Flannel. In all reasonable Pleasures, nay in Pains as far as the Tooth-ache and the Vapours, we humbly imitate Her. . . . Under the Rose, I believe these renowned Wells are not of any great use. We are ordered down here commonly *pour la Maladie Imaginaire*, for the Spirits and the melancholy to which our whole Nation are too subject. The Diversions and Amusements of the Place send us home again chearfull, and the foggy Air of London with the common Disappointments of Life urge our Return the following Year. The Water has a brackish taste never palatable. The situa-

tion of the Wells is pretty, the houses are not bad, and the Environs, amongst which is Penshurst, are delightfull. Among the infinite variety of People now here there is a Madman surnamed Drapier, who strikes us all with pannick Fear, and affords us Diversion at the same time. He has raised a Regiment and enlists his Soldiers in a manner not a little extraordinary. He fixes upon any Gentleman whom his wild Imagination represents as fit for martial Exploits, and holding a Pistoll to the pore Captive's Breast obliges him to open a Vein and write his Name in Blood upon the Regimental Flag. Some have leap't out of Window to escape the Ceremony of bleeding, but many others have tamely submitted and they march every morning in Military Order at his Heels. He has in his Suite an Irish Viscount, an English Baronet, three Jews, five Merchants and a Supercargo. These are the Cheife, but the whole Regiment consists of Twenty-Seven. All agree he should go to Bedlam, but none dare send Him there. The unbelieving Jews tremble at the Sight of Him, and the sober Citizens of London turn pale when he enters the Room. To his natural heat he adds the strength of Liquor, and is a most terrible Hector. I wish he was chained up, for the Women are all frightened out of their Wits about Him; thank Heaven I have not the Honour of his Acquaintance. There is much Poetry stirring here but it is very bad, and I can now only in plain prose tell you that Lady Boyle joins with me in being Yrs Ever,

BOYLE.

LORD BOYLE TO COUNSELLOR KEMPE.

*Leicester's Inn Fields, Jany. 27th, 1728/9.*

DEAR SIR,—However improper I may be to execute the Office it has pleased Heaven to make me a Parent. Lady



Boyle was brought to Bed this morning of a Son. What this future Hero may prove is hard to say. I hope he will be in one Instance what his Father is, Your faithful, etc.

BOYLE.

LORD BOYLE TO THE REV. MR. TREVANION.

*Leicester's I. F., Feby. 1st, 1728/9.*

NOTHING can be more kind my dear Mr. Trevanion than your Letter<sup>1</sup> upon the Birth of my Son. He and his Mother are both very well, and if I can guess by the Faces he makes he is very much your Humble Servant. If I have been delatory in writing to you, I have deserted for some time a Correspondence in which I have had, and must always have, great Pleasure and Satisfaction; impute my Silence to the right Cause, a Desire of writing to you in a happier State of Mind and Body than has lately fallen to my Lot. I am so very happy in some Respects, that by that Happiness I am made more miserable in Others, for it is impossible to enjoy either Health or Tranquillity whilst our mutual Parents are in a state of War and Dissention. Whatever I have done to disoblige my Father, Lady B. has done Nothing to disoblige either her Father or her Mother, yet she is equally punished with me. *Delirant Patres Nati plectuntur*, I pray it may not be *Nati Natorum*. My Fate from my Cradle has been a strange one; I lost my Mother before I knew I had one; I have a Father but He seems not to know he has a Son; yet I must do him Justice, most certain it is he loves me, nor is it less certain that I love Him. But our wayward Fate keeps us at a Distance from Each Other, when perhaps were we

<sup>1</sup> This epistle being merely one of congratulations and good wishes seems unnecessary in the present Collection of MSS.

truly and familiarly acquainted together, and thoro'ly cemented by the Union of that Freindship which I am sure both our Hearts are capable of, we might be—what might we not be ! But oh ! what an airy Vision !—let it avant—the enchanting Prospect only makes me more wretched in this Labyrinth of briars and brambles wherein I wander. Yet even here Roses grow and Evergreens flourish ; my Boy is a little blooming Rose and my Wife an Evergreen that looks with the same pleasing aspect in all Seasons. I congratulate you on being a Pillar of the Church. You are of the Corinthian Order, usefull, solid and ornamental. Long may You abide, in defiance of all Storms, a firm support to our Religion. I am Your Old Schoolfellow and faithful Servant,

BOYLE.

LORD BOYLE TO MR. BYRD.

*New Bond St., Sept. 1729.*

SIR,—I recieved Yesterday a most obliging Letter from You wherein I had the Pleasure of seeing Your Friendship still continues to me. Lady Boyle and I are much obliged to you for your kind Wishes, which I may say are all accomplished, and to crown my joys I have a Son, whose Health and Vigour promise long Life, even at this Age, and in whom I am wrop't up so much that (if he lives) by endeavouring not to be too rigorous, I shall probably fall into the other Extream of being too indulgent. I wish you joy also of a Son, and I shall ever be glad of congratulating You in any good Fortune which cannot come in too great Plenty to one who deserves so much. Have You no thoughts of viewing this Island where Milk and Honey flow ; where Peace and Plenty abound ; where Merit is rewarded, Partiality laid aside, and where the People know

no distinction of Party, but unanimously concur in punishing their Enemies with the sight of a Warlike Fleet and tremendous Armies at a Distance. These Blessings, Sir, are the Temptations I lay before you to quit the Horrors and Perils of the Dismal, to fly from the bellowing of the Buffaloes and the cackling of wild Turkeys, and return a joyfull Listener to the Harmony of Statesmen in our Senate and Ballad Singers in our Theatres. Mr. Southwell is just married to a Lady of great Beauty and excellent Qualifications (Mrs. Watson,<sup>1</sup> Lord Rockingham's Sister). I am glad he is a Brother of the Holy State, because I belive He will be a great Ornament to the Society of married Men. This Letter, Sir, is writ in great Haste; but I was resolved not to lose an Oppurtunity of acknowledging thus cursorily Your last, and of conveying Lady Boyle's Compliments to Mrs. Byrd, the Compliments of my Son to your Son, and my own Assurances of being with great Truth, etc. etc.

BOYLE.

LORD BOYLE TO MR. SALKELD.

*August 22nd, 1730.*

HAVING an Opportunity of conveying this to you, by a Gentleman who is to be in Paris in a Fortnight, I am glad to tell you that Idleness, not want of Health, forc'd me down to this Place, where my Eyes are daily feasted with beautifull Visions of Young Damsels, frisking round the Wells like

<sup>1</sup> The Hon. Catherine Watson daughter of Viscount Sondes who predeceased his Father, and sister to Lewis who eventually succeeded his Grandfather as Second Earl of Rockingham.—Lord Sondes married Lady Catherine Tufton, daughter of the Earl of Thanet. Their 3 sons, two of whom became successively Earls of Rockingham, died without male issue, whereupon the Earldom became extinct and the Barony reverted to a cousin, afterwards created Marquis of Rockingham.—The son of Mr. and Mrs. Southwell ultimately succeeded to the Barony of De Clifford.



playful Lambkins, while the sage Matrons appear like old Cows full of gravity, grazing and chewing the Cud in the same Field. I am charmed with the giggling Beauties that surround me. They seem so gay and happy that I question whether they would think themselves happier in Paradise, unless they were allowed to tast forbidden Fruit. Illustrious Tunbridge ! Healthy in thy Waters, rich in thy Toy-shops, and distinguished in thy Inhabitants. No Person comes down here but those who abound in Spirits, or those who if they want them immediately find them upon their arrival. The Citizens of London add much to the Dignity of the Place : it must be confess'd their Looks are grave but their Actions are as light and airy as possible, especially those of the Female Kind. A fat Lady from Lombard St. shall dance as nimbly, sit up as late, and drink Eau de Barbade as chearfully as if She had been bred all her Life-time in the Courtly Air of St. James'. I observe these Londoners are particularly fond of the Trinkets in Mr. Chenevi's Shop, and, if they are a little extravagant in buying Baubles and Gewgaws, they endeavour to repair such outgoings by trying their Fortunes at Hazard or the Ace of Hearts ; where if Ill-Luck prevails, they generally part with some particular Toy, Which they bring down on purpose in case of Necessity to dispose of to the best—that is the youngest Bidder.—I still continue my Love of dancing and indeed it is so much the Fashion of the Place, that I fancy if some of the Patriarchs were here they would be forc'd to step up and lead out gaily. One of them—Terry—has lately presented another—Tate—with a curious Greek manuscript written a hundred Years ago by a Student of Christchurch against that Rogue the Devil. Tate being now furnished with fresh weapons, will attack his old Enemy The Devil with fresh vigour, and probably lengthen out his Sermons to the 2nd

Hour. I fear I may be present at these Combats soon, because on my Father's return out of Somersetsh I intend to meet him at Britwell.—Here, there, and in all Places I am Faithfully Yours,

BOYLE.

TO MR. SALKELD.

*New Bond St., May 8, 1731.*

As I omitted in my Last, one very material Circumstance in relation to my Illness, or rather to my Recovery, I send this by post, hoping the joyfull News it contains may make amends for the expence of an English Letter. I was seized at Britwell on Christmas Day, and growing worse and worse, my Father sent me to London in his Coach about three Days after. As I still lost ground his uneasiness increased, and He came up in real agonies to see me. I think verily his Sorrow gave me Pleasure, I am sure it gave me Spirits. He attended my Bedside with the Constancy of a Nurse, and the tenderness of an afflicted Parent. Ah! *sic Omnia fecisset!* The remembrance affects me still so much that I can only in general terms assure you that we are now in perfect amity; as seldom as possible asunder, and as happy as possible when together; all his shyness is gone off, and all my fears are banished. I imagined with my Recovery his Coolness might have returned, but I judged wrong, He is still the same. You who remember how my Heart has ever yearned towards Him, may guess that my present State could receive no additional felicity, but by the safety of Lady Boyle, who was Yesterday brought to bed of a Daughter, and She and our three Children are as well as my fondest wishes can desire. . . . I am, etc.

BOYLE.

## TO COUNSELLOR KEMPE.

*June 1731.*

. . . My Father is determined to go to Ireland in the beginning of July ; He will stay only a Month. I fear his Journey will be to as little purpose as Lewis the fourteenth's with twenty thousand Myrmidons up a hill and down again. He declines visibly in his health, and he told me Yesterday he belived he should not live long. Then must I sing with true sorrow,

'O Thou too little and too lately known—Whom I begin to think  
and call my Own.'

My daughter is christened by the name of Elizabeth, Her Grandmother Orkney and Mrs. Horner, and Lord Tyrconnel were the Sponsors. Lady Boyle is recovered, I continue in health and spirits, and rejoice highly in the Prosperity and Happiness of my Family. About Midsummer-Day I propose to quit New Bond St. and to be settled at the Strawberries. I am charmed with the retirement of this Country Seat where I may live like a private Gentleman, without paying like a titular Lord. Adieu.

BOYLE.

MR. BYRD TO LORD BOYLE.<sup>1</sup>*Virginia, June 1731.*

I HAVE been honoured with two of Your Lordship's interesting Letters for which I return You a thousand thanks.

<sup>1</sup> This letter is only interesting for the side light it throws upon the manner in which distant Governorships were coveted, jobbed for, and administered when obtained.







*Roger Boyle, 2<sup>nd</sup> Earl of Orrery  
(grandson of Richard, 1<sup>st</sup> Earl of Cork.)*

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*Roger Boyle 2<sup>nd</sup> Earl of Orrery  
grandson of Richard 1<sup>st</sup> Earl of Cork*

. . . Among all our polite acquaintance you make no mention of that great Patriot Archibald Hutchison Esqre. The last Tydings I heard of Him were that he was a fourth time married. The poor Man is so lost in Wedlock that I have never heard one Sylable from him since. . . . I am now to make Your Lordship double Compliments, first on the Birth of your Second Son that I know of, and secondly on the Birth of a third who I can only hope is by this time come safe into the World. If your Fireside should increase upon you too fast, it will be a reasonable Argument to persuade the Earl of Orkney to make over his Government of Virginia to you in his Life-time: His Lordship is very old and cannot long enjoy it himself. It would therefore be for the advantage of his Family to get it transferred to one of his Sons-in-Law, least if he should dye in possession of it, it might drop into other hands and be lost. If this could be brought about, Your Lordship might have your choice, whether you would come over and be Monarch of a very fine Country, and make a very good Soart of People happy, or whether you would stay in England, and receive a clear Remittance of 1200 pounds a year free from all Taxes and Deductions. I should think myself extreamly happy if Your Ldsp would honour us with your Presence in that Station, but if this would be inconvenient you could by no means comfort me for my great Disappointment but by sending me a Deputation to represent Your Person, tho' at the same time it would be impossible for me to represent your Perfections; however I do my best, and belive so well of myself that in such a Case you would not have the trouble of any Complaints. Thus you see My Lord I have contrived very decently for myself either to have the Pleasure of Your Company, or else a good Place to recompence me for your Absence. . . . We live here in the innocence of the

Patriarch under our Vines and our Fig-trees surrounded by our Flocks and Herds. . . . We are all of one Religion and of one Party in Politics. . . . The Merchants of England take care that none of us grow very rich, and the felicity of the Clymate hinders us from being very poor. . . . We have no Beggars but for Places, which for want of Favorites, Court Mistresses and First Ministers are never sold. . . . I am, My Lord, etc. etc.

W. BYRD.

TO THE REV. MR. TREVANNION.

*Newberries, July 1731.*

BEHOLD me fixed in my Cell in Hertfdsh equally distant from St. Albans and from Epping. I went with my Father as far as Wooburne, in his road to Ireland. Life seems sliding from Him again, and I shall be sensibly affected whenever I lose Him. It is true that in the Course of Nature I am doomed to outlive Him, for when the Son falls before the Father, the Tide of Order seems to be turned back. . . . But if the Father cannot be comforted for the loss of a Child (like Jacob), how small are the comforts to make a Child amends for the loss of a Father ! What are they ? Additions of Estate, some new Honours perhaps or such other Trifles as are rather an increasing than a diminution of trouble. For my own part, an easy Income and a private Station are what I desire ; and at my Father's demise I shall only acquire an uneasy Fortune and a publick Station ; an embransyted Estate in Ireland, and a Seat among the Anti-Courtiers in England. . . . Expect not from this place a list of notable atchievements over the Foxes of the Field, or mighty Victories o'er the Fowls of the Air. I shall scarce rise in Reputation to Nimrod as



a Hunter or to Robin Hood as a Marksman. Nature has formed me for more retired, and less destructive Amusements. I pity the flying Hare, I mingle tears with the expiring Stag, and I would renounce all meat rather than kill a Pheasant or a Partridge. My Books, my Horse and my Family are sufficient Entertainment to Your old School-fellow and leal humble Servant,

BOYLE.

LORD BOYLE TO CHARLES EARL OF ORRERY.

*Newberries, July 1731.*

MY LORD,—I am extremely glad to hear you are safely arrived at Dublin, and my pleasure is still encreased by being told that you are resolved to return soon. I shall not fail to attend Your Lordship as far as Calais, to see you safe on the Gallick shore : my Prayers and Wishes will attend you much farther. A better Clymate and a happier Country may restore you to that degree of Health which I beseech God to grant you wherever you are. In truth My Lord, I am entirely satisfied with my Retreat. I have no complaint but in my distance from Your Ldsp and my fears for you. Lady Boyle and my three Children are in good Health. She begs to pay her Duty to you in London, before you set out to France, and to offer You her best Wishes for your Journey. Your Lordship's Horse King Nobby lives in Clover ; he seems little affected by your Absence ; whether he looks upon himself as restored to his primitive Master, or whether he is as ungrateful as if he went upon two legs, I cannot determine. I dare not venture to set any of my Children upon his back, least his Submission should not descend to the third generation. As soon as I hear Your Ldsp is arrived upon the

English Coast, I shall hasten to ask your Blessing on, My Lord, Your Lordship's most dutiful son and obedient humble servant,

BOYLE.

TO COUNSELLOR KEMPE.

*Downing St., Augt. 3rd, 1731.*

LADY BOYLE delivered me your letter; she is come to Town with her little Daughter, who is very ill; they both lodge at Lord Orkney's. I attended my Father hither from Wooburne, where I met him on Sunday on his return from Ireland. He intends to set out early in the next month for France, and to sojourn at Paris all the Winter. In the meantime there will be an excursion or two to Brittwell, and I believe I shall scarcely leave his Lordship till I see him safe on the Gallick Shore. As I am in London I shall endeavour to speak to the D. of Dorset in your behalf; but Alass! what can my Interest be! Consider who he is, and consider who I am. I look upon him to be a Man of Honour, an Ornament to the Court, and a Lustre to the Nobility, but he must act consistent with his high Station: he must prefer the Friends of the Ministry to those who are not; and he must suspect that as I have been bred at the Feet of Gamaliel, my intimacies run in an anti-ministerial Channel. I believe they will ever flow in the same Course, for I look upon a Cheif Minister to be another denomination for a Cheif Tyrant. But as my present Situation renders me of no consequence either as a Freind or as an Enemy to the Lords of Power, I am in hopes the Relation may prevail where the Anti-Courtier could not. On the whole be assured of my Zeal and trust the rest to Fortune. Adieu.

BOYLE.

JOHN LD BOYLE TO THE COUNTESS OF  
SANDWICH.*Brittwell, Augt. 13, 1731.*

MADAM,—I write this by my Father's commands. He is not very well, but is much obliged to your Ladyship for your kind offers of your House and accomodations at Paris, that he will lose no time in making his acknowledgments of to your Ladyship. Mr. Salkeld, Madam, has provided a House and all other necessaries against my Lord's Arrival. He is to be torne from my Embraces, and to be divided from me by Waves and Mountains; yet I cannot help wishing him at Paris; since, in the state of Health he now is, I must hope greater benefits from other Climates than I have seen him receive for some months past in this.

But your Ladyship not having the sanction of ill-health (and may you never have it) to detain You from Us, ought not to be so cruel as totally to forsake your native Country, and give to Foreigners those Blessings to which we imagine we have a Right. If you think us unworthy, Madam, of such uncommon Benefits, at least imitate the Sun by Shining upon the Godly and Ungodly alike; give us your Presence half the year; and when your English Mother has enjoyed your company full six months, she will return you back to Hell till the circle of the Zodiac be compleated: or, to speak plainer; pass your Spring and Summer in England, and your Autumn and Winter in France. Our verdure is not to be equalled by them, nor their Vintage by us. We have Ceres; they have Bacchus. You are the Venus, Madam, who may bless both Deities by dividing your Friendship alternately between them: my Father is, as I am, Madam, Your Ladyship's most obedient Humble Servant,

BOYLE.



TO THE RIGHT HONBLE THE LADY BOYLE.

*Downing Street, Friday Night, 9 o'clock.*

BE not alarmed for me, my dearest Harriot, altho' this comes to you by a Special Messenger. In the note I writ to you on Tuesday, I said, On my return from Newberries I had found my Father ill. He grew worse and worse from day to day, but he is now dying, senseless, speechless and rattling in his Throat. The Art of Man cannot save his Life. He was wounded by the Arrow of Death about 4 o'Clock this afternoon, and the Physicians say he may hold out till about the same hour to-morrow, but they think he cannot last much longer.

Farewell Tranquility! Farewell Retirement! but Oh Farewell, my poor dear Father! be assured I see him as little as possible, he can never speak to me again; and yet this morning he talked with a rapidity of Spirits that amazed all about him. I had dined alone, but after finding his Senses lost, the Chariot was sent for me, and I hastened, alas too soon, for it was only to behold that Spring exhausted from whence my living waters flow. I am all confusion, distraction, surprize and Sorrow. If I have a glimpse of Consolation, it is from imagining that I may possibly have it more in my Power than I have hitherto had of shewing You how sincerely and affectionately I am yours,

BOYLE.

*Aug. ye 27, 1731.*

*P.S.*—Pray stay where you are when my dear Father's eyes are closed forever. I will hasten to You, and fix all future Comfort in You and my Children.

## TO THE SAME.

IN the wild disorder of my unhappy mind, O my dearest Harriot! what shall I say to You? My Father is now no more, he expired about half an hour ago: and it is scarce an hour since I took my last farewell of him.<sup>1</sup> He seemed to struggle to pronounce my name: O God, how terrible are the Agonies of Death! I will be with you early to-morrow morning, and vent in your dear bosom all my Grief and Cares. They are now many; They will, I fear, be more. The Scenes I have already gone through are such as would melt a more obdurate heart than mine. The Prospect before me is a Labyrinth through which I must necessarily pass, although it be filled with various obstacles, and although the roads prove deep and stony, and Tygers with all the other vile Beasts of Prey lurk in holes and Caverns on every side of the Park thro' which my destiny is resolved to lead me. O Harriot; Harriot; Harriot! what shall I say? Agonizing Sorrow stops my Pen, and therefore, till we meet, Farewell. God Almighty preserve the little Scyons now the venerable old Oak lyes prostrate on the Ground!

*Downing Street, Westm., Augt. 28, 1731.*

*Saturday Afternoon  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour after 4.*

## JOHN EARL OF ORRERY TO COUNSELLOR KEMPE.

*September ye 15, 1731.*

As I am informed from all Hands and without Information might easily guess that the whole Town in this idle Season

<sup>1</sup> Lord Orrery wrote his father's epitaph, of which the best line is the concluding one:—

'I weep a Father, but I mourn a Friend.'

is employed in discanting upon the Death, or rather the actions of my late Father, give me leave to hold a paper conversation with you on that subject, or rather let me open to you my own heart without requiring your Sentiments in return.

Genitor, tanto me crimine dignum  
Duxisti, et tales voluisti expendere pœnas ?

When I have said this I fly from all Poets and Heathen Authors whatever, to those Christian Doctrines which teach us to forgive Injuries and to render good for evil. Doctrines which I am resolved to put in practice in resistance of all the Dictates which Rage and Disappointment can inspire.

The Dead and the Living shall equally share my Forgiveness, it is a Godlike virtue that the supreme Being exercises hourly towards us, how seldom it is we have an opportunity to exercise it to each other. In the name of God and the Host of Heaven I will not lose so glorious an occasion.

My Grief is sincere, consequently heavy : My Father's Behaviour of late justified my Sorrow. We lived like Friends ; We were acquainted with each Other ; and exchanged Sentiments with a Freedom that would have pleased and surprised You ; whatever disagreements had been between Us were buried in Oblivion. I shall ever bear the truest Affection to his memory ; I shall ever consider him in the brightest Point of Light, reflecting to his Family more Lustre than He received from It. His Failings and his Frailties vanish like a Vapour ; and I am persuaded he intended to alter his last Will in my favour, if He did not, again I repeat to you, I forgive Him.

What fatal Consequences arise from postponing the alteration of a Will ! How prejudicial are such delays to our nearest Friends and Relations. Loose no time therefore in



finishing One for me according to the enclosed Draught. It will, at least, be some consolation to secure the future Education of my Children.

They tell me I must go to Bath, my Health seems to require it. My Mother has left me all the softness of her Temper: My Father all the delicacy of his Constitution. I bend to every blast of Wind. Judge then, how I am shattered in this Storm.

Allow me a little Time, and I will be again myself: You know my resolutions of Old, to molest my Friends as seldom as possible with my Afflictions. Bath, as it is in the neighbourhood of Marston, will certainly restore me to some degree of chearfullness, an Historical account of the Company may perhaps amuse You. They generally consist of two illustrious Tribes, Knaves and Fools. As I shall endeavour to avoide the Former, it is from the Latter only I shall look for relief.—I am eternaly Yours,

ORRERY.

HENRY LD VISCT BOLINGBROKE TO  
JOHN EARL OF ORRERY.

*Dawley Farm, Sept. 16, 1731.*

MY LORD,—Tho' I would not break in upon your grief sooner, I cannot defer any longer paying my compliments to your Lordship. Be persuaded that no man living takes a more sincere part in everything which relates to your Lordship; I do so upon this occasion, and shall do so upon all others, for I am with great truth, my Lord, Your Lordship's most humble and most Obedient Servant,

H. ST. J. L. BOLINGBROKE.

THE COUNTESS OF SANDWICH TO JOHN  
EARL OF ORRERY.*Paris, Oct. 8, 1731.*

MY LORD,—I beseech you to do me the justice to believe nothing but impossibility of doing otherwise could have made me delay assuring you of my most tender Respects, but I was in the Country, and am but very lately returned to Paris, where I met with the unexpected and most afflicting account of the death of my Dear Lord your Father; he was to me a noble Friend, he was to me like a Father; give me leave, then, to joyn my sorrow with your own, none knows better than myself the Love and Duty you always had for him, and the tender Love that was rooted in his heart for You. So that the only consolation I receive in so great a loss is, that you are the Successor of that great and good Man, those qualitys which so seldom meet together, and which he possesst equally in such a degree as reunited in him the confidence of the most opposite and jarring parts of Mankind: I am persuaded are transmitted to You, and that You will exercise them so worthily that in your Person his Friends will find the only comfort they are capable of now they are deprived of him. Let me ask leave to transfer to You the Faithful and Tender Friendship I gave to your Father, to ask a share in yours, and to beg you to be assured that I am with the greatest esteem and affection, my Lord, Your Lordship's most Obedient humble Servant,

E. SANDWICH.

*P.S.*—Thro' your hands I take the liberty to assure Lady Orrery of my compliments.

## JOHN EARL OF ORRERY TO COUNSELLOR KEMPE.

*Bath, Oct. 16, 1731.*

WE arrived here last night from Marston. I set forth early this morning and darted myself immediately into the Pump-Room: as soon as the circling Whisper had taken air that the Earl of Orrery was present, all Eyes were fixed upon me. Observe of how great Importance the Death of one Man is to the life of another! Some months ago I should have been as little regarded as my own natural shyness could desire. But now I had Seats, Salutes and innumerable Civilities offered to me from every Quarter. All these I repaid with a solemnity of Face that at once shades and adorns an English Senator, and then, flying from the Centre of all polite Conversation to the Asylum of all polite Literature, I entered the Palatinate of Mr. Leake the Bookseller.

This Leake is a most extraordinary Person. He is the Prince of all the coxcomical Fraternity of Booksellers: and, not having any Learning himself, He seems resolved to sell it as dear as possible to Others. He looks upon every Man, distinguished by any Title, not only as his Friend, but his companion, and he treats him accordingly: but he disposes of his Favours and Regards as methodically as Nash takes out the Ladies to dance, and therefore speaks not to a Marquiss whilst a Duke is in the Room. As yet he is ignorant that my Earldom lies in Ireland, and to keep him so, I have borrowed the only Book of Heraldry He had in his Shop: by this method I shall be served many degrees above my Place, and may have a Squeeze of his Hand in presence of an Earl of Great Britain.

His Shop is a spacious Room, filled from the Cornice to



the Skirting. But I could not help observing to him that, 'The Binding of his Books did not make so glittering a Figure 'as might be expected from the Library of a Person as 'illustrious as himself.' He owned my observation was right, and added that, 'Some Fellows whose Ancestors, he belived, 'were Snails, had been daily expected from London, to 'illuminate and glorify his Musæum.' I rejoiced at the good News, and told him, 'I doubted not but he would shew 'the Elasticity of his Genius, and the Nicknackatory of 'his Understanding by binding Lord Bacon in Hog's Skin, 'Bishop Sprat in Fish Skin and Cardinal du Bois in Wood.' He seemed highly delighted with my Proposal, and was going to enter it in his Pocket Book, when the Dutchess of Norfolk, snatching him from my Arms, allowed me an opportunity to assure You that I am, etc.

ORRERY.

FROM THE SAME TO MAJOR CLEELAND.

*Bath, Novbr. 2, 1731.*

I NEVER regret the want of diminutives in our Language more than when I have the happiness of bestowing some small Favours upon my Friends; their expressions are always too great and their Sentiments too high of any benefits within my limited power to confer. Thus, the little Assistance I gave your unhappy Son has made a deeper impression upon the generosity of your mind than such a trifle deserves, but give me leave to say you ought never to have known it. The Person who gave you the information acted upon wrong principles—'He that is robb'd not wanting what is stol'n, 'let him not know it and he's not robb'd at all.' Children must and will commit childish actions, or to use a more

severe expression, they will some times commit wrong actions, but can we wonder at the Errors of Youth when we see much greater Errors in the Age of Maturity? a Friend discarded, a Country betrayed, a Wife sold, Religion changed, Principles forsaken, these are Things we see every day; they are not the effect of youth, they flow from thought, design and experience, and these villanies are most elegantly encouraged and supported by the polite, the lively and the Great. Your Son's Crime was no more than a juvenile frolick, that at his time of day is highly excusable: and his application to Me shewed he judged right in his opinion of my Friendship towards you and yours. but how or by what means any third Person came to know of our negotiation is past my power of discovering. I imagine I guess at the Informer. He is a Friend to us all, and I belive young C. had not computed right when he sumed up his Circumstances and perhaps ashamed to come a second time (altho' he should have been heartily welcome) was obliged to have recourse to another quarter, and upon examination owned where he had been before. Be that as it will, pray think of this matter no more. receive your Son with open Arms, and to prevent all uneasiness for the future let your Motto be: *Alii<sup>1</sup> clanculum Patres quae faciunt, quae fert adolescentia, ea ne me celet consuefeci filium: do, praetermitto.*

My health, after which you make such kind enquiries, is amended daily by these waters. I cannot say that either the amusements or the company add much to the encrease

<sup>1</sup> Terence, *Adelphi*, Act 1.—This passage, adapted by Lord Orrery, runs rather differently in the original, viz.:

'Do, praetermitto: non necesse habeo omnia  
Pro meo jure agere. Postremo, alii clanculum  
Patres quae faciunt, quae fert adolescentia,  
Ea ne me celet, consuefeci filium.'

of it. Yet I joyn in all the diversions as often as I can prevail upon myself, and according to Prescription; for Dr. Mead and Horace (altho' they differ in the Liqueur) both agree that :

'Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero  
Pulsanda tellus.'

but the present moment cannot be better employed than in putting an end to this encreasing Letter. Adieu. Adieu.

ORRERY.

#### FROM THE SAME TO COUNSELLOR KEMPE.

*Bath, Saturday, Nov. 20, 1731.*

SINCE my coming to Bath I am perfectly convinced that the antient Patriarchs were a thoughtless Race of People who loved Country Dances and breakfast on hot Rolls and butter. They lived to an immense Length of Days merely by leading the same kind of Life that is prevalent at this Place, where the Methusalems and the Abrahams dance with as much vigour at the Balls as if they had not flourished in a Courant at Charles the Second's Restoration. To be more particular, Here is a Brocas (now in his 97th year *currente anno*) who avers He never was sick in his Life, nor ever paid a Groat for a pennyworth of Physick, which athletic Constitution he attributes to an utter inattention either to the Cares of the publick or the various Fortunes of his private Friends. He thanks Heaven He always had a clean pair of Gloves and a neat pair of Pumps at command, and therefore it was of little Consequence to him who was King of England, or which of his own Relations were married or hanged. But the less He regards publick Affairs, the more he attends publick Places. He is at Bath



in May, at Tunbridge in July, at Bath again in September, and every day during Parliament Time to be seen amongst the Rarities of the Court of Requests. The pale faced Girls are all fond of him, and they are sure to be well touzled when he leads up the Kissing Dance. Do not imagine from hence that He is a dangerous or a poisonous Animal: No, He is perfectly harmless: Mothers trust him with their Daughters alone and in the dark. The Virgins play with him, and the married Women take his Advice in Laces and Tippetts. Some envious Persons call him a Dangler, and maliciously whisper in his Ear that

A Dangler is of neither Sex,  
A Creature born to tease and vex, etc. etc.

But his Patience surmounts and baffles all Brutalities by a grave Grinn that at once denotes inward Satisfaction and outward Philosophy. '*Nec deficit Alter.*' We have an Ingram 'who whistles as He goes for want of Thought.' He is an old Brobdingnaggian, or rather a Stralbrug of the first magnitude. Yet the Ladies, notwithstanding his dreadful Aspect, are grown familiar by often seeing him, and will venture to romp with him as if He were no bigger than a Monkey.

Here are other Antediluvians of lesser Note and fewer Years. A Brigadier Warren who is forced to make Use of a Cane in his 79th year. Here is also one Dockry a Money Lender, and one Laydeman of the same Traid: but these are looked upon as really immortal, being true sons of Mamon in human Shapes. Here is a Mr. Pitt with a swinging Nose and two Eyes looking each a different Way: here are also many Lords, Pickpockets, broken Merchants and desolate Widows. There wants only a Sandford to compleat our Groupe.—I am, Dr Sir, ever yours.

## FROM THE SAME TO MAJOR CLEELAND.

*Bath, Nov. 27, 1731.*

CEASE, Cease your Compliments upon my Letters, or I will Compliment You upon your handwriting, which, next to a certain Manuscript at Oxford, is the most difficult to be decyphered of any I have yet seen. Seriously, Friends are above the appearance of Panegyrick. We cannot dislike complaisance or civility, but personal praises to a Man's face bear so much the appearance of flattery that I entreat my well wishers never to say any good of me within the reach of my own ears.

There is nothing in my opinion has contributed so much to the Character of want of Sincerity in the French as the perpetual flow of compliment both in their writings and common conversation. If a French Man writes to his Valet de Chamber, he tells him he has the honour to give him such and such orders. If a Mother writes to her Daughter, or a Husband to his Wife, the style is more ceremoniously polite than an Englishman would use to his Mistress. Yet it must be owned that French Letters are generally entertaining: We may say they are often trifling, but still they carry in them a vivacity and an elegance which rough Britons can more easily admire than imitate.

I believe an epistolary genius must be innate. *Epistolarius nascitur non fit*. Will you allow that Latin? if not, look into Pliny for better Latin and better Epistles. The objections to Pliny's Letters are, a studied Phraseology, and too affected turns of Wit: for the first, I leave him to the mercy of the Criticks, against the second I think I could defend him, but my defence would take from me more paper than I have in the house, and from you more time than your better employments will admit.

I am confident you must love the younger Pliny ; his good nature, his benevolence, his accomplishments, his patriotism, all demand your esteem : his Letters are undoubtedly filled with numberless instances of humanity, which, according to our natural way of thinking, ought ever to take place of Wit. You who know all books, pray tell me, is there any French translation of him ? I fancy his manner of writing must be well adapted to a translator of that Nation : I remember he concludes one of his Epistles (the description of his Villa) by telling his Friend, whose Name I have forgot, ‘ that he hoped ‘ Larentinum, amidst a thousand Beauties and Recommendations ‘ already mentioned, might still have one Glory superior to them ‘ all, the honour of his Company.’ The Latin may be more concise, but is to this purpose, and I could make you the same compliment when I am settled at Marston, were it not a less studied Phrase and more amicably sincere to aver plainly that I shall be rejoiced to see you there, or in any other part of the world, being ever yours

ORRERY.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Bath, Decbr. 30, 1731.*

I HAVE read Bussy Rabutin, Monsieur Pelison, Voiture, Les Lettres galantes, etc. etc., etc. but his Œuvres de Sacy and his Translations of Pliny’s Epistles have not fallen within the district of my Learning.

The Character of Lewis the 14th, notwithstanding the great allowances to be made for historical partiality, appears to me extremely amiable, and the several accounts of him are all consistent with each other. He was certainly a fine Gentleman ; and altho’ he was entirely defective in the



learned, yet he had all the ornamental parts of Education. He was a respectfull Son, and, except in the Cause of Love, never swerved from his duty to his Mother : He was an affectionate Father, an obliging Husband, and a just and humane Master. The Care he took in Supplying to the Dauphin that Knowledg of which he continually regretted the want in Himself, shewed at once an excellent Judgement and a beneficent Mind. It is scarce possible for a Scholar to be a Tyrant.

‘——ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes,  
Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros.’

His bigotry in Religion proceeded from his ignorance in Letters : and if he was too susceptible of adulation, it was because he aimed at deserving praise. Our Age would have placed him next to Augustus Cæsar, had he been a Roman Emperor instead of a French King, but Persons and Characters of our own Times, as objects too often or too near our eyes, strike us with less admiration and pleasure than those at a greater distance. Besides, it is the duty of every Englishman to hate the King of France : we look upon it as an eleventh Commandment, to which we pay more strict obedience than to all the other Ten : and yet, as if we were doomed to obey those we are bound to hate, we are at present like wooden Puppets, squeaking, strutting and acting solely for the machination and dexterity of the nimble fingered Cardinal. Our Eyes rowl and we see not, our lips move, but the voice is sent forth by the Puppets Prompter. All our Motions spring from the Man behind the Scenes. Whence can this Servility proceed ? What is it we have to fear if from pasteboard Puppets, we at once shew ourselves Men and Britons. Pray explain to me these Mysteries : you are a deep politician : I am raw and in-



*Charles 4<sup>th</sup> Earl of Orkney, N.S.*

7. 11. 11. (1811)

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‘———ingeniis delibasse fideliter artes,  
Frenata mores nec sinit esse feros.’

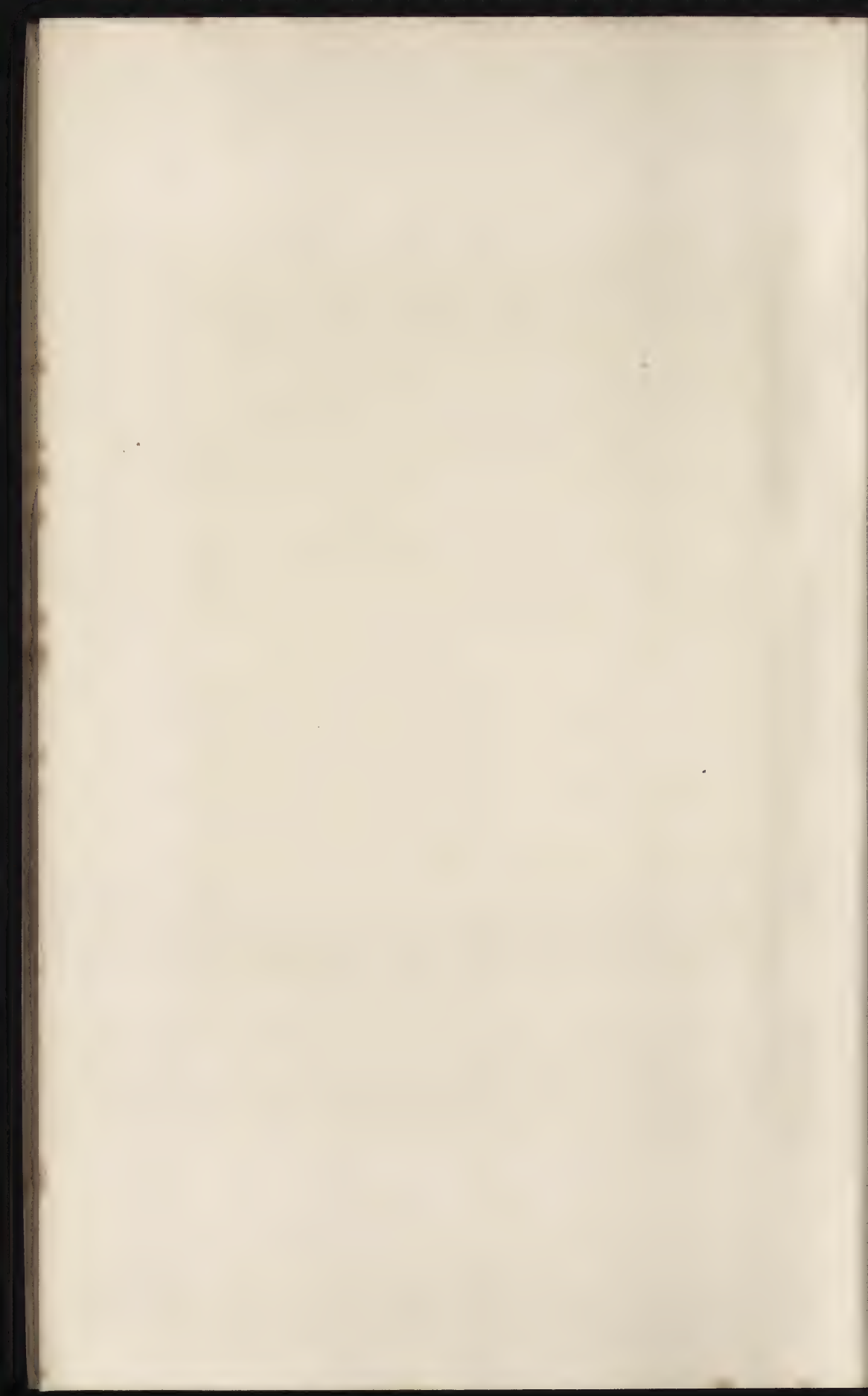
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*Charles 4<sup>th</sup> Earl of Orrery. H.T.*

*2. (1811) (1812)*



experienced in every Science but idleness: however, as I am now become a Senator of Great Britain, it is time to enter into a more serious Train of Thinking, and to exert all the force and abilities of an individual towards the support and welfare of my Country, which seems, unhappy Island! to require the assistance of every Honest Heart to defend Her.—I am, etc.

## ORRERY.

FROM THE SAME TO COUNSELLOR KEMPE.<sup>1</sup>

*Downing Street, Westmr., March 18, 1731/2.*

I AM afraid this Scarf will effectually turn my Curate's Brain. He affirms it necessary for a Lord's Chaplain to be versed in politicks and history, and I found him last night deeply plunged into a book entituled *Hereditary Rights*. He says He is of Fridays Night Club at Hornsey, where He heard this book much commended. He tells me it was written by Dr. Harbin, a non-juring Clergyman, but was owned by Mr. Bedford, another Non-juror, who was pilloried for it. You may be sure *Sic vos non vobis* did not escape him, and he was going on in a wild, or, as he calls it, his easy manner, when I said to him, with a serious countenance, Mr. Scarf, I am of opinion that, strictly speaking, there cannot be an Hereditary Gouvernement. You know, I dare say, that Mr. Lock, Mr. Sidney, and several other Authors have shewn all Government to be originally founded upon the Consent of the People, and therefore in Kingdoms called hereditary, when the son succeeds to the Father, it is by the tacit permission of the People, not by any natural

<sup>1</sup> This is a skit in mockery of Sandford, the Curate whom Lord Orrery nominated his Chaplain but persistently ridiculed.



Right or Interest that he possesses as Son to the preceeding King : and certainly the People have a just right to dethrone him after he is King if he violates their Laws : and likewise a right to exclude him before he comes to the Throne if they discover in him an incapacity to perform the duty of a good King.

Your Kings, I find, my Patron, (replied the Curate) are like the Deities of old ; pieces of Wood either to be carved into Gods and Goddesses, or thrown into the Fire, but pray what think you of a Theocracy, such as the Jewish Institution ?

When God himself, answered I, is pleased to interpose and give rules of government, there, my Curate, Man has nothing to do but obey all ordinances whatever without any reserve. I remember Josephus calls the Jewish Government a Theocracy, but where Government is left to the Wisdom of Men, as it always was since the Jewish æconomy, my doctrine, I think, must take place, or arbitrary power will get the better and overthrow all our rights and liberties.

Wherefore then, Earl Patron, has hereditary right been so constantly pursued in our Islands ?

You mistake, my Curate, the lineal Succession has been so often disjointed in England that the People certainly imagine they may justly interrupt it whenever the good of the whole requires a link of the Chain to be broken. William Rufus and Henry the first were Kings while their brother Robert was alive. Stephen and John had neither of them hereditary Titles. Edward the third was crowned upon the deposition of his Father. The Henrys fourth, fifth and sixth were of the Lancastrian House, which was the youngest branch, and Henry the Seventh was of the same Family, nor could his marriage with the Heiress of the House of York mend his hereditary Title. Need I after this quote the Revolution ?

Yet you see, Earl Patron, that ever since the Revolution we have followed Hereditary right as far as Religion would suffer us, for the present glorious and illustrious House are the most Protestant Relations to those whom we turned out: so that we have fished for the *jus hereditarium* even in a pool in Germany.

Away to thy Friday Nights Club, good Scarf, said I, and vent thy strange notions there. I shall be hanged because thou art my Chaplain, for heavens sake, quit politicks, and return to Love and Poetry.

A Pye for Poetry, and a Pudding for Love (replied He), I can talk out of the Pulpit, and I can talk in it; the first Sermon I preach before the Prince of Wales shall be in defence of hereditary right.

Do so, answered I, most political Curate, but trouble not his Royal Highness with any quotations out of Mr. Harbin's Book.—I am ever yours,

ORRERY.

FROM THE SAME TO MAJOR CLEELAND.

*Brittwell, Saturd. April 8, 1732.*

I ENCLOSE to you Sir, the Paper you so earnestly required from me; and must remind you of your promise not to take a copy of It. Do I live to say that I have spoken in publick? Yes, the great Work is over, but Cannons and Thunder are less terrible to my Ears than my own Voice. I am much mistaken if the highest views of Ambition could make me speak often in any Assembly, but at first it may be necessary to declare our Sentiments as openly as possible, that Declaration once over, an upright Vote will carry a Man through Life if not with as great Reputation, at least with as great inward Satisfaction as He can desire.

I met with an Indulgence for which I ought to be ever thankfull, and yet I cannot help observing that the Veteran Lords, like the old Players, are unwilling to see young Actors rising up who may bear a share in the Comedy and gain some degree of Applause. They will allow us to carry a Message, but no farther ; and, methinks we may rest satisfied with that permission since there are no female Actresses admitted upon our Stage.

I shall be in London soon, and then must expect the Paper returned to Yours, etc.

A SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, FRIDAY,  
MARCH 7TH, 1731-32.

MY LORDS,—There are so many Reasons why I should not trouble your Lordships on this or any other Occasion, that If I thought my Silence consistent with my Duty I would neither ask of your Lordships time nor undergo the great Pain and Anxiety which I suffer in speaking before such an Assembly.

It is so lately since I first have had the honour to sit in this House, that I am entirely unacquainted with the Forms, and at best not master enough of Words enough to express myself in the Manner I wish and ought to do ; but I relye so much upon your Lordships Indulgence to me, that under all the Disadvantages A Man can labour, I will venture to express my Sentiments on the Bill now lying on your Table :

His Majesty from the Throne tells Us, that the Publick Peace of Europe is established and restored : that all Difficulties how insurmountable soever they may have been thought, are now overcome, and that Don Carlos is in actual possession of Parma and Placentia. From this glorious Prospect of Happiness abroad, his Majesty concludes that Peace and



Good Harmony will preside at home, and as He expects the Duty and Affection of his Subjects in return for his great Care and Wisdom in these late Negotiations, I know nothing can hinder them from making such a Return, but a standing Army, which, instead of permitting the People to shew their Zeal and Loyalty to the King seems to be placed as an Emblem of Distrust between his Majesty and his Subjects, and to let all the World see that tho' the rest of Europe is in a State of Peace and Tranquility, Great Britain is to labour under the Oppressions and Inconveniences of an impending War.

If at a Time of such universal Harmony amongst the European Princes we could admitt of a Suspicion of Danger, or if we could imagine that the Alliances, which with so much Expencc and Pains are at length procured, should not be built on such solid Foundations as to remain long immoveable, surely the Zeal of the People (who have with Impatience expected this peaceful Conjuncture) will defend us within Doors, whilst our Fleet will be a sufficient Security for us without. But if the Troops are not to be diminished at this Time, When is it that they are? If never, I have troubled your Lordships to no purpose, yet with this Satisfaction to myself, that no Friendship, not even the near Alliance I bear to a Noble Lord in this House, whose Conduct and Character in military Affairs, would, if any Thing could byass me towards a standing Army, but not That, not any private Reason, shall ever hinder me from acting and speaking what I think conducive to the Honour of the King and the Good of the People: I therefore conclude with making to your Lordships this Motion that It be an Instruction to the Committee that the Number of Men specified by the Bill do not exceed twelve Thousand.

## FROM THE SAME TO MR. SALKELD.

Marston, June 13th, 1732.

I AM to acknowledge, Sir, your very exact and speedy Account of the Bishop of Rochester's<sup>1</sup> Death. We were told that all his Papers had been seized by the Court of France, and were sent to England to be perused and carefully looked over by our Government. Whatever is found in his own handwriting, or supposed to be dictated by him, I hope will be printed. In that case the Publick may be benefitted by his death.

I presume we may say without Offence that He is now at Rest. We may also conclude, according to Xtianity and Whiggism, that he is gone to a Place where not only Thieves cannot break in, but where Parliaments have no Power. Yet in one point still an Exile by the immense Gulph betwixt him and his Brethren and Contemporaries who look up at him.

Men of Wisdom and Penetration fear him even after Death. They cry out one and all *Nobis Gravis est percussus Achilles*. He may do more Mischief dead, say They, than when alive: His utmost Strength then, could only knock down a Colonel, but now he is stronger than the strongest General in the Army. His Body therefore, should not be buried in England: The Jacobites, like the Devotees of Abbot Paris, will assemble in expectation of miracles at his Grave. Young Plotters may spring out of his Ashes, as armed Men arose out of Dragon's Teeth: especially if we trust Him in the same cellar with Mr. Oldfield, and in the Dark. Let a Dung-hill be his burial Place, say all good Men, and let his funeral

<sup>1</sup> Atterbury.

Rights be such as were bestowed upon his late Brother Plotter, the Harlequin Dog.

I am going to Ireland to encounter the Giants of that Kingdom who have laid Waste my Patrimony. My Armour is made of Parchment, my Head-Piece and Breast-Plate are, my Mother's Marriage Settlement.

Res dura et Regni novitas me talia cogunt  
Moliri.

Thus you see this is a Journey for Profit, not for Pleasure. The Truth is, my private Affairs are left in the utmost Confusion: and to open my Heart freely to you, I own I quitt my native Country with Regret, for I am sufficiently enamoured of Marston and the Muses to prefer that Place and their Company to the most considerable Advantages that can accrue to me by Law.

In the sweet Silence of the sacred Grove,  
Wrap't up in Ease, in Poetry and Love,  
No Slave to Courts, but fixt in Honour's Rules  
I chuse to leave the World to Knaves and Fools.

Speaking of Love, I must tell you with sorrow that Lady Orrery, who miscarried some time ago, has been extremely Ill, and tho' now better, is not so well as my fond Heart wishes her. But She is resolved to accompany me to Ireland, and by sharing, try to lessen my troubles. I could not indeed leave her behind me without suffering all the uneasiness that humane Nature is capable of, and yet I fear She is scarce well enough to undertake such a Journey. O the Torments of an Estate!  
*Vite me redde priori.*

ORRERY.



## FROM THE SAME TO MAJOR CLEELAND.

*Bristol, June 20th, 1732.*

I ARRIVED in this merchantile City yesterday in the afternoon and am thus far in my way towards Ireland ; but the wind is truly English, and seems resolved to keep us as long as possible in our own Island. I have left my Children at Brittwell : God Almighty's Providence I hope will protect their Innocence, but the thoughts of their tender age and the mountains and Seas that are to rise between us, admit of many heart wounds.

I have at length recollected the Epigrams and Epitaph of which you desired a Copy ; that upon Dr. Bentley's setting fire to the Cotton Library runs thus :

When Dick had set his House on Fire  
He thought it proper to retire,  
And off he stalkt amidst the Rout  
Nor lent a Hand to put it out,  
Let Underlins go toil and try  
To save the valu'd Library  
A Flame to Kindle He's your Man  
And others quench it if they can.

I must not omit one circumstance relating to Dr. Bentley on this occasion. He retired during the conflagration to the house of his opposite neighbour Dr. Robert Friend, and there expressing great anxiety lest certain old Wastecoats and Cassocks might be lost in the Flames. He was at length assured they were safe, Hah ! said He, are they so ? then all my fears are over, for, as to my Works

*Sunt quae nec Jovis ira nec ignes.*

So Nero once with harp in hand surveyed  
His flaming Rome, and as it burned He plaid.

The Epitaph is upon a Husband, a Wife, and their two Children, who were all buried together in the same grave :

Here lie interr'd beneath this single Stone  
Four, but as much as Love could make 'em One,  
Not Souls to Bodys are so strictly tied,  
For Death can those, but could not these divide.

The Rev. Author of these (two) little pieces, has, as you may know by many of his writings (such as the D. of Marlborough's Funeral, the Plot, etc.) a great fund of wit and a true spirit of poetry, but in conversation he spoils every Thing he says by an unhappy Laugh. This Convulsion seizes him the moment he has told a merry Story, or makes a witty repartee, and it continues loud and boisterous many minutes after the whole company have finished their utmost efforts to joyn in his merriment : so that he is heard to roar, and seen to shake his shoulders after every smile is vanished from every Friend of the most laughing disposition he can find. This is false mirth, and only the effects of habit. True humour is ever gravest when she makes all around her laugh. Tom Southerne has boldly told him of his error, and has amicably advised him to correct it, but Sam is incorrigible. . . . Adieu. Adieu.

ORRERY.

#### FROM THE SAME TO COUNSELLOR KEMPE.

*Rostellan: near Cork, Tuesday, July 4, 1732.*

WE landed here last Saturday, and according to your Desire, I take the earliest opportunity of letting you know that Lady Orrery bore the Voyage (six days at Sea) with good Health, and you may be sure with good Temper. I hope She has left all her complaints on the other Side of the Water, and that Ireland will be at least so propitious to Us as to preserve

Her Well and free from Pain. Her compliments attend you.

We have been here too short a Time for me to form an exact Judgement of the People: Yet if I may already venture to give my Opinion They are exceeding Honest and very Poor. As an Instance of their Honesty, we lye with our Doors and Windows open, and Strangers are going in and out of the House *ad libitum* all Night long. As an Instance of their Poverty, the Women and Children have neither Shoes nor Stockings.

This is the old Castle belonging to the Family of O'Briens: they are descended from a King<sup>1</sup> with a hard Name: and Lord Inchiquin is the undoubted lawfull Sovereign of this Barony. Great Adoration is paid to him: with his usual good humour he smiles on the Men and kisses the Women: It would be happy if every Monarch were equally beloved in his Dominions, with the merry-hearted Earl.<sup>2</sup>

Rostellan Castle is situated close to the Sea, which is at this moment frothing and throwing up its billows against the Steps of the Garden, where we landed. The Prospect, to all those who love that Element must be inexpressibly delightfull. I am not of that Number.

I have seen W . . . T . . . : A Thousand Reasons made me open my Eyes and Faculties to look through this Great Man: Happy had Caesar been with such thriving Agents about Him.

Fat, sleek-headed Men and such as sleep a Nights.

We shall set out for Corke in a few days. I am impatient to be in Action: when I arrive at that City you shall hear again from me. Adieu.

ORRERY.

<sup>1</sup> Brian Boroime, commonly known as Brian Boroo.

<sup>2</sup> This Earldom was in 1800 promoted to a Marquisate of Thoumond, which, like the Earldom, is now extinct, and the Barony of Inchiquin alone remains.



## MR. BYRD TO JOHN EARL OF ORRERY.

*Virginia, the 20 of July 1732.*

MY LORD,—I daresay I shall find credit with your Lordship, when I assure You I am most sensibly concerned for the death of my very good Lord your Father. It will not become me to say how much I have lost in a Friend, when your loss has been so much greater in a Parent. For that reason, while I remember your Greif I must endeavour to forget, or only drop a silent Tear for my own. It were impossible not to pay that Tribute at least to the memory of a noble Lord whom I have loved and Admired for more than thirty years, especially when during that time He was pleased to honour me with a much greater share of distinction than I deserved. No wonder then that I had so true a Respect for his Lordship while he lived and feel so unaffected a concern for Him now he is dead. The account He gave me last year of his ill State of Health made me apprehend very much for Him; it antedated my Sorrow, and tho' I was prepared beforehand for the Stroke, yet it goes as deep as if it had all the aggravation of a Surprise.

The chief comfort I could hope for in this mournfull situation, is, that your Lordship, your Lady and your little Cherubs are perfectly in Health: but alas! instead of that I am told by some of my Correspondents, that your Lordship affliction for your Father has rendered you extremely ill, and obliged you for that reason to make a long Campaign at Bath. There my intelligence ends and leaves me quite in the dark as to your Recovery. However, there is room to hope that you have found benefit by those healing Springs. Nevertheless I must take the boldness to expostulate a little with your Lord-

ship for making so unkind a secret of your Recovery, and envying an old Friend the pleasure of rejoicing at it. It is true, I believe, I am too partial to my own inclinations to hope for the honour of hearing from you under all these melancholy circumstances: but you will be so good as to pardon my longings and believe it would be some consolation to be convinced that I have lost no more than one Friend.

The time I proposed for my Pilgrimage into this new World is now almost expired: but the exceeding low Price Tobacco has yeilded ever since I have left England has not suffered me to discharge some Engagements I had the misfortune to lie under. It is that which with-holds me from the pleasure of returning to that enchanted Island, which I shall always long to do, so long as your Lordship is there, but I must wait with patience for that till better Times or better Fortune shall have re-established my Finances. In the meanwhile I must make the most of my Retirement, and content myself with Rural and Domestick joys, which have this advantage at least, that they are innocent and need but little repentance: It will be very charitable in your Lordship to animate these harmless delights, which are apt to be a little lethargick by honouring me sometimes with your commands, and letting me into your story. I should be glad to rejoice at any good that befalls you, and even to share in your greatest sorrows, if any such are reserved for the trial of your Fortitude. As your Father's Friend, my Lord, I look upon myself to be part of your Inheritance, and to be by hereditary Right, Your Lordship's most obedient humble Servant,

W. BYRD.

## JOHN EARL OF ORRERY TO COUNSELLOR KEMPE.

*Corke, Tuesday, August 15, 1732.*

WONDER not at my long Silence, I am going to be the most wretched of all Beings—Lady Orrery (who came hither ill from Rostellan) is now in the utmost danger : the certainty of which was gently declared to me this morning by Dean Ward ; all former Misfortunes are Trifles in comparison of This. What can I say ! What can I do ! She is nearer to Me than my own Life : dearer than the Lives of my Children ; O miserable Infants, who are now upon the point of being undone ! what have I suffered heretofore by a Mother's Death ! hence arose the Source of my tedious Calamities. I am distracted and know not what to write. Let me beg of You in case I lose Her to come over to Me. Your conversation may help to calm the Tempest in my Breast : Your Chearfulness may alleviate my Sorrow : If after such a Blow they shall be capable of any Relief. Prepare yourself for the dismal Day. Prepare yourself for the Journey. Pity and Friendship demands it from You.

ORRERY.

## FROM THE SAME TO COUNSELLOR KEMPE.

*Corke, Wednesday, August 23, 1732.*

IT has pleased God to punish me in the Bitterness of his Wrath. My dear Harriot died last night at ten o'clock—Hasten to me without delay. My Fate has been miserable even from my Cradle, but all Misery is comprehended in this last. Four Times we took of each Other a dismal Farewell :



thinking each Time to be the last, yet still hoping for a Reprieve : I must stop, or my Heart will break. An Express goes of this moment to London. Let me know as soon as you can when I may hope to see you at Dublin. I will fly thither with all speed, being ardently desirous to quit the Scene of Death and Sorrow.

ORRERY.

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY TO TOM SOUTHERNE.

*Corke, March 10th, 1732-3.*

MY GOOD AND DEAR OLD FRIEND,—At this melancholy Place your Letter of ye 20th of Feb: reached me : I thank you for such a Cordial, for indeed I stand in need of very strong Restoratives to preserve the Gloom and Horror of this City from enveloping my Heart. I am at the House of a most eminent Physician, a most agreeable Freind. I could not forbear shewing him your Letter ; I am proud of your Freindship, and happy in that parental Tenderness which in every Word of your Epistle cheers my very Soul.

Doctor Barry (for so my Freind is called) at the same time that he is the Esculapius of the Age, seems to hide the Artist under the more acceptable Character of the fine Gentleman. The sweetness of his Temper, The genteel Turn of his Conversation, join'd to his universal knowledge of Men and Things, make him at once the Admiration and Delight of All who are happy enough to be his Companions. Oh ! my excellent old Man ! Two or three such Friends as You and Dr. Barry in the oak Parlour at Marston would almost make me forgett my Sorrows and wish to Live.

To say Truth, I cannot hope to see England till about this Time twelvemonth. I would not have thee, my dear Brother

Poet, venture thy Self on this Side the water : Leave Travel-ling and Fatigue to us young Striplings, and go and regale thyself amongst my Ancestours at Marston. Pillard shall open my Cellars, and Marston shall be your own House as long as you will think it worth making so. The year following we will both revell there, till then to You and to your Companions I resign It.

Kenny shall be taken care of, Mr. FitzGerald shall have his Pension. I hope the Colledge has by this Time the Books for which I've no further Taste than free and voluntarily to give them. Lord Boyle would be glad to see You, or he is a most unworthy Son. Prithee make the Boy a Visit, or tell me truly your Thoughts of Him ; be impartial ; I hope the best, let me Know yr Worst.

I love Wesley too well not to be visibly touched at his Danger : One thing he is sure of, more Justice and better Preferment in t'other World than he has mett with in this. God preserve my good old Man !

ORRERY.

LORD ORRERY TO TOM SOUTHERNE.

*Marston, Nov. 7, 1733.*

MY DEAR OLD MAN,—At my arrival at this dear and delightful Place, I was welcom'd with a letter from you which had lain some Days upon my Table. . . . We are hard at work both within and without doors, but in the Gardens are out-doing Hannibal, and working thro' rocks more obdurate than the Alps. . . . Near an Upper Fountain is to stand a Seat, and at each end two little Closets where you and Phillis may whisper your Loves, and where I may count my beads and say my Mattins. I am scratching out upon Paper ten thousand

Designs for other parts, and my Plans commonly come all to the same Fate—they are flung into the Fire and forgott. From the Garden if you'll come into the House, you'll see a representation of the Golden Age. The Cats, the Dogs, the Birds, the Children, the Master and the Servants, *omnes sine Vindice tuli*. Lyons<sup>1</sup> at Marston would lose their fierceness, the Panther would grow tame. . . . The Days are now grown short, I have therefore prepared all the amusements within Doors that will make a solitary Life agreeable; when my Children are putt to Bed I betake myself to the study of my Books, and with these I make a shift to sit on till towards eleven; then like Othello putt out the light, and without his guilt, wish for Desdemona but alas! in vain. Sometimes indeed, unluckily enough for my friends, I am in the humour to write long letters, and that you see is the present turn of my temper. . . . Lord Boyle is much your servant; he is employed all Day long on my Errands, which he executes without the least mistake. He puzzles me at times with his Questions and makes me blush with his Observations, nay if I don't take care, the Boy will soon grow too wise for me, and discover that there are but few years Difference in our Age, and fewer still in our Understandings. Hammy, who is less sedate than his Brother contents himself with his Toys without enquiring too soon into the natural Causes of Things. Betty is the arrantest Romp in Christendom; she talks as fast as any of her Sex, and like most other fine Ladies in a Dialect not easily

<sup>1</sup> No experiments in that branch of Natural History have been hitherto tried at Marston, but it is to be feared that the mollifying influences relied on by Ld O. have passed away with his presence, seeing that within the memory of man a Cow of lively and ill-regulated temperament is known to have tossed an unoffending urchin into a quickset hedge, while a patriarchal Goat in the full courage of his convictions on freedom of action, was once so lost to every better feeling as to overturn the baby-carriage it was his privilege to draw, and put to hasty flight an entire squadron of Nursery Light Infantry.



to be understood. Sickness and Indolence tremble at sight of her for she is the picture of Health, and a veritable Miss Hoyden. The great King Nobby brought me home safe in the Dark last Night, and the invincible Hector is faithful and courageous still. Our Aviary has received a great Loss by the Death of a favourite Paroquet, who died, as he liv'd with Silence and Tranquility. He has left a disconsolate Widow, who we fear'd would not survive him, but to my great joy has since admitted the Addresses of an Indian Nightingale, who courts her every evening with a Song. This is the State of Men and Beasts at Marston, whilst our Neighbours have their misfortunes. Ld Weymouth has had a fall from his horse by which his Life was endanger'd. Lady W. has miscarried occasioned by the Fright she receiv'd at seeing her Ld brought home lifeless. There are great preparations for ensuing Nuptials, but let them marry, or let them bury, I am Content while the Fates let me remain at Marston and Your humble servant,

ORRERY.

LORD ORRERY TO TOM SOUTHERNE.

*Marston, Nov. 26, 1733.*

MY DEAR BROTHER POET,<sup>1</sup>—I am rejoiced whenever I read Letter from you, not only from the many kind and sincere Things it contains, but really as it confirms me in the Completion of my good wishes for your Health. Marston looks but half agreeable without you. In my Great Grandfather's Time the Penates have been so much used to the company of excellent writers, that they will not accept of such a scribbler as I am. All I can say is you must make as much haste back

<sup>1</sup> Tom Southerne was the author of several Plays and other Pieces, the best known of which seems to have been 'The Siege of Capua.'

as possible. Lord Boyle was with me yesterday at Church, and very severe in his Remarks on the Clerk who was drunk. The greatest Punishment he could invent for him was whipping, but I told him I knew of a greater, to which he answer'd let's do it what is it, and I replied, He is a Widower we will make him marry again. I am extreamly busy improving my Farm against Lady Day, and must entreat You therefore to make my Excuses to Mr. Westly for not writing. I hope he will enter my Name as a Subscriber for ten Books, and send me Receipts for twenty more which I will endeavour to dispose of hereabouts. I am glad of any Opportunity of showing my Gratitude to a Man who has done such justice to Harriot. I write this in great Haste, but in all Situations am faithfully Yours,

ORRERY.

#### LORD ORRERY TO TOM SOUTHERNE.

*Marston, Decr. 3rd, 1733.*

MY MOST VALUABLE OLD MAN,—Your commands carry such a Weight with 'em that they must be obey'd without the least Delay. We are going on with great Vigour at Marston. The Weather favours us extreamly, and hitherto the Sun has shone as many hours in the Day as Sagittarius would permitt him. What his visit to old Capricorn will produce I know not, but my Trees are all planted, and my Walls built, so I need not much dread either Wind or Weather. The Newspapers are a great Relief to a Man who leads my solitary Life. I generally reserve 'em as a Feast for Night, and pass some of the long Evenings in speculating upon the Advertisements over a Dish of Coffee. By this means I know who sells the infallible electuary, and can inform



*Lady Elizabeth Cecil  
wife of Charles 1<sup>st</sup> Earl of Cary*

1700



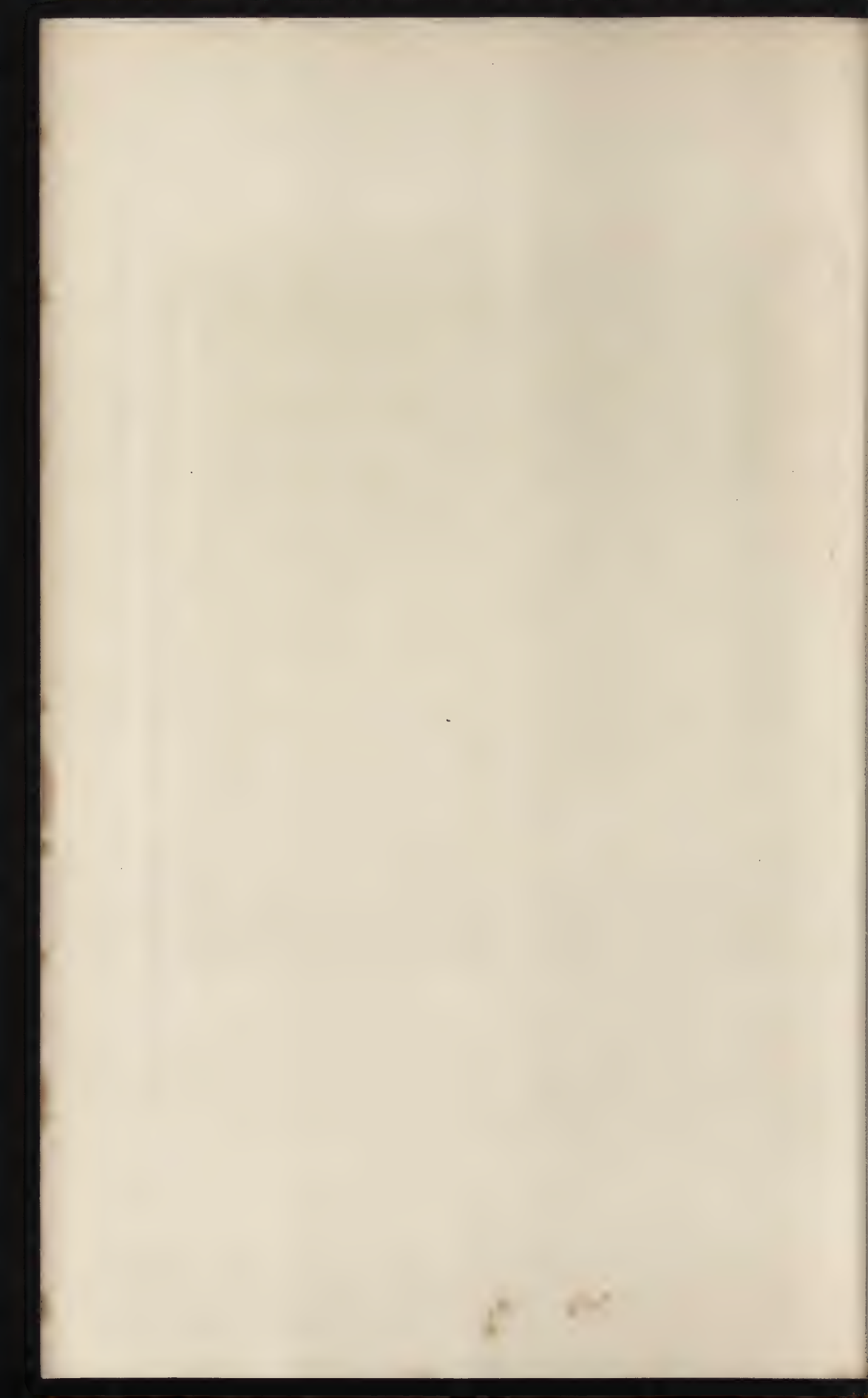




*Portrait of Lady Elizabeth Cecil*

*Lady Elizabeth Cecil  
wife of Charles 4<sup>th</sup> Earl of Orrery.*

*Portrait of Lady Elizabeth Cecil*





you into what Alley you must steer your course. . . . But my Knowledge reaches further than my own Country, I am well acquainted with the motions of poor Stanislaus, and begin to pronounce the Polish hard Names without hesitation. But I own to you, I long since read with Sorrow, the Account of the magnificent Entertainment which His Grace of Dorsett gave at Dublin on His Majesty's Birthday. Serpents with an Orange in their Mouth, seem'd to me to be an Emblem of what has since happen'd. The Fruit is poison'd and who will dare to taste it? We well know what effect the Serpent's having an Apple in his Mouth had on our great Grandmother, and why they should putt an Orange between the Jaws of that same pernicious Animal, just at this Time, seems too irreconcilable both to Reason and good Manners. The green Tails of the Sea-Horses (who I presume have always green tails) afforded me great Delight; yet methinks if they had putt a green Tail or Stalk to the Orange, and plac'd it in the hand of the Goddess of Beauty, the Allegory had been more natural and better adapted to the ensuing<sup>1</sup> Nuptials. Upon the whole the Roast Beef and the Claret, would have given most joy to the Eyes of the Country Gentlemen, who prefer a Mug of October out of a clean Hogshead, to the best wines that flow out of either Snakes or Ducal Coronets. A neighbour of mine, during his Absence in London, has been so good to leave me the Command of his Hounds, and I generally give 'em exercise twice in a week: there is something in the Diversion of hunting very manly; the musick of the Dogs especially near Water and Wood fills the Breast with sentiments of exhilaration that are more easily felt than describ'd: and yet I am always on the side of the Hare, and wish She may escape notwithstanding I am pursuing

<sup>1</sup> Of George II. and Queen Caroline's daughter to the Prince of Orange.

her to Death. This putts me in mind of some People who have tormented me till I was ready to expire, but all for my Good. However no Body should attempt to describe a hunting Match, after the fine Picture that Virgil has given us of one in his fourth *Æneid*. I beg of you to read it immediately, for 'tis with me a most favorite part of that Book, and never permitts me to follow the Hounds without wishing for a Storm, a Cave and a Dido. If I was not sure to see you and some more Freinds in Town, I should begin to be sorry that the Time of my Departure hence approaches. I must leave these Bowers the beginning of next month, and like Sir Francis Wronghead take a journey to London for the Good of my Country. Possibly I may come Time eno' for the Wedding, and then I shall have an Opportunity of seeing the Queen's Daughter with her Virgins and her Timbrills singing a Song of Joy unto the Lord. I shall also view the poetical Works of our fellow Labourers in the Pen, whose Verses now must be all extempore, according to Sheridan's Notion of Things. But the Splendour will be so great, and the Beauties so numerous, that perhaps they will turn the Brains of a Rustick, and I may come back hither in a lac'd Coat and a Solitaire. From such Evils Heaven and its best Stars defend Us. Master Westley has my best wishes, and shall command my most zealous Service on all Occasions: tell him that Somersetsh: air in the Summer Time is as infallible a Cure for an inveterate Cough, as the Jesuit's Bark is for an obstinate Ague. Ld Boyle asks me often when Mr. Southerne will come home. I tell him next Summer. The Boy pays his Court excellently to me by making this House the Home for my Freinds. I hope and foresee that he will do so when I am gather'd to my Ancestors, and with such a Prospect must go with great Peace to my Grave.

Mr. Dylon Carter shall be honour'd with the company of Rex and Pugg, if I lodge within any tolerable distance of Clarges St. : four for my Coach, and three for the Saddle, are as many Horses as I shall bring up. And now I'll bid you Farewell, having had an opportunity by writing this long Epistle according to your Desire to show myself, what in good Truth I am, Your obedient humble servant,

ORRERY.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Oct. 1734.*

MY MOST BELOVED NESTOR,—Will you not think it strange that the Marston Bowers are left for the London Coffee-Houses? Won't you imagine me fickle to depart with tolerable ease from the shady Groves of my own Gardens to bruise my bones in a hackney Coach thro' the kennels of this dirty City? Are you not capable of beleiving that I who can so suddenly quitt my frock and bob wig to put on a tye and laced Coat, may as suddenly quitt the valued friendship of Tom Southerne and enter into alliance with Colly Cibber? To say Truth, my Friend, I own Appearances are against me, but when I tell you I am to return Home in three or four Days and that nothing but the Devil Badham<sup>1</sup> or money could have brought me out of my own Territories where I still prefer the gentle smiles of my rustic Damsels to the enticing Arts of yr nymphs in Drury Lane perhaps you will not quite give me up for lost, and to show me that you will not rank me with some other youths of the present Age, let me kiss your hands at my Lodgings here in Piccadilly To-morrow morning as early as you please. I lam'd my fine Irish Horse in returning

<sup>1</sup> The unworthy Steward who robbed both Lord Orrery and his Father shamelessly till detected, and plunged John into severe financial depths.



from Bath so that I am obliged to my little favourite King Nobby for carrying me most excellently without start, trip or stumble one hundred and one long miles. Yesterday I rode him in three hours and twenty minutes from Brittwell, and To-day I've just received an answer to my How do ye from him. He is in perfect Health and desires me to enquire how your Bucephalus does. As I see none but Men of Business or Relatives you must quitt the Poet and come as Banker or Lawyer ; otherwise I break my Rule. Yet come how and when you will you shall be admitted. Great Men never know Days of the Month ; 'tis enough knowledge for me to be sure that it is October and Wednesday morning 9 of ye clock. And that I am in Town or Country dear Tom Southerne's faithfull

ORRERY.

TO MR. SOUTHERNE.

*At Martin Killigrew's, Esqre., in Charles St., nr. St. James' Sqr., Bath,  
Novr. 30, 1734.*

MY DEAR OLD MAN,—I had not been thus long in answering y<sup>r</sup> Letter, had not my Packetts from Ireland come as thick upon me as if they had been misfortunes, w<sup>h</sup> the Spanish proverb says cannot be called so if they come single. In my late Journey to London I just appeared and vanish'd as tho' a Ghost : was most sorry I did not see you, but hope to find you in high Health and great *Gaieté de Cœur*, the latter end of next month. Yr two little Friends are now with me, and how we shall do to part three weeks hence I know not. The Task will be hard on all sides but I leave 'em in good hands, a very faithfull Freind, and an old Acquaintance, one whose Sincerity I have tried in the worst Times, and whose Judgment I have had great reason to depend upon, notwithstanding his notorious Error in ever having had a Partiality for me. But my children

are dearer to me than all the Freinds in the World, some of whom, in a numerous Acquaintance, I have found wavering and unsincere ; few like you, who can look over the Follies of a Young Man, because he acts right in one Instance of having that Regard, Esteem, and Affection for you w<sup>h</sup> he thinks your Merits and your Virtues claim. In this none of your humble Servants can out do. I defye 'em and Malice w<sup>h</sup> often paints us in wrong Colours, cannot make me appear black to you there. Betty is well, so is my kind Freind Mrs. Pearson. She is an excellent woman. I am sorry methinks she 's of the sex that betray'd poor Sampson to the Philistines, and the Capitol to the Sabines. Much pleas'd am I that you are with Mr. Killigrew. His kind Favours to me when a dirty School-boy, remain fix'd in my mind, and my humble Service delivered by you I hope will be acceptable. Lett me hear from you Sometimes : it will be unkind in you if you do not, for I once was favoured thoroughly with your Affection. It is an honour to a young Man to boast of the Freindship of one of your Years and Figure in Life. Pope is proud of his Wycherley, lett me be so of my Southerne. Marston Gardens are in *Statu quo* ; the Library is finish'd and will be a great Retreat next Summer. Your Resolution of being near London at your Time of Life, is certainly right : notwithstanding my Self-Love I cannot trespass so far upon as to ask you to taste the diminutive sweets of Præneste next Year. Besides Mrs. Pearson will be gone from thence, and what is Marston without her? Wherever you are, there are my best wishes : and though I am far from wishing for a long Life myself, fancying few things in this World worth living for, yet I hope to see you equal old Parr, and to your last moments love, Your real affectionate humble Servant,

ORRERY.

LETTER FROM LORD ORRERY TO EDWARD  
BARRY, ESQ., DOCTOR OF PHYSICK, AT HIS HOUSE  
ON ORRERY QUAY, CORK.

*Dublin, June 28, 1735.*

CURSE on my Fate that keeps me here chain'd down like one of the Titans, to eternal Pains. I thought by this time to have been in Munster, and the nearer I draw to You the more full of Glee will be my heart. Watt Goold promises to release me on Tuesday, and about the Time that You expect the Judges and their Trumpets, You may also expect your humble Servant. Mrs. Barry is infinitely good to remember me in so obliging, tho' so usual a manner. I own I shall approach her with Fear and Trembling, and have no Armour but the Integrity and Zeal of my Heart to defend me against her just maternal indignation; yett She will consider that the Merchant who ventures all his Jewels in the same Vessell in which he tempts his Friend to send a Cargo must be sincere. The Will of Providence is equal everywhere: and in all other Matters depend upon it we shall be Gainers.

Improve my Thoughts by putting me into your own Language to the dear Dean,<sup>1</sup> whom, you know, I both love and admire. Adieu, till my eyes are blest once more with the sight of You.

ORRERY.

TO THE REV. MR. FERREBY AT HIS HOUSE IN  
WESTMINSTER.

*Dublin, July 1, 1735.*

DEAR SIR,—If the Business that call'd me so suddenly out of England would send me as expeditiously back, neither

<sup>1</sup> Mr. James Ward, Dean of Cloyne.



you nor any of my Friends should have the Trouble of hearing what was become of Me ; but my Counsel, learned in the Law (which is a genteel Phrase for a parcel of Pick-Pockets) declare it absolutely necessary for their Profit and my Plague that I should travel Quixot-like all over Ireland in search of certain Lands and Tenements now in possession of some Hibernian Giants. Good Gods! is it not hard that a Man must follow a Tribe of Attorneys as devoutly as if they were so many Goddesses of Love. Must the Errors in the fifty last years Reigns of the Kings of Orrery all fall on this devoted head. Yea, quoth Lady Ann,<sup>1</sup> It is decreed in my Almanac and your L<sup>p</sup> has nothing to do but to avoid a Journey on a Childemas Day. Thus Sir, you have my Case. Putt a great Emphasis therefore on that part of the Litany that recommends Travellers to the Care of Heaven.

You 'l rejoice with me that the Dean of St. Patrick's<sup>2</sup> is in high Health ; the same inimitable Man I left Him. A Murrain on Counsellor Kalaan<sup>3</sup> that will not suffer me to indulge myself half enough in his Company. Lawyers are as great Enemies to Freedom and Pleasure as Monks and Hermits are : Prose, and the dullest Prose, is their profit ; They abhor Poetry and all its Professors, nor can we hope to see, even under Cibber's<sup>4</sup> Monarchy, Bills in Chancery drawn up in Rhyme.

Ejectments and such shift had like to have made me ungratefull : I had almost forgot to thank You for a beautiful Copy of Verses which Bowen put into my hands. You that write so well should write oftener, but pray chuse a better Subject than

ORRERY.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Anne Sandford.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Swift.

<sup>3</sup> One of the most noted lawyers in Ireland.

<sup>4</sup> *Vide Dunciad*, 'Cibber shall sit Lord Chancellor of Plays.'

## FROM THE SAME TO DR. SWIFT.

*Egmonte, near Charlesville, July 11th, 1735.*

DEAR SIR,—Falkner will ever make his Letters acceptable when He sends me the good News of your being well. Our journey hither and our Residence here have been attended with so little vanity that Nothing but your Comments and the dull hours of a rainy Day could force from me a Letter. In these Parts we live under a perpetual Terror that Lord Clancarthy's Thunderbolt will destroy half of our most wealthy Neighbours. Like Chickens in a Farm Yard we tremble at the Kite above Us, and are running for protection under the broad spread wings of the Law. I am not like to suffer should his Lordship's Victory be as compleat as the Marlborough<sup>1</sup> Arms and make it *Sed Homo Sum et Nihil humani a me alienum puto*. Of what infinite Service might Thomas Hearne<sup>2</sup> have been in this Cause: possibly He could have found some dusty Settlement among Lord Noah's Papers that would have put all to Rights, unless Duke Adam had made over these very Lands to the Dutchess of Eve. I hear so much of this Affair all day long that I rejoice when Bed-time comes, chearfully submitting only to dream of the Clancarthy Family for six hours together.—I am, dear Sir, Your ever obliged and faithful Servant,

ORRERY.

<sup>1</sup> At this time Lord Clancarthy had brought ejectments to recover his estate in the County of Cork, and the Dutchess of Marlborough was said to be at the whole expense of the lawsuit.

<sup>2</sup> A famous Antiquarian.

## FROM THE SAME TO ALEXANDER POPE.

*Egmont, August 10, 1735.*

SIR,—Amidst a thousand vexations and troubles to receive so kind a Letter from You gave me a most sensible Pleasure. Be assured I shall always endeavour to deserve your Freindship : You shall have my Hand and Heart : Sure my Fortune is beginning to change, and my most ardent Wishes are at length to be accomplish'd, for at the same time that you allow me the Liberty to enlist myself among your humble Servants, I am crown'd with Victory in all my Lawsuits. My affairs here are taking such a Turn that I hope not only to be with You at the Expiration of a Twelve-Month, but to stay many Years in my native Country without taking a Journey to the impoverish'd and desolate Island. I have lately pass'd a week at Corke with our mutual Freind Dean Ward. His Acquaintance with me begun in Sorrow : He attended One of the best Women<sup>1</sup> that ever liv'd, in her latest Moments, and bless'd One of the purest Souls that Heaven has or will receive into its Mansions. She was much fitter for the Place She is gone to than for my Arms ; and the Almighty Justice was doubly manifest in her Death, by punishing Me and rewarding Her. But why do I mention this ? I would have You partake of my Joys and not of my Afflictions. To make you some amends (for I know your Humanity will plunge you into the Torrent of my Woe) Lett me tell you that the Dean of St. Patricks is well. I have this day seen a Gentleman from Dublin who brought me a Letter from him.

In the Place where I am we live in a State of Ignorance many weeks together, and hear nothing but how Beef and

<sup>1</sup> Henrietta, Countess of Orrery, the first wife of Lord Orrery.



Butter sell by the Pound. It will be a most charitable Act in you, dear Sir, to enliven me a little by your Correspondence. I will be mighty reasonable in my Expectations, well knowing how much better You can employ yr Time : but assure yourself of this Truth, that not even the Muses are more devoted to You than your very faithfull and Obedient Servant,

ORRERY.

FROM THE SAME TO DR. BARRY.

*Dingle in Kerry, Augt. 15th, 1735.*

I ALWAYS had a very great Opinion of Hector's<sup>1</sup> Judgement and Taste, but tis now rais'd to a higher Pitch than ever. He wisely lets me keep Company with the Yahoos of Kerry while he stays to indulge himself under the roof of Dr. Barry. Sagacious Dog ! My love of Him, however great before, is certainly increas'd by this last Action, for how can he better ingratiate himself with me, than by admiring and obeying You. He had waded with his Master thro' eighteen Lawsuits, and after that why should he quitt your delightfull Company and engaging Smiles to hear Nonsense and view the untamed Irish of this Part of the World. He knew my Heart was with you, and where can Hector be better plac'd than near my Heart ? Tell the dear Quadrupede a whole Sheep shall be sacrificed to his Appetite the first time we meet, for He has shew'd his Approbation of my strongest Passion, my Affection to You : which he justly observes extends even to your Turnspitts. But why do I admire you ? You make me hate half the rest of Mankind : Civilities are loathsome to me. I fly from Conversation : who can please me ? Even Will Taylor moralizes in vain : To all He says, I answer with this question, ' When

<sup>1</sup> His dog.

shall we return to Corke?' For God's sake if you are a Physician, cure this distemper that I contracted on Orrery Quay. It is not only troublesome but dangerous, and if it increases will make me hate Marston. At least, if it is out of your Power to cure me entirely, which I much suspect, ease me a little by assuring Mrs. Barry, the Dean, and all my Freinds that I am even amongst the Mountains of Kerry their humble Servant.

## FROM THE SAME TO DEAN SWIFT.

*Ballynorte, September 8, 1735.*

DEAR SIR,—The happy Israelites had not more Joy when They escap'd from Pharoah and his Hosts, than I have on my Arrival from Kerry. To come from thence with whole Limbs is an Escape little less miraculous than that of the Man's who rode over Rochester Bridge in the dark, when only a single Plank was laid over a broken Part of it. But they tell me I may congratulate You also, upon sitting your Horse while the humane School Master<sup>1</sup> was shooting at Larks and aiming at your Life. My Dog Hector bids me ask You if it is not hard that Bad Men should be call'd Beasts and Dogs when there are no instances to equal their Inhumanity among the whole brute Generation.

I hope Sheridan<sup>2</sup> has been with You; his Letter says he intends to be at Dublin this month: His Reverence seems much pleas'd with my new Method of teaching Dunces. I sent you a Sample of it, but was not honour'd with your Approbation, which mortified Me extreamly: because under

<sup>1</sup> There was an account of this in Falkner's Newspaper. The Schoolmaster waited afterwards on the Dean and asked his pardon.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Sheridan. Schoolmaster of Cavan.

your sanction I would have ventur'd to compose a Grammar if to . . .

I have stolen a moment's Time from Rent-Rolls and Parchments to write to you, only to assure you that I rejoice at all Instances where Providence protects You.—May You live till good Men wish You dead or I offend You.<sup>1</sup>

ORRERY.

FROM THE SAME TO DR BARRY.

*Ballynorte, Sepbr. 10th, 1735.*

Nor to dwell on your Sorrow or my Illness, I will go directly to the Point, and boldly sett up to be your Physician. You want a little Rest ; You are hurried into a Fever, and you are in a Situation where You cannot get sufficient Repose. Quitte Corke for a few Days and come and live quietly at Egmonte. To make an idle Journey there to see me, is more than I would expect howmuch soever I might desire it ; but when your Health requires such an excursion all your Patients must and will approve of It. Don't imagine that Self-Love extorts this prescription from Me, if I was in England, a little Country Air would be necessary for You. All the immediate Interest I have in it is to fix You in a Place where I shall be myself. I expect no Denial, no more than I should attempt to contradict You if You order'd me a Blister. The Thing speaks itself. I leave Will Taylor, who looks upon me as an Esculapius, to write to You in another Style and to play the beneficent Part of your friendly Land-Lord. He is immensely pleas'd with the Thoughts of seeing You at his Palace. We shall go on from hence next Monday and gallop

<sup>1</sup> In imitation of Castalio's Speech in 'The Orphan.'



to Egmonte on Tuesday, for the Charlevillians will detain me one Night with Them. Adieu.

ORRERY.

FROM THE SAME TO DEAN SWIFT.

*Corke, October* 1735.

DEAR SIR,—There is a Custom in Corke, of which I must beg leave to inform you; with all its hideous Consequences; and to know from You whether my Behaviour has been wrong or right, that I may amend or continue it for the future according to your Decree.

On the day that a new Mayor is to be chosen for this City, the black Guards assemble themselves in the High Street, and come there charg'd with their Pockets full of Meal and Flower, which they throw into harmless Peoples Eyes as plentifully as Beggars at Paris bestow holy water in Churches. My ill Fate forc'd me from home on this important Day, and I had not gone many Paces beyond the North-Gate, before a ragged Groupe of Shoe Boys blinded me in a most furious Manner with this Emblem of Snow. I open'd my Eyes assoon as Oat-meal and Consternation would give me leave, and seeing a most despicable Sett of Wretches attacking a Person for whom Mr. Hawkins the Herald has a particular Regard, I gave loose to the Passions of an Irish Earl, and was going to try the Sinews of my Arm and drive the ragged Regiment into the Scamander of Corke. Butt as I degenerate from my Ancestors in nothing more than in their military Atcheivments, Native Peace returned to my Breast and conquer'd: so I putt on a Countenance between an illnatur'd Grinn, and a good-humoured Smile and pass'd on with the utmost haste, shaking my Ears and bowing at the same time; not perhaps unlike my Dog Hector, who, when

he is corrected, growls, fawns and wags his Tail. The black Guards pursued me with their flowry honours, but I slipt down the first Alley on my right hand, having first had the consolation to see a primitive Quaker (who had a cleaner and a finer Coat on than myself) in the same Miller-like Condition.

These Mayoralite Honours have been paid to all Christian Souls from Time immemorial. The higher your Rank, the greater your Quantity of Meal : so that if his sacred Majesty was to walk on this day from North-Gate to South-Gate in his black velvet coat, his black Cravat and his black Feather, He would only fulfill the Merlinian Prophecy of the white King. Now, Sir, Pray tell me if I acted right or wrong? Should I have fought, or should I have retreated? Surely if my Courage is dubious, my Prudence is establish'd, but your Answer will determine this Matter.—I am, dear Sir, most affectionately yours,

ORRERY.

FROM THE SAME TO JOHN KEMPE, ESQ.

*Corke, October 24th, 1735.*

DEAR SIR HARRY,—I shall leave all business to Watt. Goolde, who will write to You at his first Leisure, and my Part shall be to send You the freshest News that is stirring at Corke. Know then, that Mr. Piggott has carried the Election of this City against Counsellor Purdon; for which all true Lovers of their Country rejoice. By rejoicing, I mean getting drunk, for how can a man shew greater zeal for his Freind than by giving up Reason and Health for his sake. A Piggott for ever is the word of the Day, and there is not a Lord nor a black Guard that does not join in the Song.

The Mayor, whose Gravity and long Cravatt can't be sufficiently applauded, is in high Health and Vigour, to the joy of all zealous Protestants and the Dismay of all Papists and their wicked Adherents. Can You believe it? He rises every Morning without the Help of an Ejaculation, and goes to Bed every Night without the Assistance of a Valet de Chambre.

The Freinds and Companions of the late Bishop of Corke begin now to peep abroad, and to dare to see the Light. They are come forth with long, lank Trophonean Faces, that outdo Tate's Gravity or Philipps's Leanness. Arch-deacon Russell is some inches taller than when you saw him last. He looks like the Skeleton of a Colossus, and he strides along like the Ghost in Hamlet. Peter Waterhouse seems frightened at the sight of a human Creature, and Tom Barry trembles at a Smile, and faints away at the glorious Memory of King William. The Rest, like Mutes at a Funeral, are solemn and sad, nor can the Bishop himself be more silent in his Coffin. I think I told You, He made an unaccountable Will, such as became the Learning and Peevishness of a Great Man. Clayton is to succeed him in the See, and We are trying if our Freind Dean Ward can gett into Clayton's Stirrup, and mount the Bishoprick of Killala.

Our Ladies are all either with Child or Lying in. Mrs. Ward is brought to bed of a dead son. Mrs. Barry has an Embrio in her Matrix : so has Mrs. Goolde, as also Mrs. Herbert and some hundreds more. Poor Mrs. Carleton labours under the Physick and the Tooth Ach, not to mention the Yellow Jaundice and the Haemorrhoides. She has cover'd her Chin with a red Rag, and wears a double Clout on her Head, made exactly in the Fashion of Lady Ann's. She cannot sleep at night for fear of a Rat that crawls about a



House ten doors off. So that the Family is in the Situation of the d—d, and live now upon weeping, wailing and knashing of Teeth. But Doctor Barry and I may say with Augustus that We are happy even when Placed between Sighs and Tears, an eternal Chearfulness reigns over us both. We quaff our Nectar and remember Sir Harry<sup>1</sup> in our sparkling Bowls. We talk of Pleasure, Liberty and Love. We praise our own Freinds and forgett our Enemies: nor are we anxious whether Madam the Princess of Saxe-Gotha be handsome, or Prince William of Hesse-Castle genteel. Thus lead We a Paradisian Life, nor know any Alloy to our Happiness but our Separation from You. We both vie who shall be most your humble Servant, but I think You must give the Crown to

ORRERY.

FROM THE SAME TO ALEXANDER POPE.

*Corke, October 26th, 1735.*

DEAR SIR,—I sitt down to answer your Kind Letter the moment I have read It. The Freindship of a valuable Man makes amends for all the slander that the whole Tribe of Knaves and Fools can invent. Lord Cornbury's<sup>2</sup> Lines are very fine, and shine the brighter in my Eye for being founded on an exact Truth. He is a young Nobleman with whose Character I am well acquainted; but to whom I am not so personally Known as my Ambition desires. I know I make my Court to You by entreating You to indulge me in my Wishes and lead me to his Freindship. The Verses shall certainly not be copied, but I will not promise they shall not

<sup>1</sup> The name given by Ld O. to Mr. Kempe.

<sup>2</sup> The eldest son of the Earl of Clarendon: the country home of the Chancellor Clarendon was Cornbury.

be imitated. As to the Trifle You was so good to accept from me, those Lines are not worthy so high a Place. Had I a little Leisure, that is, would my Lawyers allow me a short breathing Time, I would follow the example of my honoured Preceptor dear Mr. Fenton, in flinging in the Mite of my Freindship before your Works. I rejoice to hear we are to have a new Edition of them.

The Dean is my *dulce Decus*: All the moments I steal from Attorneys, Agents and Sollicitors are pass'd, when I am at Dublin, with him. I propose to be there next month and to stay till the Spring.

And now let me make you acquainted with the Gentleman in whose House I live, and who honours me with his Freindship. He is a Man in whose breast all the Virtues center: of great Learning, and a sweetness of Temper scarce to be parallel'd. His Study has been Physick: and tho' a young Man He is at the Head of his Profession: Buried at Corke, his uncommon fine Qualities move in too narrow a Sphere: nor will so valuable a Jewel shine in its full Lustre till he goes to Dublin: To summ up all, He is worthy of your Countenance: We often read You together with that sort of Pleasure which arises not only from admiring the Works, but the Author. Take him to your Bosom, dear Sir, and be assur'd he will outstrip any character I can give him. Doctor Barry is the Person I mean.

Lett me ask You the plain English Question, How do you do? The more I know You, the more I tremble for You. Dean Ward's best Wishes attend You. May Health and Happiness be your closest and most constant Companions. Adieu, dear Sir, I am, most affectionately Yours,

ORRERY.

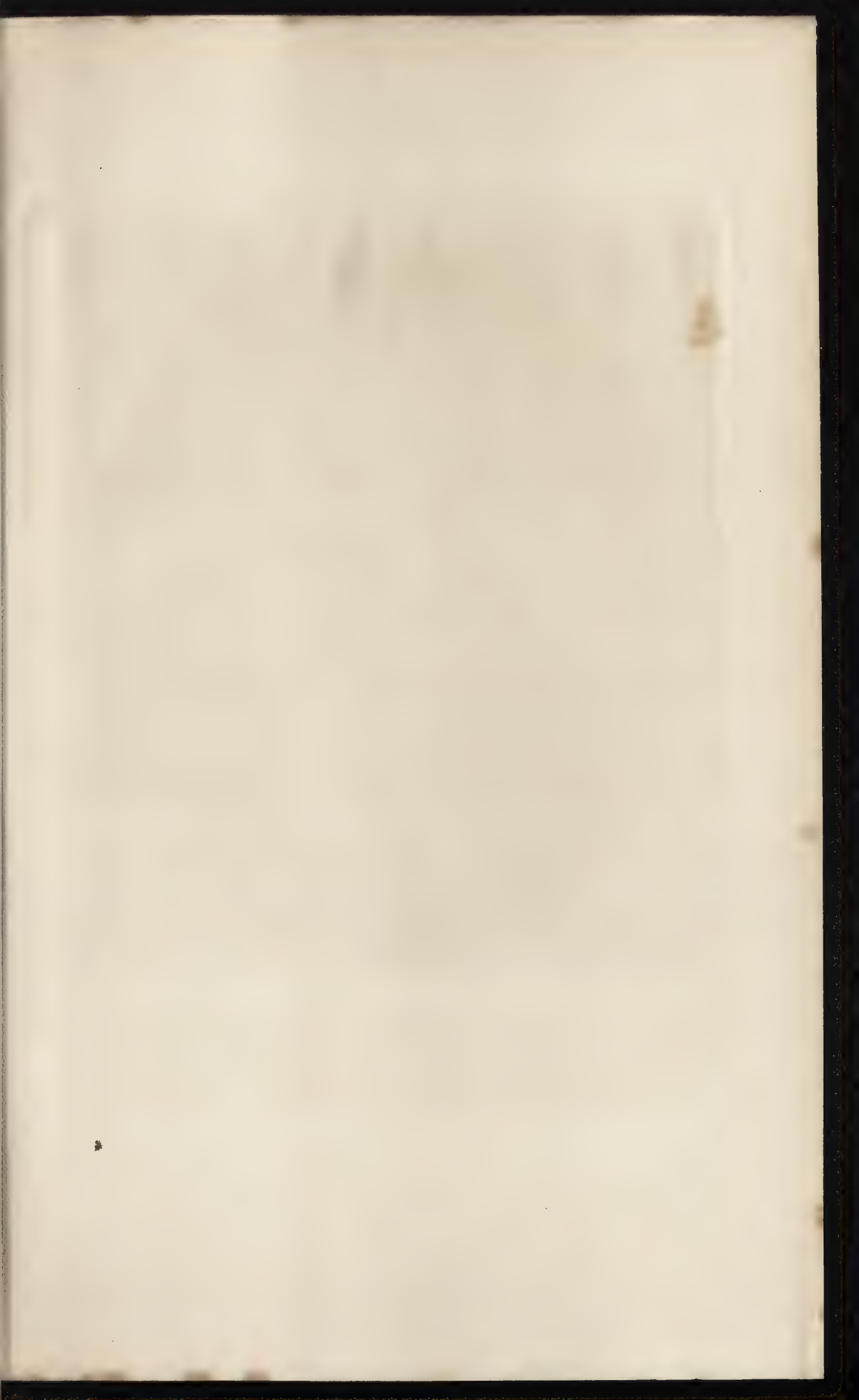
FROM THE SAME TO THE COUNTESS OF  
SANDWICH<sup>1</sup> AT PARIS.*Dublin, Novbr. 8th, 1735.*

MADAM,—In a Country where neither Pleasure nor Improvement can be found, I think I cannot shew my Devotion to your Ladyship more than by my Arrogance of writing to You. Sure of not entertaining You, I can only give your Lad<sup>p</sup> this fresh Instance of my ever remembring the agreeable Hours You suffer'd me to pass under your Roof at Paris. But alas, Madam, Those Hours make me more miserable now! I can less bear this loathsome banishment, than if I had never seen You. Your Lad<sup>p</sup>'s Friendship and Conversation have made so deep an Impression on my Mind, that the Mac-Mahones and the Mac-Slaines appear to me Creatures not of human Race. They talk to me of Leases in Kerry, and I languish after the Champs Elises de Paris. They shew me Plans of Potatoe Gardens and I am roving in Thought midst the Groves of Versailles: I offer my Farms at so many *Livres* a Year: and I bid my Footman go to the Poison d'Or for Livery Cloth. Thus am I look'd upon as a Madman and consequently a very improper Landlord to Irish Tenants. Could I bury Lady Sandwich in Oblivion, I might hope to reconcile myself to Ireland, but whilst I breath, I find I must be her Lad<sup>p</sup>'s most obedient and humble Servant,

ORRERY.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Elizabeth Boyle, 3rd daughter of Richard 2nd Earl of Cork and 1st Earl of Burlington and widow of Edward 2nd Earl of Sandwich, an aged Relation of Lord Orrery's mentioned in a previous letter.







il a été enlevé. Ph. S.

Tom: Louthorne  
last surviving wit of the days of Charles II. lived to the days of George II.

30x20 in.  
Lab of Corvidae, 98 Nov 1905 (75) a. J. Wardale 11 pm

# FROM THE SAME

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and a short Excuse  
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*Tom: Foulthorne*

*last surviving son of the days of Charles II. lived to the days of George II.*

REV. —  
 Esq. of the Hon. Sec. — — — — — 1771

FROM THE SAME TO THOMAS SOUTHERNE, ESQ.<sup>1</sup>*Dublin, January 17, 1735-36.*

THE Year should not have been so far advanc'd, my good old Freind, without my due congratulations to You, had Buesness and a short Excursion from Dublin permitted. May You live to see as many Years as You have seen already, and then leave the world to look after itself.

I have lately had Compliments upon my Birth-Day from my two Sons. Lord Boyle wished me to see as many as I desir'd : His Lordship being Heir apparent would not fix me down to a Number : but Hammy wish'd I might live to be as old as the Poet Southerne. I am glad to find You are not forgott at Marston. They know they cannot pay their Court to me better than by remembring you.

All your Freinds here desire you to accept of their humble Services : You say you love Dublin : but methinks You ought to be tax'd as an Absentee, since We have only the Pleasure

<sup>1</sup> Tom Southerne, 'the last remaining of the wits of the reign of Charles II.,' and the intimate and much beloved friend of Pope, Gay, Swift, Orrery, etc. On his 81st birthday Lord Orrery gave a dinner in his honour, on which occasion Pope wrote the charming lines which begin :

Resigned to live, prepared to die  
With not one sin but poetry,  
This day Tom's fair account has run  
(Without a blot) to eighty-one.  
Kind Boyle before the Poet lays  
A table with a cloth of baize.

. . . . .

and end :

May Tom, whom Heaven sent down to raise  
The price of prologues and of plays,  
Be every birthday more a winner,  
Digest his thirty-thousandth dinner,  
Walk to his grave without reproach,  
And scorn a rascal and a coach.

Southerne died that same year.

of wishing your Health without seeing our Wishes confirmed. The immortal Dean is come to Town in high Spirits. He scorn'd to attend the weighty Affairs of Parliament, and retir'd to Cavan assoon as we assembled in College Green. Dr. Delany has quitted the amusements of this gay City, and lives a Recluse at Delvil. *Uxorem duxit ; an ille liber cui mulier imperat.* Helsham is *totus teres at rotundus*, the same jovial Man you left him. Dean Ward is pouring forth his Tears at Mr. Tighe's ; but I am much mistaken if some future Lavinia does not succeed the now mourned Creusa : People that have been long in Jayl, often like the Life so well that tho' they are sett at Liberty in the morning they will return to Prison at night. Lord Kildare's side-board glitters as usual. I am glad to tell you that his Son has grown very hail and lusty ; but even this Joy is damp'd by bringing into my Mind the Loss I have lately sustain'd in the Duke of Buckingham ; snatched away, like Marcellus, in the Flower of his Youth, whilst the poor Dutchess remains a miserable Octavia who can never know Happiness again. Sheridan is the Ludimagister of Cavan : but at his Leisure hours is giving us a Translation of Montagne.

Thus much, begging my Lord Kildare's Pardon, for the minor Poets : now for greater Men.

Our Vice-Roy<sup>1</sup> is much belov'd : We pay our Duty at the Castle with loyal Hearts : We have no mental Reservation when we assure him of our Attachment to his Person and Government : He lives magnificently, and pleases all Sorts and Sizes of his subjects, from diminutive Dick Tighe up to gigantic Baron of Kingston. The Bishop of Derry's<sup>2</sup> health mends apace ; at which Wine-Bibbers are offended and Water-Bibbers rejoice. The Primate<sup>3</sup> still wears his own Hair :

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Dorset.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Rundle.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. Bolter.



The Chancellor<sup>1</sup> hides his broad Front within his bushy Perriwig. Little Lord Mountjoy has a little Son, but your Freind the Bishop of Limerick<sup>2</sup> seems hastning towards the Regions of Heaven : whilst the old Arch-Bishop of Tuam<sup>3</sup> lives hearty and well under the Protection of a good Conscience and seventy-six Years. Thus have You the Epitome of our State, Suffer us then to enquire a little after the Commonwealth of Westminster.

How fares the Playford Family? Does Doctor Nichols breath free and easy? if so, long may it continue! Is Doctor Freind in as high Health as I wish him? What is become of Westley? In what corner does that rough Diamond shine? Surely his distance from London must be great if you cannot hear him laugh. Make my compliments, I beg of you, *à tous mes amis*: and further say that my Return is uncertain: my Motions are as yet irregular and cannot be fix'd: however, be assured I shall rust to a Point at last.—Yours, Yours, most cordially yours,

ORRERY.

DR. BARRY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Jany. 22d, 1735-6.*

I HAVE enclosed a Letter to Mr. Speaker for y<sup>r</sup> L<sup>p</sup> to deliver if you think it a proper one. You are my Palinurus: I commit my tender Bark to your Care, and let Castor and Pollux arise single or double I shall think myself secure. Badham's fair Consort told me he had finished his Affair and was preparing to enter the Lists with L<sup>d</sup>. Kingston. If you must engage in a Lawsuit with him, engage y<sup>r</sup> Landlord Healy as y<sup>r</sup> Attorney, for this Goliath is perhaps only to be

<sup>1</sup> Wyndham.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Burscough.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. Syнге.

destroy'd by the jawbone of an Ass. I must give y<sup>r</sup> L<sup>p</sup> the trouble of sealing another Letter, which I have enclos'd in another Pacquett for Will Taylor. While his heart was warm for Miss Southwell, he gave a Commission to his Merch<sup>t</sup> to send him a Hampier of Burgundy, and another of Champagne. It was charged at the first Price ; he told me afterwards I must take half, and gave directions to Mr. Harper to send it to me. He designs, I doubt not, to make me pay for it, which would quite destroy its flavour. This I would willingly prevent, for 'tis the best I have tasted. I have now sent him a Letter of Thanks, not in the least suspecting but that he intends it for a Fee. Observe his countenance when he reads it ! I am dear Ld Orrery's faithfull and affect<sup>te</sup>

ED. BARRY.

FROM LORD ORRERY TO THE LADY VISCOUNTESS  
ALLEN.

*Dublin, Febry. 8th, 1735-36.*

MADAM,—No words can express the Sense I have of your Lad<sup>ps</sup> Goodness to me : nor the happiness I feel at seeing You interest yourself in my Wellfare. Your Freindship, Madam, is One of those few Things in the World that I would wish to live for : and to which I flatter myself Nothing but Death can putt a Stop. Your Lad<sup>p</sup> will forgive me, therefore, if I speak my Thoughts on the Point you mention in your Letter.

Many of my Freinds have press'd me in the same kind Manner that Mrs. Tichbourne has, to turn my Thoughts towards Matrimony : but I have always told 'em that till I had settled my Affairs in this Kingdom, and could see my small Fortune putt in an easy and right Method, It was

impossible for me to think of that State. This last Journey hither, will, before I return, effect what I propos'd, and I hope to go back without that Load of Anxiety and Care which I have hitherto carri'd about Me. I shall then be putt in mind of my Answer, and receive fresh Sollicitations to follow an Advice on which my Happiness or Unhappiness depends. I own, Madam, I tremble at the thoughts of It, and yet no Man was ever more form'd by disposition for a matrimonial Life : but I have been once so blest, so beyond measure happy in one of the sweetest best Women that ever liv'd, that to be so a second Time is more than I deserve or can expect from Fate. Under this disadvantage does a second Marriage appear to Me. I cannot be happier than I have been : and who would chearfully run the hazard of being miserable ? My little Daughter is the tender Object of my Heart ; and whilst I remain single, cannot be plac'd so directly under my Eye, or in every Point in the exact Situation I wish Her. That indeed is an Argument for a second Marriage, but then the Name of a Step-Mother is dreadfull, and methinks bringing my poor Child under the Conduct of a Mother in Law will be like inoculating Her, I shall mean it for her preservation, but perhaps destroy Her. Another Difficulty is, that whoever marries me must bring a large Fortune to support Herself and Family, and I have no Equivalent to offer her but my Heart, in which she will find a Rival, tho' that Rival is in the Grave. Upon the whole, Madam, it is a step perhaps that I may one day take, but never without consulting my wisest and best Freinds, and supplicating Heaven very heartily to direct me. My Thoughts of your Sex, I dare own it to your Lad<sup>p</sup>, agree entirely with Yours. Nor have I that profound veneration for a Woman of Quality that a certain Freind of ours has : I am afraid I am atheistical enough to think most of 'em will keep Ben



Parry Company : But when a Woman is adorn'd with numerous Perfections, She adds greater Honour to her Family than she can receive from It.

How deeply am I in your debt, Madam, for your immense partiality to me. I beleive I had best act the Part of a true Irish Earl, and take no notice of the Score, for I am sure I can never pay It unless you will take Gratitude, Sincerity and Faithfullness in return for the many Obligations heap'd upon me.

You make me very happy in telling me that your pain is gone off : May it ever keep at a distance from You, and only molest Those who seem born to give Others pain.—I am, with infinite Respect, Your Lad<sup>p's</sup> obliged and obedient Servant,

ORRERY.

FROM THE SAME TO THOMAS SOUTHERNE, ESQ.

*Dublin, Febry. 24<sup>th</sup>, 1735-36.*

It was Matter of great Joy to Me, my dear old Man, to see half a Sheet of Paper fill'd by your Nestorian Hand. Every Line you write must always be acceptable to Me, and made more so by the Good News you send of Those whom I love and honour. My Letters are not worth shewing : I make no Copies<sup>1</sup> beforehand, nor even take the least Pains about Them : My Heart, as Mr. Pope says, flows thro' my Quill, and when I have the Image of a Freind before Me, In the

<sup>1</sup> Note by Lord Orrery: This Letter was wrote in answer to One from Mr. Southerne wherein he said the D. of Argyle imagin'd my Letters could not be wrote off-hand. His Grace did me great honour, to have such a suspicion, but the Copies in this Book are all taken from the Originals, wh are just as they came from my Heart; and neither studied by me beforehand, nor regarded by me afterwards, but only as they serve to putt me in mind of some particular Freindships and agreeable Trifles that I love to remember : and shew the Situation I was in in Ireland and the Manner of my passing my Time there.

warmth of my Soul I am never at a Loss what to say to Him. Had not I been the idlest and the laziest animal upon Earth, I had reap'd much greater Benefit at Westminster than I have done : and I know Nothing that could have roused me to exert myself, as I sometimes do, but a severe, and I hope, unjust attack upon my Reputation, which perhaps was meant out of Kindness to Me ; as Eaglets are exposed by their noble Parents to the Sun. But as to Letters, they cost me no Pains and give me infinite Pleasure in conversing with my Freinds.

Poor Body<sup>1</sup> who has dress'd You many a good Peice of Marston Mutton, died here some time since, and is now silently mouldring in Glass-Neven Church Yard. Duval and Hutry<sup>2</sup> are return'd long ago to their primitive Dust at Marston ; and even Lyon, the great House Dog, fell a Prey to that Rogue Death (as the learned Tate calls him) soon after my arrival in Ireland : but Hector is invincible, and at this moment sends you a thousand gentle Wags of his Tail. Bowen<sup>3</sup> lives upon Love and Gay Company, and it thrives with him accordingly : his humblest Respects wait for your kind Reception ; whilst Tom Salisbury is coughing out his Lungs and outbarking Cerberus.

The charming King Nobby<sup>4</sup> revels in delight at large at Marston. It is his golden Age. He feels neither Bridle nor Saddle : methinks I see him erecting his bold Front and proudly trampling upon the Earth : blest Prince ! whose Pride becomes him, and whose Haughtiness is his Chiefest Beauty.

But from Dogs and Horses let me ascend to the diviner part of the Creation—the Female Sex : Venus appears here in innumerable Shapes : She Kills her Thousands with the Eyes of Nelly Grove : Her ten thousands with the taper Waste

<sup>1</sup> His Cook.

<sup>3</sup> His Valet.

<sup>2</sup> Two servants at Marston.

<sup>4</sup> A favourite Horse.

of Miss Crosby: She moves a Goddess on Stevens Green in the disguise of Grace Carleton. She smiles when Miss Parnell — But I shall never have done. A Folio is too small for the Catalogue of our Toasts. They start up like the Flowers in the Spring: every hour affords a new Charmer. And why all this to Me? say You; *non sum qualis eram bonae sub regno Annae*. True, my most valuable Freind, but recollect that the old Counsellors of Troy lov'd to look at Helen and to talk of Beauty when they had scarce a Tooth left in their Heads, and, being men of Honour, frankly confess'd that None

could blame the Boy  
who in so bright a Flame consumed his Troy.

In an Army a Man runs less hazard of being wounded than in a Duel: wonder not therefore, if I escape unhurt: nor shall I fall but in single Combat. All your Freinds greet you most cordially, and, that you may not be tir'd to Death *verbum non amplius addam*.

O.

FROM DR. BARRY.

*Feb. 29, 1735.*

IT was ten to one that Badham's Scheme for the £300 did not succeed. I shall be uneasie till I see yr Ldp safe out of his Hands, if he getts Askeaton he will have a Bargain, for he has no idle money, and yet perhaps will give a good price when he knows that such a fine Estate will otherwise fall into other Hands. Crotty told me he knew every Foot of it, and that it was worth a 1000 Guineas a year. Would it not be the best way to advertise it to be Lett or Sold? Would not the present Tenants in the offer of a long lease increase their Rents? If it was possible by good Tenants could you not raise any sum of money in England which you



wanted at 4 per cent? The preserving it may be attended with many future advantages, if it could be made easily consistent with yr present demands. I can't bear the Thoughts of disposing of a Family Estate, till all other Expedients fail; I would even try my Fortune first in a Dutch Lottery in hopes of the First prize.

The day of Election at Dungarvan is over. Roberts, I suppose, is Conqueror, but like Cyrus, such another Victory would undoe him. He was warmly opposed by one Cary, whose Father had been representative of that place. He sent down a drunken Bro<sup>r</sup>-in-Law, who greatly inflam'd his reckoning. He afterwards dismissed one of his Clerks there, and ordered him to call at Lismore for 200 lb. to pay off his Bills, but there was only 35 lb. in the House. Lord Burlington<sup>1</sup> has not rec<sup>d</sup> 5000 lb. since last March out of his Estate. When Roberts went to England he wrote to Harper to send him Bills to London for what money had been paid in his House. He expected to deliver a large sum as a Specimen of his Capacity, but Mrs. Harper could only send him a bill for 600 lb, a small morsel for a hungry Lion, and will only make him roar. Is not this an Agent proper to make yr Noble Kinsman a Deconomist. He was never kept to such a strict Allowance. But perhaps being a Senator in some — unaccountable Miracle may qualify him better for the post.

I read last night the Answer to the Address. I admired the Style. It banished my fears, and I drank the King's Health and Sir Robert Walpole, ye D. and Dchss of Dorset, etc. immediately after supper. Charles Smyth has been very dangerously ill, he is now better, but still in a bad habit of body. Mr. Matthew's only Son has this day sail'd for France with his Lady, and will never return. He sent for me to give

<sup>1</sup> 3rd Earl of Cork and 2nd of Burlington.

him some directions. The Tipperary Election finished him ; his Lungs are ulcerated and he will not live two months.

I have been much disordered by a cold of late, was somewhat feverish, and my hypochondriac fears made me apprehend it would rise higher, but by Assistance and care am now perfectly well, and in full gayety and Strength of Spirits.

Have you seen the *Life of Homer* ? Who is the Author ? 'tis wrote with elegance and politeness, I think to a degree of Affectation. He has copied from Ld Shaftsbury in his Stile. There is no little Art and Vanity in the Title. He must appear to have a fine Genius that would raise such a Building with so few materials. But 'tis rather an Essay on Poetry in general, and what he says of Homer is not much more than a Digression from that Design.

The month of March was always tedious to me. I am now more impatient than ever till 'tis past. I shall then wish the finest Season of the Year over if it keeps my beloved Orrery longer at a distance from his Faithfull and Afectionate

E. BARRY.

*Corke, Febry. 29th, 1735.*

#### FROM LORD ORRERY TO JOHN KEMPE, ESQ.

*Dublin, April 29th.*

BOWEN has given You such exact accounts of my Illness, that till I had gathered a little strength I thought it unnecessary to waste my Spirits in writing to You. My Relapse has been worse than my first Blow ; but I have this day ventured on Horseback, and find myself so much better by It that I hope we shall yett live to sing *Agréable Rencontre*<sup>1</sup> together.

<sup>1</sup> A French song beginning : ' Agréable Rencontre, Bergère, mon souci.'

Just before I fell ill I had finished my Lines to the Dutchess of Buckingham :<sup>1</sup> but my Blisters and my Bleedings hindered me from sending 'em till the 17 of March, and on the 18th I was again flung upon my Back, so I had no opportunity of transmitting Them to You till last Saturday. I hope They will meet with your impartial Approbation. They have been examined by the Dean, and come out of that Furnace in almost the same Form they went in.

You cannot expect me to be in high Spirits at present, yet I don't know but the sight of You may make Me a *Dutch Painter* at Wapping, or a blear-eyed Counsellor in Lincoln's Inn. I have few opportunities of exerting my Pantomime Qualities here. You know I have always been tender of discovering those obnoxious Talents: I never mimick'd even Lorenzo Poli, or Captain Fitzgerald in a mix'd Company: and tho' in this Country an odd Character comes often in my way and strikes me very strongly, yet I am not impatient to shew the Impression, or to expose the Mask to view till the Fates permit us to meet. The more I see of the World, the fonder I grow of Silence and Reserve. Other People talk enough for themselves and me too: nor would I debar any Man the Pleasure of hearing his own Voice in order to punish him with hearing mine. I can laugh in my mind, when I look very grave in My Face: and when I seem most absent, am least so: You and I shall be the merrier for many a serious hour I have had among strangers. The less I speak, the more I think: thus at once I preserve my Lungs to improve my Understanding.—I am, my dear Sir Harry, entirely yours.

ORRERY.

<sup>1</sup> On the death of her son, the young Duke.



FROM DR. BARRY.

Jan. 13<sup>th</sup>, 1736.

By quitting all thoughts of physick for a few days I have recovered entirely from my disorder. I went with Arch-deacon Russell for a week to Mallow, rose early, drunk the waters, used Exercise and Temperance, and find myself now in my usual post and capable of receiving Fees. Since y<sup>r</sup> L<sup>dp</sup> is well too, *Deos non amplius oro nisi ut propria haec mihi muneri faxint.*

I am very glad to find y<sup>r</sup> Lordship has resolved to continue y<sup>r</sup> Banishment here till y<sup>r</sup> affairs are fully settled, which can never be well done in a hurry. When I have the pleasure of fixing my eyes on you at Orrery Quay, I hope to see you every way disengaged. We will drink Milk and Honey and be at least as happy as the Children of Israel in the Land of promise.

When a man has once gott Matrimony in his Head, like other Juventus, he is never at rest till 'tis put in Execution, if a generous pistol is wanting, a halter will supply its place. Biddy Southwell first gave the wound w<sup>h</sup> must be heald by another. What can be the meaning of so many repulses? that silent Jade that would not declare her Objections had certainly that passage of Juvenal in her mind, *Jacet sine ramice Nervus et quamvis tota palpetur nocte jacebit.* This Lancashire Silph has, I doubt not, powerful charms in her Circle, they say some women in that Country can raise the Devil, her task is much easier. You may depend on it, my Lord, that Will is every way properly prepar'd, and I heartily wish him happyness.

We had a flying report that y<sup>r</sup> L<sup>dp</sup> would be down very

suddenly. Mrs. Barry prepared the Orrery Chamber, which required no more ceremony but putting up the Curtains, which are to be confined again till the latter End of next Month. But I find they are to remain in order till she entertains Mrs. Clayton here next Wednesday.

If Trifles are the proper amusements for Invalids, you see I am likely to be a most usefull Correspondent ; the Mallow waters have washed away all my Salts, and left my Blood and Spirits quite insipid, and I really think my Self no manner of Consequence but in being Y<sup>r</sup> L<sup>dps</sup> Faithfull and affectionate,

ED. BARRY.

*Corke, Jany. 13, 1736.*

DR. BARRY TO LORD ORRERY.

*April 11, 1736.*

I FELT the stunning Blow you received most sensibly ; but whatever pain I suffered is sufficiently recompensed by the joy I have at y<sup>r</sup> recovery, as I place an implicit confidence in the Account you give. Our Town is crowded with Lawyers and Country Gentlemen ; agistment is the word which divides their Hopes and Fears. It was changed a few hours for another Topic. A mad Officer was tryd for ravishing an old ugly Woman ; she made no noise for he kissed her so hard she was not able to speak, but was seen coming out of his room crossing herself. However the Evidence was so strong that the Jury must have found him guilty, had not the Officers given several instances of his being found a Lunatic. He refuses to pay his Fees, and has lived on two pennyworth of milk a day, and swears they shall not get a Farthing from him unless they extract chymically from his Blood. I saw here

Serj Bettesworth, he went since to Tunis to defend the cause of some person who is to be tryd for Murder. Some Reflection cast on the Serjeant was the Cause of the Quarrel, and he thinks himself obliged in Honour to rescue the Hero from Danger. I'm concerned to hear that Swift is confin'd by some Disorder ; I hope nothing but a bilious cholic, which a few Satyrical evacuations will remove. Horace was in every respect in his case, and with as little reason blam'd when he markd out some particular Persons, however he was determined to write on. The World has been always the same, but many Centurys will scarce produce another Horace or Swift. The fine weather now come will, I hope, banish sickness. Altho' a Physician, I heartily wish there was a truce to be given to mankind for some time, and no Diseases in the World. I should then be secure of those who only can make Life happy to me. Don't be in too much haste to be well. Follow the Rules of Æsculapius most punctually, and preserve my important and dearest friend for His faithful and affec<sup>te</sup>

ED. BARRY.

FROM LORD ORRERY TO MR. SALKELD.

*Dublin, May 4th, 1736.*

YOURS of the 21st of last Month is arriv'd. Your Letters must be ever welcome to my Heart when They bring me the good News I most desire. If the Thunder roll, and the Lightning flash, so that the Boys are well, I stand unmov'd.

Tho' I look upon the intrinsic Value of the Inhabitants of your two Islands to be of much the same Weight in the just Scale of Heaven, and tho' I beleive the Worth of five



righteous Persons outweighs the Virtue of both Kingdoms, yet you are certainly in a much more eligible Situation than we are : You are slaves amidst civiliz'd People ; We are Slaves amidst Bears and Tygers : Arts and Sciences flourish with You ; Ignorance and Barbarism reign with Us. Your Island is fill'd with Woods, fine Seats, and Ornaments collected from all Parts of the World, but here we see nothing but Bogs, desert Plains, or an aukward imitation of what is now distinguish'd by the word Taste. Yet This, bad as It is, may be borne more patiently than the Manners and Customs of the People. Drunkenness is the Touch Stone by which they try every Man, and he that cannot or will not drink, has a Mark set upon Him. He is abus'd behind his Back, He is hurt in his Property, and He is persecuted as far as the Power of Malice and Intemperance can go. A right jolly glorious-memory Hibernian never rolls into Bed without having taken a sober Gallon of Claret to his own Share. You wonder perhaps what this animal is ? It is a Yahoo that toasts the glorious and immortal Memory of King William in a Bumper without any other Joy in the Revolution, than that it has given him a Pretence to drink so many more daily Quarts of Wine. The Person who refuses a Goblet to this prevailing Toast is deemed a Jacobite, a Papist and a Knave. It is well if He escapes with Life, for the Rabble are against him, and They are of a most murdering Disposition. By the Rabble, I do not mean Those merry Gentlemen who meet in the Streets on certain Days in the Year to testifye their Mirth by the Harmony of Marrowbones and Cleavers, but by the Irish Rabble I mean an outrageous Generation of Wolves, who wear Swords and Hangers to cut the Throats of all Christians who had rather act than drink for their Country. But Common Sense is as dangerous here as Temperance, and both

are utter Obstacles to Preferment or Interest in this Kingdom. Tax me not with Ingratitude, for I attribute the present Situation of Ireland to the unhappy Influence of the prevailing stress. Nature has done wonders, and has been more profuse of her Gifts to Ireland than to England, but This is a Gothic Age, and I have an Aversion to all Goths and Vandals. Pity me, if you love me : I am miserable till I return to Marston : My Heart is always there : However, my Stay here, tedious and disagreeable as it is, will be of Benefit to your two beloved Pupils, No other Consideration should keep me half an hour longer in a Place where I can neither peaceably enjoy my own Thoughts nor reap the least Acquisition from the Thoughts of Others.—Yours most affectionately,

ORRERY.

DR. BARRY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Cork, May 9th, 1736.*

WHILE y<sup>r</sup> L<sup>p</sup> was ill how could I write to you? . . . Since you are safe I dread no other Danger. A North East Wind that gives the least uneasiness to y<sup>r</sup> lungs is a more terrible Clancarthy to me than all the real Designs or Vain Pretences of that Mad Lord. Orrery quay is particularly sheltered from these winds, we are almost two degrees nearer the Sun than Dublin, its Rays are here aperient and balsamic, 'tis the Montpelier of Ireland. How long will Business detain y<sup>r</sup> L<sup>p</sup> from hence? Is it not an Instance of Prudence in Will Taylor to marry an old Maid? If he impregnates her, all the Women above Forty will raise Altars to him, if he fails still the Attempt is glorious to perform all that man could do. Badham has made great enquiries for money to pay for Asketon ; the Security he offers he says is unquestionable but

no Body that I yet hear of will trust him ; his fate is the same with Cassandra's, tho' he speaks Truth no one will ever believe him. I saw a long Letter from L<sup>d</sup> Burlington to poor Snow who died lately, for whom he express'd the greatest Regard. It was admirably well wrote, and shows him very capable of business if he thought it worth his while to preserve his Estate. I can scarce avoid asking impertinent questions about y<sup>r</sup> cough and advising you to avoid the Night-air and goe to Bed early. But you have an excellent Breast, and y<sup>r</sup> present Rules cannot fail of a compleat Recovery. This is the fervent Prayer of y<sup>r</sup> L<sup>ps</sup> faithfull and affec<sup>te</sup>

ED. BARRY.

FROM LORD ORRERY TO THE HON. E. B., ESQ.

*Dublin, May 15th, 1736.*

YOU demand an exact account of my Illness. Why will You putt me in mind of Death and all its Terrors? You ask me, what occasion'd it? The same Animal that betrayed the Capitol, burnt Troy, and damn'd Mankind. In short, I danced from eight o'clock till four, and putt my Blood into such a Flame that I was forc'd to lett a good deal of It out, or my Lungs would have been scorched to Powder. From the 4th of March till the 10th, the Fates did not declare their Will, and I waited for Orders either to stay in this World or go into the next. On the 11th They commanded me to stay here, but on the 18th seem'd to revoke their Orders, and I was preparing a second Time to sett out for the unknown Kingdom of the Dead : however, by Milk, Care and Exercise I still subsist, and am likely to Remain among the living. Am not I very loyal who have ventur'd my Life in honour of the first of March? I began the Castle-Ball with the Princess



Royal, our Lord Lieutenant's fair Daughter:<sup>1</sup> and yet when I come to England you'll find me protesting again. But why do I talk of England? Why do I dream of Blyss when I am sure to wake in Torments? Sisyphus and Tantalus have rejected all Thoughts of Pleasure, and it is a weakness therefore in me to be still hoping to return from Pontus. What Goddess have I offended that my Labours are never to have an End? Or what balefull Planet reign'd on ye 2nd of January, 1706. Is there never a dumb Conjuror in London of whom you can enquire when a miserable Captive is doom'd to be releas'd. Old Ulysses came home at last, so perhaps may

ORRERY.

FROM DR. BARRY.

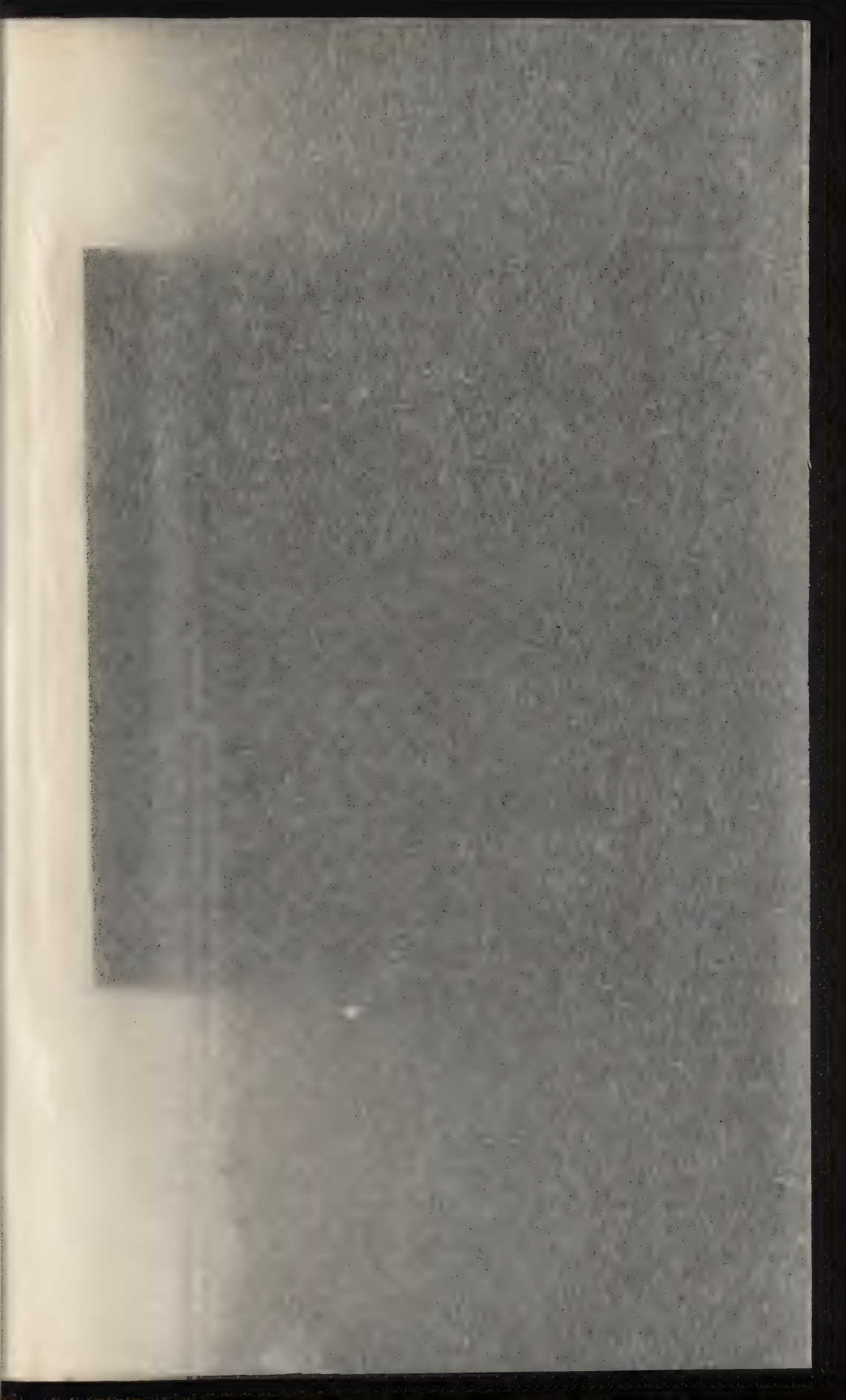
*May 18th, 1736.*

I WAS mad enough to go to Kinsale last Wednesday and return the same Day. I inflam'd my Blood by this unusual Exercise and took Cold. By being twice blooded, Watergruel and Confinement, I am now free from any Complaint of Consequence. Y<sup>r</sup> Letter this Morning has been a real Cordial to my Spirits, and will hasten my recovery.

The Moffat Waters will probably be of great Service to Mrs. Tickle's Son. I am satisfied that no one in Europe is more capable of making them so than Mr. Munro. I have enclos'd a letter to him and shall write more particularly to him by post. An Acc<sup>t</sup> is published of these Waters in the first Volume of the Edinburgh Essays, which are collected and carried on by Munro.

I don't doubt but I shall gett a good number of subscriptions for his coming Volume. What can hinder this

<sup>1</sup> Lady Caroline Sackville, Daughter of the Duke of Dorset.



... I have been thinking of you a great deal lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you. I have been thinking of you a great deal lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you.

THE END OF THE WORLD

... I have been thinking of you a great deal lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you. I have been thinking of you a great deal lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you.

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Walker & Co. Sc.

John, Lord Boyle  
5<sup>th</sup> Earl of Cork and Orrery.

50 x 40 in.

Earl of Cork only, 20 Mar. 1705 / 1706. 54 in. Skinned



task from being on all accounts most agreeable to me? Ric<sup>d</sup> Russell and Mr. Waterhouse have desired I would subscribe the same for them as for myself, w<sup>h</sup> is ye Guinea Edition. I have in another paquet enclosed a letter which I rec<sup>d</sup> yesterday from Salkeld directed to me at Bath. it will make you smile. My Bro<sup>r</sup> went over for a violent Disorder in his Stomach, and has returned before I thought he had been well settled there. I suppose he greeted with some of his acquaintance and was called Doctor, which occasioned the mistake. I beg yr Ldp will make my compliments to him, I shall answer his letter when I am better able to hold my pen. Had I been obliged to goe there for my Health, I should scarce have tasted the Waters till I had seen the lovely Abstracts of my dearest Friend.—I am ever yr Ldps faithfull and most affect

ED. BARRY.

*Orrery Quay, May 18th, 1736.*

FROM DR. BARRY.

*May 25, 1736.*

By three times bleeding and applying Cantharides I am entirely free from a Fever, and have but weak remains of my Cough ; but still confine my Self to milk morning and evening, and a total abstinence from Wine. I visited my patients these two days. Dean Ward will tell yr Lordship that all this was unnecessary, and perhaps he is in the right of it, he would not believe that I had anything of a Colic when I was in most exquisite pain. Yr Conduct, my Ld, has been too much the reverse of mine, you have been too careless, and I am too anxious and busy in the use of medicines. I own I have an aversion to pain, and I know the dangerous Fire in my Consti-



tution can only be appeas'd by a large Sacrifice of Blood. These visits of Sickness are the most usefull Lectures of philosophy, tho' for my part I would rather continue ignorant; however, I hope they will make us more prudent in our Conduct for the future.

I have spoke to some who visited me to subscribe to Mr. Pope and no one as yet has refusd me. I shall gett at least 30 or 40 Subscribers.

I am very glad to hear that Hammy is well, and I make no doubt he will continue so. The wind is changed, I find its Influence more agreeable to me from an Expectation that it will remove y<sup>r</sup> Cough. Nothing will sooner give me a return to health and a relish to enjoy it than to hear that y<sup>r</sup> Ldp is free from any Complaint.—I am ever y<sup>r</sup> Ldp's faithfull and most affectionate,

ED. BARRY.

Half the town goes out to meet ye Bp, and his freedom is to be given him with a particular solemnity.

#### TO THE EARL OF BERKSHIRE.

*Glasneven, June 7th, 1736.*

MY LORD,—I am very sorry your Lord<sup>p</sup> has had so much Trouble about so great a Trifle as my Subscription Money, but I am too well acquainted with your Goodness to doubt of your Pardon.

The Session of Parliament in England seems to have been free from much Buesness till the End of It drew near, at that Time your Lordships were overloaded and oblig'd to transact Things in a Hurry that demanded Deliberation and Care. May I ask, at this distance, my Lord, if it is becoming

an English Senate to imitate School Boys, who finish those Exercises in a few Minutes which ought to have employ'd their Thoughts several Hours? The Liberty of the Subject is in great danger when it is not watch'd very closely, and did we not live in a blessed Time when no Advantages of any Kind are taken to the Prejudice of the People, we might repent of these hasty and inconsiderate Proceedings. The Situation of Europe is at present a very strange One; his Majesty's Journey to Hanover (for which he seems as impatient as the steed for the Course) may bring about a lasting Peace: Nothing else can, for notwithstanding our pacific Inclinations, some of our best Freinds seem as inclinable to War as either Alexander or Achilles. It is impertinent in me to give a loose to These Thoughts in a Country which is of no Consequence to any Part of Europe. Our Laws and Liberties are in the Hands of England, and though Kouli-Can was demolished, King Theodore dethron'd and the Turk and all his Seraglio sent to Mahomet's Paradise, yett is wretched Ireland in no better a Situation than it was. Poverty reigns here, and is so well fix'd in her Throne, that she will never give up her Dominion to any other Power, which makes us, Birds of Passage, impatient to fly back again to our own Country: my Affairs make it impossible for me to ascertain the time of my Return; whilst I am here I should be happy if I can be of the least (tho' my Ambition makes me wish it the greatest) Service to your L<sup>p</sup>, for my Lady Berkshire and you have not in the World a more obedient faithfull humble Servant than

ORRERY.

FROM DR. BARRY.

*June 20, 1736.*

YOUR Lordship can more easily conceive than I express, with what a shock I rec<sup>d</sup> the acc<sup>t</sup> of the dear Dean's<sup>1</sup> death, I had wrote to him by the former post and never heard that he was ill. We have lost a most amiable and valuable Friend, he possessd many excellent Qualities but no one exceeded him in Sincerity and Integrity of Heart. I always thought of him with great pleasure and affection, but never was so sensible as now with what a tenderness I lov'd him. Tho' I was most unfit for Company that day, I was obliged to entertain the Bp and his family. I had taken cold by rising out of my Bed to visit a patient the night before, this with the uncommon Heat of the Weather, and the weakness of my Spirits had affected me to such a degree that I was seizd in ye evening with a violent and painfull swelling in the glands of my throat. I was obliged to Bleed, and have since been confined to my chambre, but I am now quite easie and this evening have visited some patients. This is certainly our Climacteric Year. I prophecy we shall be more happy for the future. I should like thus collecting the destined misfortunes of Life into one Sum and paying off the Score at once if we could enjoy undisturbed the remaining part of life. Whatever happens we must endeavour to submit with patience to the Decrees of providence. yr Ldp's recovery has given me a gratefull and obedient Disposition of mind to bear other Calamities. I shall never repine while you are safe.

The Verses on the D. of Buckingham would have strongly

<sup>1</sup> Dean Ward.



affected me had they fallen into my hands in the greatest gayety of Heart. I have read them several times over. The whole is equal to any thing I have mett with, and the last 40 Lines the Finest I ever read in my Life.

I am my dearest Ld Orrery's Faithfull and affectionate

ED. BARRY.

TO DR. BARRY.

*Glassneven, June 26th, 1736.*

I KNEW too well that you would be shock'd at the Death of our dear and valuable Friend.<sup>1</sup> *Quanta Virtus, Quanta Humanitas, illa morte extincta est.* I shall love and honour his Memory as long as I live. What a Tyrant is that Monster, the King of Terrors. Nothing stops his scythe. He is not to be mov'd by Tears, by Beauty, or by any Perfection whatsoever. Take care of yourself I beseech You, my dear, dear Doctor ! Live for your Family, your Friends, your Patients, but above All, for Me ; Your Health depends chiefly on your own Management, Do not lett me then be punish'd with a Misfortune so much in your own Power to prevent.

Your Commendation of the Verses to the Dutches of Buckingham is greater than They deserve. The best that can be said of them is that they come from the Heart, and are acceptable to the Person for whom they were design'd. My Retirement<sup>2</sup> here allows me sufficient Leisure for Reading and Reflexion : The Solitude of the Place leads me often into a Dream of Marston. I never go into Dublin but upon Buesness : which putts me in mind of my Situation in Somersetshire near Bath : I can be in the great world when I please, God knows that is as seldom as possible. however, Noise

<sup>1</sup> Dean Ward, who died at Dublin after a short illness, 15th June 1736.

<sup>2</sup> A mile and a half from Dublin.

and Hurry are necessary sometimes ; the Soul otherwise would sink into an Inactivity that ill becomes Humankind. The Neighbourhood about Glassneven is very agreeable, and adds to my Happiness, which how great soever, cannot be compleat without You. I am in love with Sr Harry Wooton,<sup>1</sup> we must have a new Edition of Him if possible. The Dean of St. Patrick's retains a good deal of Sr Harry's Poetry by Heart : next to Howell,<sup>2</sup> I honour him of all dead Men in that Class of Writers. Monsieur Rochforte affords me much Diversion.<sup>3</sup> His stories are extraordinary, and whether true or false is no great Matter ; but many of his Adventures recall to my Memory the Mishaps of Signor Gilblas : Some of the political Intrigues of these Times may be drawn out of Him, but they are mix'd with a thousand agreeable humours and amusing Trifles. Are you acquainted with Pallingenius ?<sup>4</sup> a Preist who wrote in Q. Elizabeth's Days. He calls his Work *Zodiacus Vitae* : He has divided it into as many Books as there are signs in the Zodiac. He writes in Hexameters : His Latin is very plain and easy, and his Satyr in many Places pleases me much.

I am dressing up Horace's Pyrrha<sup>5</sup> for You in as gay Colours as I can : but I beg you'll put off any superfluous Ornaments She may have, and put on any graceful Additions She may want. Thus passes my Time when Watt Goolde does not require my Thoughts and Company : At his Appearance Wooton, Howel, Zodiac, Horace, all all vanish : as you may have seen People of Low Rank skulk away at a Levée as soon as Stars and Garters appear : and Nothing but Ejectments,

<sup>1</sup> *Wootoniana, or the Remains of Sir Harry Wooton.*

<sup>2</sup> Howel's Letters.

<sup>3</sup> The *Mémoires du Cardinal de Richelieu et du Cardinal Mazarin.*

<sup>4</sup> *Marcelli Palingenii Stellat. Poetae Zodiacus Vitae.*

<sup>5</sup> One of Lord Orrery's numerous Translations.

Leases, Accounts and Settlements are talk'd of: however, this Jargon is music to my Ears, as it certainly tends towards bringing Us together about the latter End of next Month at Dublin. I'm sorry to tell you that Col. Taylor of Ballynorte is dead: The Lord Mayor died some days ago, Lord Mountcashel is in the utmost Danger; and Dick Tighe is soaring apace towards immortality. Great Numbers besides are dead and dying, whilst Health and Gaiety reign at Glassneven, and in no Body more perfectly than in your own

ORRERY.

FROM DR. BARRY.

*July 5th, 1736.*

Is not Death a happyness when lamented in such a manner. This King of Terrors by yr Assistance appears no longer dreadful, but directs a way to immortal Fame. I am almost in love with his Dart, the last passion which a physician ought to indulge, but while you live I see your Favourites cannot die. I long to see Pyrrha in her gay colours. This change of the scene will be most agreeable. I don't doubt she will appear a finished Beauty. I shall regard it as a Sacrilege to defile her with any touch of mine, any alteration would either disorder her symmetry or rob her of some charm.

I am very glad to find yr Ldp placed at a safe Distance from the malignant Air of Dublin, but tho' Glasseneven is the Seat of Health and of the Muses, yet I flatter my Self you will be more secure on Orrery Quay. I am so perfectly recovered that I have been twice in the Sea and swim like Julius Caesar, and have now, I think, a Roman Constitution.

Yesterday there was a great trial of skill between the



plebeians of this City and Dickson's party in the Election of magistrates, he was distanced by a great Majority ; he soon drown'd his Cares in Wine, and unless he is of the race of Struldbuggs, I think he cannot last long. This day Mr. Eugain, who was on the Election for Mayor, had a Quarrel with Mr. Bousfield, an eminent Merch<sup>t</sup> in the publick Exchange. I saw them from the Coffee House window cane each other heartily. they were soon bound over to a more peacefull behaviour.

Mr. Goldsmith tells me that Palingenius is among the poor Dean's Books, and has promised to lay it aside for yr Lordp. I never heard of him before, but shall be impatient till I am well acquainted with him. I was certain that yr Ldp would think Howel and Sr Harry Wotton<sup>1</sup> excellent, in their way. They had a fine Genius improved by great Application, they were both Batchelors, their Studies and pursuits were never interrupted by Domestick Cares. That Age was productive of great Men, Learning and public virtue were the fashion of those times. They are now reckond almost useless ; Politics, Intemperance, with a whole Groupe of Vicious passions with a Love of Money to indulge them reign triumphant.

The Bishop of Corke never sees me but he asks when I heard from Lord Orrery, and expresses the warmest regard for yr Ldsp. He is resolved, I find, to make himself usefull and popular. He has twice preachd and twice been at the Water Club. he has din'd with half the town, and half the town has din'd with him. He is a good, natural agreeable man, and will make an excellent Bishop in this place.

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Barry's remarks on Sir Harry Wotton are perfectly just; He was a charming writer of a much earlier date, and his definition of an Ambassador, 'One who was sent to lie abroad for his country,' has become a classic.

I have not yet heard Miss Donellan sing, nor do I expect that pleasure till yr Ldsp comes down.

Will Taylor, I hear, is expected every day in the Country, this gives me hopes that your parliament Hurry is pretty well over, and that you'll soon quit your peacefull Asylum for a more obscure retirement here.

I am my dearest Ld Orrerys Faithfull and Affectionate

ED. BARRY.

Corke, July 5th, 1736.

TO THE SAME.

Glassneven, July 6, 1736.

I SEND you, my dear Doctor, the amiable *Pyrrha* in the best Dress I could putt her on; but I expect she will come back to me with more proper Decorations and more engaging Smiles than those with which She meets You. I send Her to You as a Patient; exert your utmost Skill and return Her to Me without the least Blemish. Trust Her to no Eyes but your own, for she is wavering as Fortune, and taken with every Toupée that appears. I shall lock Her up as soon as She comes back, and keep Her like old Gold, to be produc'd when my Heir opens my Coffers.

Every Dabbler in Poetry must make an Attempt upon Horace: He falls a sacrifice to us whenever a rhymning Fitt is to be indulged. To imitate him is difficult, to come near him more so, but to come up to Him utterly impossible. We must aim wide of the Mark and yet hit it; but to say Truth I beleive I mist it at the latter End. The fourteen last Lines please me least of any, and I fear form an Ode sweetly concise. I have spun out a very tedious imitation. Tell Me, is the Metaphor well kept up? Horace manages it *curiosa felicitate*; nor could anything but the very wretched imitations I saw,

provoke me to such an Undertaking : I was sure of not being worse than my Predecessors, and I had a Chance of not being so bad. *Simplex Munditiis* was a great Obstacle in my Day. It certainly is inexpressible in English. Dacier<sup>1</sup> translates it very short of the Original and Sanadon has not made any Notes upon the Ode, at least, not in the Edition I have of him here. Terence seems to have exprest the meaning nearest in his *Phormio*—*Virgo, Pulchra, et quo magis dices, nihil aderat adjumenti ad pulchritudinem*. So I have followed him as near as I could. But what have I to do with Poetry? Parchments and Rent Rolls are, or ought to be my Employment : yett Deprez, in his short Life of Horace says, what is not inapplicable to me : *Bonis Exutus paternis, paupertate confictatus ad Poesin animum appulit*.<sup>2</sup> My Affairs once settled in this Kingdom, I will hang up my Lyre, bid adieu to the Muses and try to fitt myself for the Senate by poring over Journals and Acts of Parliament. I am in perfect Health, and have a Breast free and open to every Thing but Wind and Weather. In the meanwhile Thousands are falling at Dublin. You would not have time to eat a Meal if You was there. When shall I see that happy Day !

I must gallop to the North the week after next ; There is no resisting the Importunity of a most valuable Man who will have me under his Roof. I will be back by the beginning of August, and then sett forward for Orrery Quay, only stopping a day or two with the B<sup>p</sup> of Ossory at Kilkenny.—Yours  
*dum spiritus hos regit artûs.*

ORRERY.

<sup>1</sup> Madame Dacier, whose French translations of Horace created so great a sensation in the literary circles of her day.

<sup>2</sup> Horat. Lib. i. Od. v.



TO THOMAS TICKELL, ESQ.

*Glassneven, July 12, 1736.*

SIR,—Notwithstanding the many Charms in your Letter, no Part of it gives me such real Pleasure as the good Account of your Son. Your Verses delight the Poet, but Moffat Waters regale the Freind. They shall be more sacred to me than Those of Helicon if they perfect Master Tickell's recovery. I have listen'd lately with great Attention to the many Cures I hear They have perform'd, and I hope they will not fail in an Instance where I would have their Power greater, if possible, than ever. Delany, who is too busy in making Hay to write Letters bids me tell you that in every Thing relating to your Son *Annuimus pariter*, but as to the fine Ladies he will only send them his Smiles, whilst I send Them my Heart. The Doctor's Needle is fix'd and cannot veer, whilst mine may move about and try every Point in the Compass.

This House<sup>1</sup> will tempt You to bestow some Moidores upon It. The Situation cannot be adorn'd, but I am mistaken if you find sufficient Space here for your Books and your Children. You'l be undone if you attempt to make Room enough for your Freinds and humble Servants, among whom be so just as to reckon

ORRERY.

TO DOCTOR BARRY.

*Marlfeild, July 25, 1736.*

AM I to be in continual Anxiety? Must I be ever trembling for Freinds living, or sighing for Freinds dead?

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Tickell's house, lent to Lord Orrery. Tickell was a Poet and Dramatist of some repute; whether the 'Trip to Scarborough' was written by Sheridan or by him has been a disputed point.

Will You pay no Regard to my Admonitions, but be as careless of yourself as if my Heart had no Share in you? Consider and Pity Me! What a Wretch should I be without You. Surely 'tis enough that we are likely to pass our Lives at a great Distance from each Other; but let Oceans, Mountains, any Thing but Death rise betwixt Us! Record my Recovery, if You please, in Verse, but I will thank Heaven in plain Prose for Yours, and that with as ardent a Zeal as I pray for the dear Baron<sup>1</sup> and his Colleague.

*Pyrrha* has, as I suspected, too many Knotts and Kissing Strings: We will undress the Jade soon together at Corke: at present, Cato like, I have lent her to the Dean, who was smitten at the first sight of Her, but I fear, when He examines the Lady more closely, Her Beauties will vanish. They cannot stand the Criticism of so nice an Eye. He is in perfect Health, and pass'd many Hours with Me the day before I came here. *Floreat in Æternum!*

I shall be at Dublin on the second of August, and shall sett out for Corke on the sixth; Watt Goolde will be my running Footman, and advertize You of my Motions from the Bishop of Ossorys.

We never fail to toast you here with great Devotion, tho' not One besides myself has seen You: The Gentlemen are impatient for your Company and Conversation, and the Ladies are in Love with You. When I talk of You I am inspir'd, and am listen'd to more than I could hope or expect; Heaven is on your Side, and has mighty Things in Store for You: Strength is ordain'd even out of my Mouth, when I endeavour to draw you in the Colours you deserve: Do not let me have it to say, That you take Care of all the World, within your Sphere, but yourself. Write to me a Line or two

<sup>1</sup> Barry's younger son.

to perfect the Ease of my Heart before I leave Dublin, for on Earth you have not a more zealous Freind than

ORRERY.

FROM DR. BARRY.

Aug. 1st, 1736.

If I was expiring, to hear that my dear Ld Orrery is well and to receive these Instances of his regard and Friendship must give my Heart such a motion as would soon make the Circulation free, and likely to last till the next Century. But when this meets me in a gay freedom of Spirits, like the Spring after a dead Winter, with what a Bloom must I appear! I went to Church this morning and have not the least Complaint in any part of my Body. This near prospect of Death is the greatest Instance of Providence I have mett with, and will keep me at a long Distance from it. I shall gett prudence from Indiscretion, and Health from Sickness. If yr Illness makes the same Impression on yr Ldp, I shall be happy. I need not say with Horace *non ego perfidum dixi sacramentum*, for without any vow I should certainly, tho I strove against it, soon follow you. But we will give these Reflexions to the winds and not reassume them these 50 years.

I think 'tis a pitty to undress Pyrrha, or to touch one of her Kicking strings, tho' one can scarce avoid wishing to see such an amiable Coquette quite naked. Is not this the Attitude of Simplex Mundity in wh. a lady ought to be placed? You have given her one happy advantage, that her Beauties will never Fade, but she will become more dangerous as she grows more old.

I had a visit yesterday morning from Ld Percival and



his friend who consulted me in whispers, expecting that I would restore his Voice. His case in many respects is a very melancholy one. I have done the best in my power to try to releive him. This day they went off to Cloyne and propose sailing for England next Tuesday. The Attorney and Sollicitor Gen<sup>l</sup> embarqu'd three Days agoe with a fair wind for Bourdeaux. I wonder how I can mention these trifling Voyages when my mind is wholly taken up with my dearest Lord Orrery coming to his Faithfull and affectionate

ED. BARRY.

*Orrery Quay. Aug. 5th, 1736.*

TO THE REV. MR. PEARSON.

*Bandon, September 14th, 1736.*

How comes it, my dear Pearson, that a Freindship so strongly woven at the University should be broken thro' by Time and Distance. I Remember when I Imagined an Hour long if absent from each Other, but Weeks, Months and Years roll on without any Thing but a transient Thought now and then to putt me in mind of You. I cannot forget our happy Days at Oxford: but Alass! The Times are much changed with Me. The gay Lord Boyle is become the grave Earl of Orrery. My Songs and Catches are turn'd into Leases and Lawsuits. Three little Infants engross all my Heart, and I still bewail the Loss of the best Woman, the best Freind and the best Wife that ever liv'd. Should I return to England I must certainly come to see You. I must peep into your Cell, the Image of which is now strong before Me, and you and your Cat are purring by the Fireside. Ay Jockey! could we live over again the Days we have seen,

How much wiser, better and happier We should be: How many Errors should we correct. One of which should be this idle Turn of Thought, for bating some trifling Alterations in Conduct, Caesar would be Caesar and Cromwell Cromwell, could those Individuals be re-born in George the Second's Reign. Yet I flatter myself, Were my Father to rise again, He would scarce leave a Library to Christ Church from his only Son. The Behaviour of that Colledge makes me sick of Gifts to the University and indeed of all Gifts to the Public. I would sooner chuse to make one virtuous Man happy in a silent unostentatious Manner, than to have my Name pasted up in gold Letters in every Colledge in the University. You see what a serious Fellow I am grown. This Irish Air makes One intolerably solemn. But as I fancy your two worthy Companions the Cat and the Dog do not add much to the Vivacity of Your Thoughts, You may possibly go through this Epistle over a mugg of Canterbury Ale.—I am, dear Harry Pearson, immutably yours,

ORRERY.

TO JOHN KEMPE, ESQ.

*Corke, November 18th, 1736.*

I AM going to transplant myself to Dublin. Farewell Corke! and all its Beauties. From Beef-Carts I go to Privy Counsellors, from Pilkington<sup>1</sup> to Faulkner,<sup>2</sup> and from Brocclesby<sup>3</sup> to Badham.<sup>4</sup> Adieu ye Kennels flowing with Bullock's Blood! Adieu ye roaring Captives in the North-Gate! Quakers, Fools and Madmen, all Adieu. My

<sup>1</sup> Bookseller at Cork.

<sup>2</sup> Faulkner, a Dublin Bookseller, who published some of Lord Orrery's Works.

<sup>3</sup> A mad Alderman, to whom Lord Orrery paid an annuity of £100.

<sup>4</sup> 'The greatest knave in the known world.'

sorrowful Heart is bursting; My Horse stands pawing at the Door; The last Piece of Bread and Butter is in my Mouth; a Thousand Beggars await Me; I come, ye limping Miscreants, I come.—*Urbem lacrymans Portusque relinquo.*

O.

FROM DR. BARRY.

*Dec. 2nd, 1736.*

NAT was in high Spirits this morning to find that his Star was acceptable to Ld Boyle. this letter has banished my Fears of any returning Disorder. I know by the motion of his Fingers that his Heart is Firm and that his pulse beats regularly. I fear that this will not be long Ld Orkney's Case, his oil is almost spent, but Bath Waters have sometimes workd miracles.

I shall lose no time in collecting the subscriptions for Mr. Pope's Volume. He is the only person I dare say who will complain of its being too large, 'twill be as gratefull to me as an overflowing Bumper to Dickson, even Will Taylor's Burgundy would be flat to him if the glass wanted the ten thous<sup>d</sup> part of an Inch of a Brimmer.

I saw Crotty in the Coffee House with Ld Burlington's Superintendent de point de Finance. Sir Richd Cox was near making his last Speech here, but is now in a fair way of being heard next Sessions.

I rise every morning at Seven, read an hour in yr Room by Candlelight, you are the Subject of my early thoughts, and give me a Strength and Serenity of Mind all the days, my patients thrive the better for it, I am a Stranger to pain or Sickness, and by Temperance and regular Hours I do not despair of shaving a grey Beard. I know this acc<sup>t</sup> will



please yr Lordsp, but I have another View in it, to keep you firm in the way you have begun. I have no reason to lay down a Better Rule of Life than you have followed, but avoid Sir John Barley(corn) and read a Chapter in Epictetus before you read Badham. I own to you I am not anxious whether Askeaton sells for 17 or 20 Thousand pounds, or whether W. Taylor collects the Arrears. Keep yr Spirits gay and yr pulse regular, and Time will produce many Blessings which are in store for you.

I am my dearest Ld Orrery's Faith<sup>l</sup> and Affect.

ED. BARRY.

*Corke, Dbr. 2, 1736.*

#### TO THE BISHOP OF CORK.

*Dublin, December 11th, 1736.*

MY LORD,—This comes to congratulate your Lord<sup>p</sup> upon your new House in Stevens-Green. *Felices quorum iam maria surgunt!* Mr. Percival was so Kind as to go with me there yesterday: and Signor Cassells honoured us with his Company; but as your Lord<sup>ps</sup> Commands did not extend so far as to order me to break my Neck or my Limbs, I ventur'd no further than the Hall Door, from whence my Prospect was much confin'd, except when I look'd upwards to the Sky. Your Palace, my Lord, appears finely upon Paper, and to shew You that the whole pleases me, I even admire your Coal Cellars. Your great Room will probably bring the Earl of Burlington over to this Kingdom, and do not wonder, my Lord, if Marcellus quits his Nitch and flings himself at Miss Donallan's Feet as soon as ever '*Verdi prati*' reach his ears, but however your Hearing or Sight may be delighted, I am in some Fear that your Smell will not be regal'd from your

Stables unless you shoft your Garden as soon as possible with Roses, Lilies, and All the Flowers that are celebrated in Song. This inconvenience might be prevented if your Lord<sup>p</sup> can purchase a little more Ground behind your House: but so that the Stable has a beautiful Cornish, Signor Cassells does not seem to care where it stands.

Our Town, which is now quite tir'd of curing and killing and killing and curing Doctor Vanleuen, has the dreadfull Topic of a Fire to employ its Discourse. Nero had not more Pleasure in the Flame of Rome than we have in talking of a Sugar House that was burnt some Nights ago. I was last Night in Company with ten Ladies who each of Them had a different Story on the Occasion. As I was oblig'd to put in my Mite I sent the Sugar Baker into the Flames for a Box, and brought him safe out again. This Tale may probably last two Days, but unless the six Packetts due from England come in to-morrow, I fear we must go back again to the Devil and the Game of Pickett, for the particulars of which I referr your Lord<sup>p</sup> to Mr. Percival.

Mrs. Rochfort has gathered new Beauties by her Marriage. She charms more as a Wife than she did as a Maid: This, my Lord, is a fine incitement to unmarried Ladies to quit an unprofitable Life for the happy Hours of the Nuptial State. Lady Betty Brownlow's Family need not be clad in Black to look sadly after the Loss of so fair a Daughter: Nelly Grove's Eyes shine like Diamonds sett in Jett, and the Chetwoods are as charming, tho' not as brisk as in a Parliament Winter. Lady Ross defies the circling Years, and as Antaeus gather'd Strength from the Ground, She gathers Charms from Age, so does likewise her Grandmother the gay Lady Dunn. This, my Lord, is the State of Beauty in this Metropolis, and yet in this fortunate Situation do I languish for Corke, which your

Lordship's Family made me so happy in, that I can relish no other Place: and You see, my Lord, the Pleasure arising from thinking of You has drawn me into this intolerable Length of Letter, which I cannot conclude without desiring my Compliments to the Ladies, nor without letting them know that Mr. and Mrs. Percival are perfectly well. I am, my Lord, Your L<sup>ps</sup> most obedient humble Servant,

ORRERY.

TO ARCHDEACON RUSSELL.

*Dublin, Dec. 21st, 1736.*

SINCE I cannot hold Correspondence with You in Person You must allow Me to make You many Visits in Writing. I expect the same Indulgence from You at this distance that I found at Corke. Don't blame Me for being so intolerably troublesome; it is your own Fault. You must cease to be what You are ere I can cease my voluminous Letters. *Pour moi, je conserverai toujours mon Affection envers vous, et l'Estime que j'ai toujours fait de votre grand Vertu.* I chuse to say This in French, that You may be obliged to make it public for an Explanation.

Lord Orkney is not dead, He is at present much better, but by the Account I have from Doctor Broxholme, I fear I shall never see him again: The Love I bear him is of a particular Kind: I love him for having lov'd One who lov'd me. This Affection, tho' very extraordinary, is very strong: and in willing Obedience to the last Commands of a dear Saint in Heaven. Whatever He is oblig'd to leave me, I have settled out of my own Power upon my Children, lest in my soft Hours, when Bruce and Badham shall be no more, and when I have drank a Cup of Lethe to all my Cares in



Ireland, I may be again tempted to court the Pleasures of the Nuptial State. His Lordships Death will not call me to England: I am become too good an Irishman to throw away a Thought on that base Country yet a while. Towards the latter End of next Summer I shall be glad of introducing You to a second Pilkington at Bath.

Marston Library will be highly honour'd and improv'd by the Books You mention: and the Author's<sup>1</sup> Memory will be glorious and immortal, tho' we dare not pour out our Libations to his Manes.

I have received a most agreeable Letter from the B<sup>p</sup> of Corke, with a Description by Horace (not Walpole) of the Corke Ladies. Be so good to tell his Lord<sup>p</sup> whenever I can meet with any Thing entertaining here, He shall have it under my Hand.

What will Doctor Barry say to Me if I find out for Him a sweet compliment in Virgil upon his Freind Horace; I am not yet sure of my Treasure, but must try my Gold first in the Fire, and if it proves Right, You shall have it amongst You.

Dublin, like the Weather, is extreemly gloomy and dull; an insignificant Cold gives me a Pretence of living among my Books at home, and I am now deeply engaged in Carte's Life of the first Duke of Ormonde: It is just come out: a Voluminous Work: Three Volumes Folio, my Relations are too often mention'd in It not to make me very studious on the Occasion: and if I could afford flinging away three Guineas, I would certainly make a present of It to the Bishop of Downe.

The Corke Court may possibly prove an *Ignis fatuus*: which to our knowledge will do as much mischief as the worst blazing Star that ever Whiston dreamt of. Keep at a distance from your Parishioner whilst He carries the *deadly Box* about him: *timeo Danaos et Dona ferentes*.<sup>2</sup> I hear Dick Bettesworth

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Browne, Bishop of Cork.

<sup>2</sup> Virgil.

perambulates your City with a Trumpeter before him: Needs He any other Trumpet than that of Fame. How I envy You who are honour'd with the Presence of the Judges for a whole Month together: not a Rogue will be left in the Country, nor any Buesness to be done at the next Assizes except a Trifle belonging to Me, the event of which I am very careless about, as the Cause of it will bring me down to Kiss your Hands. What greater Instance of Regard can I shew my Freinds than to plunge myself into a Lawsuit for their Sakes? Prepare yourself for long Walks before I come: get into good Breath: brush up your double sol'd Pumps, in short be assur'd that I will be as much with You as I can. So to end in a Language that you perfectly understand *Sum tibi tuisque, Devinctissimus.*

ORRERY.

TO THE BISHOP OF OSSORY.

*Dublin, December 22nd, 1736.*

MY LORD,—Tho' I troubled your Lord<sup>sp</sup> so lately, I cannot help enclosing to You Dick Purcel's Letter; Your Lord<sup>p</sup> will see He is ready to obey your Commands. We are told here terrible News: The Torch of Hymen, they say, is blown out: Juno, who was gott half Way down the Skies, is gone back, and has unharness'd her Peacocks and sett up her Chariot. Lucina, who was to have follow'd Her, keeps at home in a Pett, and swears no Child shall be born alive till your Kinswoman<sup>1</sup> is married: of which rash Oath the Princess of Orange is the first unhappy Example<sup>2</sup>: In the name of Cupid, my Lord, is all this true? Must I love my Love with an S. still because her Name is Smith, when I thought to have

<sup>1</sup> Miss Molly Smith of Drogheda, between whom and Mr. Sandford of Kilkenny a Treaty of Marriage was on foot.

<sup>2</sup> Brought to bed of a dead daughter.

lov'd her with that Letter because her Name was Sandford. What Alecto has been playing Tricks at Kilkenny? or which of the Deities has my Cousin Charles offended? I wish I could have half an hour's Conversation with Mrs. Este: surely She might find out some expedient to reconcile Matters again. You know, my Lord, of what use that Lady was to You in your Election, and I wish her Success in every Thing She undertakes, being perfectly to Her and to your Lord<sup>p</sup> a most obedient Servant

ORRERY.

TO THOMAS SOUTHERNE.

*Dublin, December 23rd, 1736.*

I am just come, my dear old Man, from passing the Evening with our valuable Freind Mr. Tighe. He has lately had an Addition to the Loss of Dean Ward by the Loss of the Dean's Sister, his Wife. He seems to bear it with the Affection of a Husband and the Reason of a Philosopher. On this Occasion his Freinds ought to shew Him their Regard in a particular Manner: I am therefore with him as often as I can, but the cold Weather (of which I am only too sensible since my last Illness) and busy perplexities of many kinds, keep us more asunder than I could wish. I never go from him without feeling myself the better by the Example of his Virtue and the improvement of his Conversation. His Learning, which is very extensive, is mix'd with Judgement and adorn'd with Taste; and at a Time, when less melancholy Circumstances will allow him, He can sett off his Remarks with so much true Humour, and such a Facetiousness of Speech and Gesture as render his Company infinitely agreeable, and make the Hours pass just in the Manner we desire. But he needs none of these engaging Qualities to attach my Heart to him: His love



of You, his Esteem of your Freindship, and the sincere Affection for Every Thing belonging to You are more than Enough to make me entirely his own. On Friday I am to sup with him, and then You will certainly be remembered.

The Noon was pass'd with the Dean of St. Patrick's,<sup>1</sup> who grows younger as his Years increase : a Paradox which I hope You will prove in its full Extent. The Dean enjoys more Health and Vivacity this Winter than he has felt for some Years past. Thus you see the prayers of poor Ireland in one Instance are heard. Can I finish so satisfactory a Day better than in conversing with You, and in trying to draw from You an Account of yourself and of my Freinds in London? I think not—and therefore desire that you will talk upon Paper with Me as soon as You can. When We shall come to a personal Dialogue, let the Oracle at Delphos inform You : I cannot.

Carte's History of the D. of Ormonde is lately arriv'd amongst Us. It meets with great approbation : I have only had time to peruse the two first Books. The Style is good, and I beleive He has spar'd no Pains to digest the Materials, of which He had a very large Collection. It is a Companion I propose great Delight in these tedious Evenings, leaving Cards and Balls to younger and to finer Gentlemen.

You are at the Fountain Head for News. We have none. Lord Kildare leads the same still-Life He did, and makes a much greater Shew of his Plate than of his Virtue, tho' the Latter outshines the Former in every eye that views him closely and with Attention. Lord Thomond is laid up with the Gout : The Irish Hospitality has broke out in his Feet, and pins him down to a great Chair and a slender Meal. Pain is the constant Shadow of Pleasure, and follows Her

<sup>1</sup> Dean Swift.

wherever She goes. It is well there is another world, or This would not be worth living in. Tickell and Dr. Delany perform Quarantine at Glassneven. We must not hope to see Them till longer Days and milder Weather. The World, I suppose, will reap the Benefit of their Retirement. The Press will groan for it, and future Ages will revere Delvil<sup>1</sup> as much as the present Age honours *Praeneste*. To be serious; they both sent their Service to You last week.

Thus You see, my dear Freind, I have endeavoured to make You amends for my long Silence during my Travels in Munster. If tiring your Eyes and Head can do you Good, my Task, you find, is performed: but you may perceive my willingness of obeying your Commands, in writing, when really I had Nothing to say, but the old Story of my being entirely yours,  
 ORRERY.

FROM DR. BARRY.

*Dec. 24, 1736.*

MAY all the days of my dear Ld Orrery be one happy Festival, and circling years prolong yr Life to the next Century. This is my Christmas prose Carol: what poetic wings can expand in this cold season without meeting with as bad a Fate, (tho' the reverse of) Sirius in being congeald to Death. I know not where this will find you, whether in the Fog of Dublin, or in the more serene air of Stillorgan, or in the centre of Ireland and I hope of joy, at Killkenny.

The two Serjeants still appear in their long robes, and are attended in their parades with a fatal sound of Trumpets. several have been already hangd, and a band of Street Robbers are to be try'd and of course executed next week. They seem resolved not to give over while one rogue is left in the

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Delany's house.

Liberties of the City or in the County, and till they make this place a representative of the golden age. This I hope, will hasten yr Ldp's return to this part of our planet which can only boast of this privilege.

I was last night with Harper, who is an Enthusiast in Burlington purchases. He gave me a long detail of Schemes and proposals. Ld Burlington writes that if it is necessary he will come over next Summer, wh. Burwood thinks absolutely requisite. He tells me Mr. Boyle has purchased the mannor of Clonikilty<sup>1</sup> (part of Carleton's Estate) for 10,000<sup>lb</sup>. For my part I have not money enough to purchase one Acre; I believe yr Ldp does not design to buy, and 'tis a mark that my imagination is very bad, since I endeavour to entertain you with such dull news.

I saw your Ldp's letter to our Bishop and his answer. You have a particular art of raising Lilies and Roses and all the Flowers celebrated in song in the midst of winter. You have put his Ldp out of conceit with his Stable; but his Palace will flourish, while I and the rest of his Diocese can only amuse ourselves with building castles in the air.

When shall I see yr Ldp again? Must I wait for the slow advances of February? This at least I will depend on, for I have always found you Faithfull to your Promise. At another time I should perhaps depend on the returning Sun to give me Vigour and Joy, but I care not when I see his face; you will supply his Absence and of everything else which is desired by your Ldp's Faithfull and Affectionate

ED. BARRY.

<sup>1</sup> See Moore's lines in his witty poem of 'The Fudge Family in Paris,' now little known or read—

'And but for the Postboy, his boots and his queue,  
I had just as soon be at Clonikilty with you.'



## DR. BARRY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Dec. 26, 1736.*

To wish a merry Christmas and a happy New Year is the common Compliment at this time, but there s<sup>hd</sup> be no bounds to my ardent and sincere wishes for my dear Ld Orrery, if they could contribute to his happiness. I received yesterday a Letter from your Cousin Brocklesby, in which he desir'd me to visit him as a Physician. he has been confined to his Chamber for some Days, and lives on a Quart of Brandy, a Gallon of Milk and three new-laid Eggs every Day. He said this He would Conceal from the World, but not from his Physician ; but I believe he drinks more Brandy whenever he can gett it. I advis'd him not to exceed the Quart ; he says he dares not trust himself with any Stock in the House, but sends for 4 half pints every day ; he has no other way of banishing Melancholly Thoughts, and says it has been the case of Addison and some men of the finest Genius. He shew'd me a Letter from Mr. Peggot to whom he had wrote, and to the Speaker ; to quicken Mr. Dickson in his Affair with y<sup>r</sup> L<sup>p</sup>, and imputes Dickson's Silence to his unspeakable modesty. I told him y<sup>r</sup> L<sup>p</sup> thought y<sup>r</sup> self disengaged from any dispute with him, but that you had all the generous Disposition he could reasonably expect to relieve him. 'Prithee, Ned,' says He, 'Write to him 'to send me down a hundred Guineas to discharge some trifling 'debts and I'll pass my Note to you till we come to an Agree-  
'ment.' I told him y<sup>r</sup> L<sup>p</sup> had no Money, nor could he expect that any Sum s<sup>hd</sup> be advanced at least till an Agreement was concluded, and asked him what he thought of an hundred Guineas a year ; he said he could not live on it ; that he must keep a girl, a footman, a brace of Geldings, and drink a quart of Brandy every Day ; that he had always lived like a Gentle-

man, and could make a better Bargain with another. I assured him he was his own Enemy in thinking so, but with a serious and confident Air he said I was mistaken. I promised to mention this Affair to y<sup>r</sup> L<sup>d</sup>, I wish it was finish'd for he cannot last long: he said he would leave it to me, but I told him I was a very improper Person; but I think no time is to be lost if it is of any consequence to you. Will Taylor's Burgundy and Champagne are arrived. This Liquour would perplex the Accounts of any Agent. We will certainly see an end to it, tho' we shall not want this false fire to raise our spirits when we meet on Orrery quay. I cannot avoid wishing one agreeable Circumstance may be wanting there; since Bishops are not immortal, I hope our Friend the Dean will be in possession of a Mitre. I shall always regret his Absence, but shall submit to it with pleasure when 'tis for his Advantage. I am y<sup>r</sup> Lordship's faithfull and affectionate

ED. BARRY.

TO LADY VESEY.

*Dublin, December 27th, 1736.*

MADAM,—Under all the Misfortunes I have hitherto labour'd, however various and severe, None could have touched me more Sensibly than the Reflexion of having omitted any kind of Respect, especially so desirable a One as a Salute to your Ladyship. But what You have misconstrued an Omission was in reality an Act of Force and Violence upon my Heart. You had made so deep an Impression there, Madam, that I was afraid to come near your Lips. By Icarus's Example, I knew the Consequences of approaching the Sun, and my Eyes must not have done Justice to my Thoughts if They did not tell your Lad<sup>d</sup> the Reason why I

kept at so great a distance. However, Madam (Tho' I am sure to perish for It) At my Return You must allow me to salute You twice, and Then your Lad<sup>p</sup> will see me expire at your Feet with this happy Reflexion That none of my Rivals will dare to Salute You afterwards, and that my Kisses will remain imprinted on your Lips for ever, for, tho' many wish to live for You, I am the only Heroe who wish to die, if my Death will shew your Lad<sup>p</sup> how much I am Your Admirer and faithfull Servant,

ORRERY.

FROM DR. BARRY.

*Dec. 30th.*

I AM grown a great Favourite with your mad Cousin! I would not willingly have him die now, and a few medicines assisted by Brandy have banished the King of Terrors. . . . I think it will be necessary to have first a Letter of Attorney, or some Instrument from him to confirm whatever Agreement is made. . . . I am my dear Ld Orrery's faithfull and affect<sup>te</sup>

ED. BARRY.

TO THE REV. MARMADUKE PHILIPS.

*Dublin, January 6th, 1736-37.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the dreadful Length of the name of your Habitation <sup>1</sup> I will attempt to write it on the Outside of this Letter, by which You will see that no difficulties are too great for Me when They are your Commands. Your long Silence putt me under some Pain: I know You to be a tender Lambkin, and trembled at the Effects that a Northern blast might have upon that Shadow of a Body when it first

<sup>1</sup> Newtonlimnavaddy.



approach'd the Arctic Pole. But You are now season'd, and I dare say no Laplander half so hardy ; at least, for the Repose of my Mind I must imagine so. I will paint You Knee deep in Snow, skipping at the Mountains like a wild Goat, or mounted on your Rain-Deer galloping towards your Love, Whom, I hope you visit only with gorgeous Feathers forming an Æquator round your Body. May She be auspicious to your Wishes and faithfull to her Vows. As for my Part, I shall be glad of a Screen whilst I stay here : Out of the Confines of which I stir not without Regret ; Send me a Bear Skin, I beseech You, for a Night Gown, and a brace of Wild Cats to line my Stockings. In short, I grow very old, very lazy and very infirm. My Pains in my Back are Proof of my Age, my great Chair, and Carte's History, of my Laziness, and my Cough and Astma, of my Infirmities. But all these dreadfull Distempers are, in truth, *des Maladies imaginaires*. They would vanish at the Sight of Marston. Orrery-Farm would drive them into your Continent of Scandanavia, and, since I may venture to use You as my Confessor, Know that I am very well, but languish for my native Home, and chuse to languish by the Fireside, rather than expose my melancholy Countenance in Coffee-Houses, Taverns and Card Chambers. Where is King Nobby to allure me out of my Foteuille ? Where is Soc,<sup>1</sup> with his Gambadoes to lead me forth into the western Plains ? Ah ! where are my two Spanish Merchants.<sup>2</sup> Let me once fix my eyes upon Them, and, like Pope Sextus Quintus, I 'l fling off my Catarrhs, and strut about Marston Hall.

You are probably convinced that This is the Iron Age : Wonder not, therefore, that it is stain'd with Brother's Blood. Mr. Gorges has kill'd Mr. St. Laurence in a Duel ; ask me no particulars : All I can say is That They fought about some

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Salkeld.

<sup>2</sup> His two sons.

fair Lardella, who was drown'd lately in the County of Kilkenny. This is a noble Theme for the Tea-Tables, who have been employ'd lately in anatomizing Dr. Vanleuen, in giving L<sup>d</sup> Charlemonte the small Pox, and turning It into the Meazles, in Killing Dr. Coghill and bringing him to Life again, in attending little Sir Gerald Elmer to his Coffin, and in healing the Viscount of Stillorgan.<sup>1</sup> You will easily guess that We have not heard from England lately, when our Thoughts are so closely confin'd at home. There are now eight Packetts due, and we know not whether the mighty Caesar has blest Albion with his Presence or waits confin'd, like Agamemmon with his Fleet at Aulis. Your very faithfull humble Servant,

ORRERY.

TO DOCTOR BARRY.

*Dublin, January 8th, 1736/7.*

I FANCY, my dear Doctor, the Knight of the long Sword, your evil airy Agent, was at your Elbow when You wrote to me last: Your Letter is so fill'd with Scales and Purchases that I shall expect to hear soon of an Agreement sign'd between You and my Cousin Clencarthy<sup>1</sup> to which Crotty and Company are Witnesses: if so Solamen Meum shall be my Song. Mr. Tighe is daily improving Me by his Correspondence: Quotidian Letters pass between Suffolk Street and the Haymarket. They Keep my Hand from the Cramp and the Gout; of both which I might be in danger, as there are nine Packetts due from England: We are now writing, thro' a Criticism upon Flaminus, Addison and King Logg.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Allen.

<sup>2</sup> Many of the Irish names varied considerably in the spelling, *e.g.* the Lord of Hoathe on the following page, which is entirely wrong, but it seems better to preserve the text as more characteristic of both the epoch and the individual.



*Chrys*



fair Landella, who was drown'd lately in the County of Kilkenny. This is a noble Theme for the Pen-Teller who have been employ'd lately in anatomizing Dr. Yarkum, by giving L<sup>d</sup> Charlemonte the small Pox, and turning it into Meazles, in Killing Dr. Coghill and bringing him to life again, in attending little Sir Gerald Elmer to his Coffin, and in healing the Viscount of Stillorgan.<sup>1</sup> You will easily guess that We have not heard from England lately, when our Thoughts are so closely confin'd at home. There are now eight Packetts due, and we know not whether the mighty Caesar has blest Albion with his Presence or waits confin'd, like Agamemmon with his Fleet at Aulis. Your very faithful humble Servant,

ORRERY

TO DOCTOR BARRY.

*Dublin, January 8th, 1741.*

I FANCY, my dear Doctor, the Knight of the long Sword, your evil airy Agent, was at your Elbow when You wrote to me last: Your Letter is so fill'd with Scales and Purchases that I shall expect to hear soon of an Agreement sign'd between You and my Cousin Clencarthy<sup>1</sup> to which Crotty and Company are Witnesses: if so Solamen Meum shall be my Song. Mr. Tighe is daily improving Me by his Correspondence: Quotidian Letters pass between Suffolk Street and the Haymarket. They Keep my Hand from the Cramp and the Gout; of both which I might be in danger, as there are nine Packetts due from England: We are now writing, thro' a Criticism upon Flaminus, Addison and King Logg.

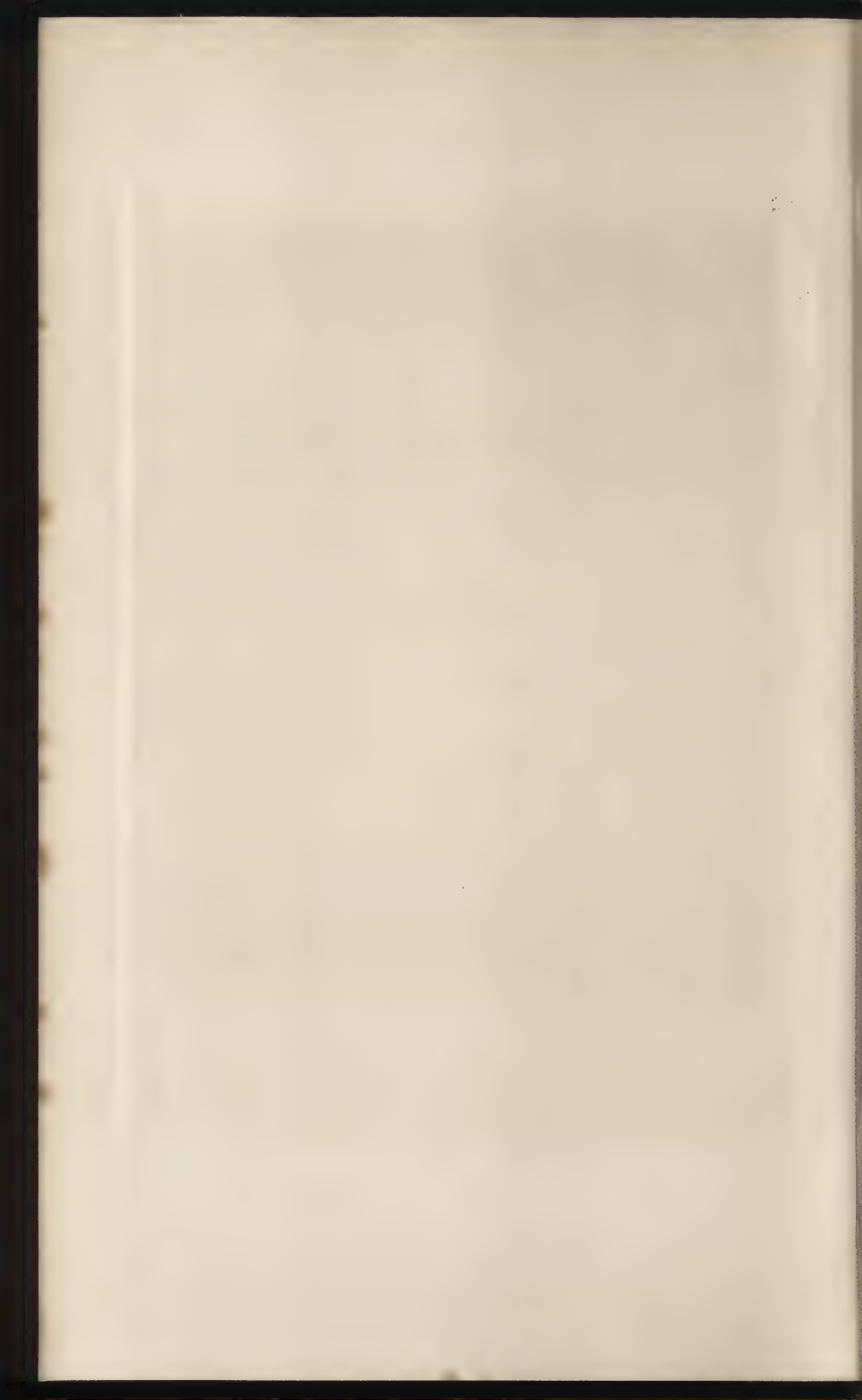
<sup>1</sup> Lord Allen.

<sup>2</sup> Many of the Irish names varied considerably in the spelling, e.g. the Lord of Hoathe on the following page, which is entirely wrong, but it seems better to preserve the text as more characteristic of both the epoch and the individual.



*Elizabeth daughter of Sir E. Villiers & sister of the 1<sup>st</sup> Earl of Jersey.  
wife of the 1<sup>st</sup> Earl of Orkney (notorious as the mistress of William III)*

54 v. 44  
Earl of Orkney 1681-1688 (53) & 1688-1689. 1689-1690.





Mr. St. Laurence,<sup>1</sup> Brother to the Lord of Hoathe, is kill'd by Mr. Gorges, Brother to the Lady of Hoathe: The Story is told five hundred Ways: I leave You to hear It four hundred and ninety-nine, and then I'll tell You the Truth. Bob Oliver, they say, is kill'd in a Duel by Mr. Cotter: at this rate, Mars must resign to Bacchus in Blood and Slaughter.

I hope next Sessions will produce an Act of Parliament to banish Smith and Bruce<sup>2</sup> out of his Majesty's Dominions: Notwithstanding my Resolution, they have undone Me. This is the greater imprudence, as your Presents of Books to me have been numerous enough to make a large modern Library. I have procur'd from them a noble Edition of Suetonius. It is just published by Burman in two Volumes Quarto: and as soon as ever the Wind will change I expect a Virgil, in whom I have been looking, but in vain, for some token of Freindship towards your Freind and intimate Acquaintance, Horace. Certainly the Mantuan was incapable of so black a Crime as Ingratitude. The Compliments to Flaccus are lost. The Æneid itself owes its preservation to Augustus. No wonder then if Some of his lesser Works are buried in Oblivion and sacrific'd to Time. I doubt not that these were in honour of Maeonides: But We must be thankfull for the great Treasure we have, and not regret the Greater which We have lost.

You tax me with a Promise of returning to You in February: I seek not to delay my most desir'd Pleasures, but if Badham says nay, Ixion is not closer fix'd to his Wheel than I am to Dublin. I see our Negotiations will run into the beginning of the Spring. I may hope to dance with the Cork

<sup>1</sup> The family name of the Lord of Howth was anciently Tristram until the owner in one of the fierce local feuds habitual at that period, invoked the aid of St. Lawrence for victory, with a vow of changing his patronymic in the event of that success which he finally gained.

<sup>2</sup> Two booksellers.

Milk-Maids in May, but sooner don't expect Me. Time may come when my Promise may depend on my Will: then, my dear Doctor, I am all your own. *Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.* In the meanwhile I pass my Hours here very agreeably in Temperance, Soberness and Chastity: nor could I . . . A Parcel is just arriv'd from Mr. Tighe: I must away to my Lexicon, so Adieu.

ORRERY.

P.S.—As to the New Year, Accept the Compliment made to Augustus, *Multos et Felices!*

TO THE REV. MARMADUKE PHILIPS.

*Dublin, January 18th, 1736-37.*

LIMNAVADDY'S Postmaster convey'd to me Yesterday yours of the 15th, and You see I lose no Time in returning my Thanks for It. The Truth is, I have at present some leisure hours upon my Hands. Badham is out of Town: And to his Absence You owe my Punctuality. When the Cat's away The Mice play: At his Return my Letters must be shorter and less frequent.

Barry is perfectly well: If He were not I should be the last Man to Know it: but when I have a testimony under his Hand I am pretty sure my Information is right. He sings Catches with the Bishop and Miss Donellan from morning till Night unless call'd away to attend the Gout: A Change not less dreadfull than mine, who must go from reading your Letters to examine my Attorney's Accounts.

The Dean feasted his Clergy last week with Ladies, Music, Meat and Wine; as a Musician I gain'd Admittance to join Chorus with *Away with Cuzzoni, Away with Faustina.* You may imagine I panted not after Home that Day: but if Soc

had been there to suit his words to the music well, we had been the more and consequently the merrier.

We are in daily hopes to hear of his Majesty's safe Arrival after a tedious Stay at Helvoetsluys then *Unico Gaudens Mulier Marito prodeat, justis operata Divis*.<sup>1</sup> So much for the State of Loyalty in this Kingdom, now for That of Learning. Carte, as I told You, sett all Eyes at Work upon the Life of James the first D. of Ormonde : by which means I am become as well acquainted with S<sup>r</sup> Phelim O'Rrile and Niac-Tullough-Odonnooughe as if we had been Brother Rebels together : in serious Truth, it is the first and best History of those Times that has yet appear'd : and I hope will produce many Memoirs and curious Papers that at present lye hid in Dust and Darkness. They talk of some new Poems to come out soon, among which is *Cum tot sustineas* by Mr. Pope.

The next News I must tell You is that Beauty flourishes as usual ; New Venus's arise from the Seas that wash our Shores, and every Venus may meet with a Mars if She pleases. I stare at 'em as bold as your Pig star'd at the D. of Somerset.—I am, dear Sir, Yours most cordially,

ORRERY.

TO AMBROSE PHILIPS, ESQ.

*Dublin, Suffolk Street, January 22nd, 1736/37.*

SIR,—Next to seeing You, hearing from You will be the greatest Pleasure I can have, except when your Letters tell me You are confined by a Cold. The Accusation is a very heavy One, and I bear it with Reluctance, tho' the Lady is turn'd out of Threescore. No Man is a fitter Judge in the Affair than yourself. Lady Vesey order'd me to write verses. I

<sup>1</sup> Horace.



was silent. She is angry. But if her Ladyship will please to recollect what *Vida* says, I am sure she will forgive me. Not your own Nightingale, Sir, will sing at all Times and Seasons. It is no wonder therefore, If I am often out of Tune. Lett the B<sup>p</sup> first preach to her Lad<sup>p</sup> for four hours together, and then my Rhimes shall be forthcoming.

ORRERY.

FROM DR. BARRY.

*Febry. 1st, 1736/37.*

WHILE I thought myself invulnerable and had bid Adieu to all pain, I was seizd with a confounded toothach, I had the suspected one extracted, but since it has ragd more violently in the rest. I must wait with patience for ease, and since all other applications have faild, I have taken up my pen to try the effect of writing to my dear Lord Orrery. while my thoughts are fixd there, I think I must forgett all pain.

I have spent these three or four nights past in chewing Tobacco and reading Rollins *History*: he is a most virtuous Writer, and never omits dwelling on any Circumstance which might improve the mind of his Reader. The translation seems to be just and clear, which makes a very ample amends for any trifling irregularity in some Expressions. I was particularly pleasd with the following passage, and having lately read the trial of the Bp of Rochester and George Kelly it probably made a greater Impression on me. Artaxerxes, he says, gave a fine example of the just rigor which ought to be exercisd against false Informers. One of the King's favourites, envious of the merits of one of his best Officers, accused him privately, and endeavoured to make his Fidelity suspected; on a fair and impartial Examination he was cleard, and all the King's in-

dignation fell on the perfidious Informer. The Reflexions Rollin makes on this occasion are very just. The wise Prince knew that one of the true Signs of a prudent Government was to have his Subjects stand more in fear of the Laws than of Informers, and thought that to have acted otherwise would have been a direct Violation of the most common Rules of natural Equity and humanity. It would have been opening a Door to Envy, Hatred, Calumny, and Revenge: it would have been exposing the honest simplicity of his subjects to the cruel Malice of detestable Informers, and arming those with the sword of public authority: In a word, it would have been divesting the Throne of the most noble privilege belonging to it, namely, of being a Sanctuary for Innocence and Justice against Violence and Calumny.

Who would have expected such a long winded Assyrian tale from one who pretends to have been in so much pain. I did not think it would have taken up half so much space in my letter. I could wish Sr John Bowles Case was to be judgd by one of Artaxerxes' prudence. I have not yet seen the Bp's Ladies to communicate it to them.

I know not what to make of one part of y<sup>r</sup> letter about advising you to drink Bath Waters. I fear I shall not see you in Corke, even in May, and that you turn your face to England I do not repine if it is necessary or agreeable to y<sup>r</sup> Inclinations, for my prevailing passion is your happyness, but yet I cannot forbear wishing that your Pindaric gay Stile has lead me into an Error. I think I have found out a new Charm for the toothach, am now almost free from pain. To-morrow I'll pay a visit to Sappho and will compleat the cure.

I am my dearest Lord Orrery's faithfull and Affectionate,

ED. BARRY.

*Orrery Quay, Feb. 1st, 1736/7.*

## TO THE BISHOP OF CORK.

*Dublin, Feb. 10th, 1736-37.*

MY LORD,—Killarney is all our own. I have a Patent for it from Lady Fingall. She is lately come forth from offering her Vows of Gratitude to Lucina, and looks like Venus after She had given Æneas to the World. Her Lad<sup>ps</sup> fair daughter sends her sprawling compliments to the Bishop of Corke. *Blanda atque infracta loquela.*

The Happiness I propose to myself in waiting upon your L<sup>p</sup> and Mrs. Clayton to Killarney is not to be express'd. If you have a mind to be troubled with me in Ireland longer than I intend to stay, deferr this Kerry Journey from Time to Time, and I shall wait fourteen Years with Jacob's Patience in expectation of It.

Let me know, my Lord, when I am to issue out my Orders to Will. Taylor to fatten his Sheep, cram his Turkeys and air his Sheets. We must call at his Castle, and the Giant will feast us nobly I warrant You. But I beseech You, my good Lord, prevail upon the B<sup>p</sup> of Cloyne to fling aside all Thoughts of the Mathematics during our Voyage, and apply himself wholly to a short Notice of Killarny. There is a Llough worth a thousand burning Rivers. There are Hills that will employ our visive Faculties during the Time We stay. They vie in Beauty with Libanus, in Height with the Apenines: The ever verdant Woods nourish innumerable Choiristers: The feathered Tribe shall testifie their Joy at your Arrival by their Songs. Earth will look gay: Phœbus will smile: The lordly Stag shall be rouz'd from his Covert. The nimble footed Hound shall pursue Him. The prowling Fox shall be laid prostrate on the Earth, and Shoals of Salmon



shall court your Lordship's Bait, and be proud to fall victims to your ivory Rod. These, these are the Pleasures of Killarney, or if you will have more regal Honours, King Sullivan shall attend You in his Boat, and Lord FitzMaurice salute You with Canon from his Castle. But, Ah! my Lord, Consider whence these Honours spring: From the Indulgence of a Young Lady whose Nights are pass'd in lonely Weariness and contemplative Widowhood. Is it not a Pity that She who can give so much Delight should receive None herself.—I am, my Lord, Your L<sup>ps</sup> most obedient humble Servant,

ORRERY.

P.S.—*Deo favente*, I will kiss yr L<sup>ps</sup> Hand at Bishop's Town before Lady Day.

#### TO LORD BATHURST.

*Dublin, Feb. 11th, 1736-37.*

MY LORD,—This comes to your Lord<sup>p</sup> in the Cause of Beauty. Mrs. Southwell is call'd to England to defend the Right of her infant Daughter. *Matre pulchrâ Filia pulchrior*. I need make no Apology to your Lord<sup>p</sup> when so blooming a Widow commands me to entreat your Attendance: And as I beleive She will deliver you my Letter, the sooner I take off your Eyes from the Paper to fix them on a fairer Object, the more you'll be convinc'd that I am, my Lord, Your L<sup>ps</sup> most obedient and most humble Servant,

ORRERY.

## TO DOCTOR BARRY.

*Dublin, Feby. 17th, 1736-37.*

YOUR Compliments of Condolance, my dear Doctor, on the Death of the Good Centurion<sup>1</sup> are very Kind; as are your Wishes for the young Heroes, his Grandsons. The old Man has left his Riches where They are most wanted—to his eldest Daughter, his proper Heir: but I fear when our Divisions are made, Her Acquisition will not be so great as I wish It.

Ah! Doctor, our Interest at Court is at an End. The D. of Dorset is Lord Steward, the D. of Devonshire is our Vice-Roy. Farewell all Honours at the Castle! Family Dinners, Royal Card Playing, Circle Whispers all Farewell! Harris and I shall now bow undistinguish'd in the Croud, and only haunt the Places where our Power died. It seems strange that the Deposition of one King and the Accession of another should afford so little variety in the State of Europe. The Emperour, the D. of Lorain, and Don Carlos are as unmov'd at the regal Revolutions in Ireland as if We were of no Weight in the Balance of Power. Nor is the Queen of Spain's Ambition, nor the King of France's Thirst of Hunting allay'd by the Change. No Blood is spilt, no Treatys are sign'd. No Canons verberate the Sky; not even the Music of the Spheres is heard on so important an Occasion. The Ministers at Foreign Courts remain *in Statu quo*. Robinson stirrs not from Vienna. Mr. Trevor continues to deliver in Memorials at the Hague; and Lord Walgrave goes constantly once a week to Versailles. So the Rest. Walter Cary<sup>2</sup> only is remov'd, and the Politicians tell

<sup>1</sup> Lord Orkney.<sup>2</sup> Secretary to the Duke of Dorset.

us, Mr. Edward Walpole<sup>1</sup> is appointed his Successor. Thus will this young Gentleman become a Minister at once. These are the Trammels that his wise Father putts him into, in order to form him to go hereafter thro' rougher Roads and deeper Ways.

I am coming towards You apace. I leave Dublin on the 4th of March, and hope to reach Orrery Quay on the eighth. The next News I have to tell You shall be communicated by word of Mouth. At my Leisure hours I intend to divert myself at Corke by flinging Stones at Frogs, and by mixing in all humility in the reasonable Pleasures of the Black Guards upon the Quay. They meet with no disappointments, They know no Sorrows, and they fear no Kings. My Hand is wearied with writing on melancholy Occasions to my Freinds: You cannot say too much for me to the Archdeacon:<sup>2</sup> I love him, and I feel his Afflictions. Adieu.

TO MRS. CAESAR.

*Dublin, February 24th, 1736-37.*

You see, Madam, what are the Promises of an Irish Lord. We learn from our Tenants never to be punctual. Delays give Us an Air of Importance, and The State might be in Danger and we attend to such Trifles as Usquebaugh and a Copy of Verses. But now You are in Possession of Both. Remember I have a Promise under your Hand (not a Word of It wrong spelt)<sup>3</sup> to send Me a Cargo of News as a Cordial to keep out Vapours in the black Mountains of Tipperary. I shall leave Dublin next Week. The City of Corke will

<sup>1</sup> Second son to Sir R. Walpole.

<sup>2</sup> Archdeacon Russell, whose sister-in-law died at this time.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Orrery's own eccentricities in spelling scarcely constitute him an absolute Authority on this point.



receive Me within her Gates for some Time : and after a few Excursions to Places with whose harsh Irish Names I shall not trouble You, I intend to return to this dirty Metropolis. Letters directed hither will find me, tho' chin-deep in a Bog.

The Dean,<sup>1</sup> Madam, toasted You Yesterday. You reign absolute Sovereign of his Heart. By the by, He owes his Peace and Safety to his Gown ; My Sword, otherwise, should teach him to pledge, not give your Health.

I mention You not to Falkner.<sup>2</sup> You have made him too mad already. He has a deaf Prentice who makes up Packetts of Books and Newspapers. This Urchin, when He cannot understand what his Master means, directs all the Parcels to Mrs. Caesar. The Name immediately inspires Falkner with good humour ; He smiles, addresses the Books to the right Places, and chucks the Boy under the Chin. Incidents of this kind happen every Day. He has enhanced the Price of Caesar's Commentaries ever since. I told him, Your Family was descended from Julius ; and being unable any longer to live out of the Sunshine of your Countenance, He designs to visit You this Summer in Person. In the mean Time, You will have all the new Nonsense that his Shop affords.

I wish'd the Dutchess of Portland a Son instead of a Daughter. Be so good, Madam, to make my Compliments to my Lord and Lady Oxford : Do not let my Lord Strafford forgett Me. If my humble Service does not interrupt the Buesness of the Session, Lord Shaftesbury, I hope, will accept of It.

I am, to Mr. and Mrs. Caesar, a most obedient humble Servant,

ORRERY.

<sup>1</sup> Dean Swift.

<sup>2</sup> A bookseller.

FROM DR. BARRY.

Feb. 26, 1736/7.

I FIND my mind as much unmoved as Kouls Cows at the revolution in Ireland, let Fortune freely play her Game, everything I think, happens for the best, at least, I shall never repine while I have so near a prospect of seeing my dear Lord Orrery again. I wish now for the Ides of March more than Cæsar ever dreaded them. The chief design of this Letter is to desire yr Lordship to avoid the night air, and to gett into your Inn early, tho you are obliged to rise two hours earlier than usual. You see this dangerous season has had the assurance to invade even his Sacred Majesty, and has laid the Chancellor in the dust. I design to putt Miss Donellan in a course of Sperma-Ceti to strengthen her Voice and Lungs for *Veni Caro* when you arrive. Mr. Loyd, a great favourite of the Bishop's, has been very ill, but is now recovered. The Archdeacon looks better than ever. Sitting up to attend the Sick and getting two hundred a year agree admirably well with him. I believe it is a more powerful Alterative than Ward's pill. *nil mihi rescribas attamen ipse Veni* to yr Faithfull and Affectionate,

ED. BARRY.

TO ROBERT DEAN, ESQ.

Dublin, March 3rd, 1736-37.

DEAR SIR,—The Account You have given me of the Debate on the Army is so full and perfect that I question whether the Lord Justices themselves have had so good Intelligence of that Affair. Is Sir Rob. Walpole dying, that He distributes his Legacies already to his Successors? Or does He imagine His Words will remain safe and secret

because spoken under the Rose? But what have we Hibernians to do with English great Ministers? If the Primate continues to wear his own grizly Locks, and the Chancellor does not lessen a Curl in his Padagonian Perriwig, We are happy enough; and can amuse ourselves in pulling down Bridges that were never built, or in building Hospitals for the Healthy, Observatorys for the Blind, and Senate Houses for the Dumb.

All Expectations are rais'd. All Eyes are open to know how this Division between the King and the Prince will end. Certainly, Sir, old Saturn was a wise Monarch, and had not Mother Rhea deceiv'd him, His Majesty would have reign'd King of the Skies still: See the dismal effects of not eating our Children assoon as born! I remember Virgil, tho' he paints Æneas as a very fine Fellow, yett he makes *puer Ascanius* not content with common Game, but wishing for Lions and Boars to hunt down and conquer. *Puer Ascanius* was a little imprudent, Sir, if once his Head had been in the Lion's Mouth, his hunting Days had been over.

What shall I say, Sir, to that part of your Letter wherein You ask for some of those Trifles that serve to Kill my idle Hours. It is impossible to deny You any Thing. *Sed nescis insane quod optas.* Are You not troubled with Jargon enough at the Temple? Are you not sick of Rhymes? If you are not I find You desire to be so, but I must in every instance shew myself Your very obedient, faithfull humble Servant,

ORRERY.



## TO THE HON. BARON WAYNRIGHT.

*Corke, March 13th, 1736-37.*

You must allow Me, my dear Baron, to converse with You upon Paper, since my malicious Stars have divided Us so far asunder. I must interrupt your Retirement at Meryan, if It be only to tell You the Price of Beef at Corke : nay, I must hear from You sometimes, and am unreasonable enough to hope for a Correspondence in which I am sure to be a Gainer, and You are sure not to be so.

As it is Sunday night, I cannot help fancying You are in the blue Room at the Deanery, and if I could transport my Body as easily as I can my Thoughts, I should be of the Party : but alas ! my Doom is to be but seldom where my Wishes are. Instead of Baron Waynright and the Dean of St. Patricks, I have Gaggen the Butcher on one side of me, and Jonas Devonshire the Quaker, on the Other. Instead of hearing Poems on the Spleen,<sup>1</sup> I am listning to Lectures on Salt Butter, or, what is worse, learning how to preserve rotten Cheese. Yet even this is preferable to the dreadfull Scene of the approaching Assizes. Methinks I hear the Noise already, methinks I am jost'ling thro' the Croud, forcing my way towards Sir John<sup>2</sup> and practising my Bows that have been so often repeated to no Purpose at St. James's. Dick B—h is goggling his Eyes at Me, or whispering loud as Thunder in my Ear. The Esquires are loading Me with Embraces, and caressing Me as if I was their Pet Dog, or favorite Horse. O my dear Baron, support Me under all this Fatigue. Tell me that You are well and that the two Ladies (whom I admire so constantly but unwittingly up Stairs) defy Colds and keep

<sup>1</sup> An excellent poem on the Spleen had lately come out.

<sup>2</sup> St. Leger.

Complaints at as great a Distance as the Arctic is from the Antarctic Pole. Such News will be a Cordial in all Circumstances and will give me Spirits to fight my Battles at Law with Courage, and to repay my Tenants in Noise and Chearfullness equally loud with their own. Thus will your Letters prove a Charm to protect and preserve Me in the Day of Evil.

We remembered Your *summa Amicitia* at the B<sup>p</sup> of Ossory's: He is tied by the Toe, and speaks, thinks and dreams of Nothing but Elections. I own It sounds odd to hear so mild and sweet natur'd a Prelate talking in the style of Ajax, and denouncing War in the softest Voice and most smiling Countenance imaginable. It calls to my Mind the Figure of Camilla, dealing about Death and Destruction and looking like the Picture of Gentleness and Peace.

Not a word have I heard from England, my Freinds there imagine I am buried in a Bog, and in these dangerous Times It is most prudent not to undeceive Them. But if my Motto as to That Island be *Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et Illis* You see, here I act another Part, and have taken the earliest Opportunity to assure You that I am, dear Sir, Your most affectionate faithfull humble Servant,

ORRERY.

TO DEAN SWIFT.

*Corke, March 15, 1736-37.*

DEAR SIR,—I receiv'd your Commands, by Falkner, to write to You ; but What can I say? The Scene of Corke is ever the same, dull, insipid and void of all Amusement. His sacred Majesty was not under greater Difficulty to find out Diversions at Helvoetsleys than I am here. The Butchers are as greasy, the Quakers as formal, and the Presby-

terians as holy and as full of the Lord as usual. All Things are *in Statu quo*. Even the Hogs and Pigs gruntle in the same Cadence as of yore. Unfurnished with Variety, drooping from the natural Dullness of the Place, Materials for a Letter are as hard to find as Money, Love, Honesty or Truth. But I'll write on ; Ogilby, Blackmore and Lord Grim have done the same before me.

I have not yet been upon the Change, but am told that You are the Idol of the Court of Aldermen. They either have, or intend to send You Your Freedom, but the most learned of Them, having read a dreadfull Account in Littleton's Dictionary of Pandora's Gold Box, It was unanimously agreed not to venture so valuable a Present in so dangerous a Metal. Had these sage Counsellors consider'd that Pandora was a Woman (which perhaps Mr. Littleton forgets to mention) They would have seen that the ensuing Evils arose from the Sex and not from the Ore. But I shall speak with more Certainty of these Affairs when I have taken my Seat amongst Greybeards and Wise Noddles.

My Letters from England, which are just come-in, speak of great Combustions there. Absalom continues still a Rebel to the royal David : The Achitophels<sup>1</sup> of the Age are numerous and high-spirited. The Influence of the new Star seems to have strange Effects already : In the mean Time here live We Drones of Cork, wrapt up in our own Filth. *Procul a Jove, et procul a Fulmine*. Heaven and all good Stars protect You ! for let the Thunder burst where it will, so that You are safe and unsing'd, who cares whether Persia submits its Government to the recovered Kouli-Can, or to that beardless Youth the Sophi, at least the Vicar of Bray and I shall be content.

ORRERY.

<sup>1</sup> See Dryden's *Panther*.



TO THOMAS SOUTHERNE, ESQ.

*Corke, March 20th, 1736-37.*

MY DEAR OLD MAN,—I have quitted Dublin and its alluring Pleasures for the Ox-slaying City of Corke. I have exchanged the Dainties of my Lord Kildare's Table for Ben: Pykes Tongue, and Jack Harper's Trype and Dumplings. My Sonnets are turn'd into Bills of Exchange, my Coach and Six into a Beef Cart, and my clouded Cane into an oaken Cudgell. Instead of leading up Minuets with the Gaiety of a Frenchman, I wear a busy Face, double sol'd Shoes and dairn'd Stockings. But notwithstanding This, We are not entirely void of Elegance at Corke. We have a Bishop, who, as He has travel'd beyond the Alps, has brought home with him, to the amazement of our merchantile Fraternity, the Arts and Sciences that are the Ornament of Italy and the Admiration of the European World. He eats, drinks and sleeps in Taste. He has Pictures by Carlo Morat, Music by Corelli, Castles in the Air by Vitruvius; and on High-Days and Holidays We have the Honour of catching Cold at a Venetian door. To crown All, he is nearly allied to Lady Sundon,<sup>1</sup> and can by that Channel recommend us to our royal Lord the King, or our Sovereign Lady the Queen. Are not We a happy People who can receive Blessings from Heaven and from Earth, by the Breath of One and the same Plan? How different are our Times to what they were? Under the Reign of Doctor Brown, our late Pastor, We trembled at a Bumper, and loath'd the glorious Memory. We were as silent and melancholy as Captives, and We were Strangers to Mirth even by Analogy. Under the Reign of Dr. Clayton

<sup>1</sup> One of Queen Caroline's favourite Ladies of the Bedchamber, originally Mrs. Clayton.

We sing Catches, read *Pastor Fido*, and talk of Love. Thus if One Road does not lead to Paradise, we try another, and shall either get there by Analogy or by Taste at last. Adieu, my dear old Man; Live on: Vye with Methusalem. Let Me find You in perfect Health this Summer. I long to embrace You, and tell You how much I am Your, etc.,

O.

TO BARON WAYNRIGHT.

*Corke, March 22nd, 1736-37.*

I ACCEPT the Omen, and shall sacrifice this Night to the D. of N——. His Speeches hereafter will sound like Tullys: They will be Eloquence itself, which, if not persuasive, at least must be admir'd. I wonder not that your Letters should be slow in their Voyage to Corke. The Originals are safe, but the Copies may perhaps serve the Leisure of the Post Master. There are Curls in every Island; however, yours of the 17th stopt not even to be open'd.

Poor Lady Antrim! I am sorry to loose the Sight of that fair Face, but cannot be sorry that She is releived from Misery. Disconsolate Widowers without Children must take Comfort in another Wife. No News from England! The Winds are very unwilling to turn their Backs upon Affluence and Happiness, and their Faces towards Misery and Want. Adieu, my dear Baron! I am sure, tho' the Mountains of Kilworth and Kilcash are between Us, You will not forget

ORRERY.

TO THE HON. MRS. TICHBOURNE.<sup>1</sup>*Corke, March 25th, 1737.*

MADAM,—I have often told You that, like Shadrac, Meshac and Abednego, You and your two Fair Daughters liv'd free and unhurt in the Midst of Fire. But Have I not Reason to think You are sing'd when, after so many Letters to Somerset House, Not one Word returns in Answer. You leave me to the melancholy Consolation of singing *Collin* forsaken and gone, and You force me if possible, to hate Courts more than ever. I sigh to myself when I recal to my Memory the happy Hours I have pass'd in old Times under the royal Roof. I cannot erase from my Heart your former Grace and Favour, but I had been happier had I never Known it: for one month longer I am resolv'd to beleive my preceeding Letters lost; but if in that Time I do not receive Assurances that You and the young Ladies have not entirely buried Me in Oblivion, farewell to this vain World. I'll seek some Kinder Shore, or hang myself in the first Potato Garden I come at. A discarded Minister is the Object of universal Contempt. How then can I appear when Mrs. Tichbourne will not honour Me with her Commands? Yet I may say with Wolsey, that, *Had I serv'd Heaven with half the Zeal I serv'd my Mistress, I had not been forsaken.* Lady A. often enquires after You, but I know not where You are, or how You are employ'd. Sometimes, methinks I see you combing the royal Locks, or pouring Water from a golden Vase upon those Hands which all good Subjects salute with a holy Kiss. Then again, I paint You return'd like Penelope to your Web: Miss Tichbourne on one Side, Miss Baba on the Other. The

<sup>1</sup> One of the Queen's Dressers.



One reading, the Other making lively Comments on the Book : Sometimes I flatter myself with imagining that my Name is mention'd, and that You are inventing some future Questions to distract my Brain, but perhaps All this is an airy Dream : The cruel Head-Ach may have got Possession of You, and You are languishing in Bed. Miss Baba's Illness may be return'd, or some unhappy Reason may have caus'd your long Silence. Break thro' it if possible, and ease the Doubts and Fears of, Madam, Your most obedient faithfull humble Servant,

ORRERY.

TO DEAN SWIFT.

*Corke, April 3rd, 1737.*

DEAR SIR,—I am very glad there are twelve thousand Pounds worth of Halfpence<sup>1</sup> arrived. They are twelve thousand Arguments for your quitting Ireland. I look upon you in the same State of the unfortunate Achaemenides ; amidst Gyants and Monsters : Do you not remember the Description of Polypheme and his Den ? . . . Translate those Lines, and come away with Me to Marston : there You shall enjoy *Otium cum dignitate*. There You shall see the famous S—— and his two Pupils, who shall attend your Altars with daily Incense. There no Archbishop can intrude. There You shall be the sole Lord and Master, while We your Subjects shall learn Obedience from our happiness. If You ever can think seriously, think so now, and let me end with the Curate of my Parish : ‘ Consider what has been said unto You, Ponder it well, Lay it up in your Heart, and God of his infinite Mercy direct You.’

You tell me I am to carry a Load for You to England.

<sup>1</sup> Sent from England for the use of Ireland at this time.

The most acceptable load will be yourself : and that I would carry with as true Piety as Æneas bore the antient Anchises on his Shoulders when he fled from Fire, from Blood, from Greeks and from ruin'd Troy. Can You expect that Lords move regularly ? Is it not below our Station to think Where or When we are to go ? But if my Coach and Six is in order, perhaps I may have the honour to strutt and stare in Stevens Green about the first of next Month. In the middle of June I will hope to set Sail with You to England. Mr. Pope will come out beyond the shore to meet You : You will exchange Cyclops for Men, and if One must fall, the Choice is not difficult : *Si pereō, manibus hominum periisse juvabit.*

My next shall be longer. I am now forc'd to bid You farewell. But hereafter expect my whole Life and Conversation. You shall certainly have the Cheeses. If You will come to Somersetshire I will eat one for Joy. The best in England are made on my Mannor. I am so well, that I had almost forgot to answer that kind part of your Letter. You, and only You, can add Health and Happiness to Your very affectionate, oblig'd and faithfull Servant,

ORRERY.

TO THE REV. MR. MAURICE.

*Corke, April 3rd, 1737.*

Tho' a Welchman, I am sure You will not be angry without a Cause. Did my Motions depend upon my one Will and Pleasure, Grennan's<sup>1</sup> Roof should be seldom without me. The long Canal should be my Looking Glass. I would court your Naids and cultivate a Freindship with your Tritons. I would become an amphibious Animal, and live less upon Earth

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Maurice's house.

than in the Water. But alas ! I am under the Command of Others, and must obey my Superior Officer. To whatever Post my Attorney orders me, thither must I repair in all Speed ; and even pass by Grennan when sent to defend a Forte at Corke. Here I am, my dear Freind, fighting daily like Hector of Troy or Don Belliarus of Greece, hitherto victorious, but I can say with Pyrrhus, Many more such Victories would undo me.

Was I not born under an unlucky Star, to be here when You are in Dublin ? For the space of a Month before I left It, I imagin'd every Wrap I heard at my Door was Ned Maurice, but that piece of good Fortune was reserved for my Lord of Fernes.<sup>1</sup> Did I think I should live to envy him for being happier than I am ? Till now I never wish'd him so. But if You 'l come from Him to Me, He shall have my Vote to be Primate of Ireland ; so little do I envy a Rival, when not in possession of the object of my affection.

Shall I trust You with a Secret ? I am impatient to be in England. I could go there even in Company of your Witch of Endor.<sup>2</sup> But on no other Terms am I fond of seeing her again. To be serious, I am highly delighted with your Play. There are a thousand fine Things in It. My Aversion to old Women is insuperable, and perhaps I give too great a Loose to It when I would absolutely banish that antient Lady. She is drawn too like Nature to please. David's Character is finely painted. I see in Jonathan that your Soul is capable of the highest Freindship. How happy then am I to have so many Marks of it. This is a random Shott at You. I hope it will hit not hurt the mark. Charles Echlin has quite forgott Us. He is repos'd at Ease in the damask Room. Archdeacon

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Edward Syng, Bishop of Fernes.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Maurice had written a play wherein he had introduced the Witch of Endor.



Russell desires to be remembered to You. He is coming into our mournful Class and will very shortly be an unfortunate Widower as well as Your very obedient faithfull Servant

ORRERY.

TO ARCHDEACON RUSSELL.

*Orrery Quay, April 4th, 1737.*

MY DEAR ARCH DEACON,—If I could paint to myself any Method upon Earth that my Company might be either serviceable or amusing to You, I would run the hazard of being thought impertinent in order to do You Good: but my Mother has left me so much of her own Temper that I fear I should rather increase than alleviate your just Sorrow. You are form'd by Heaven for your own Physician and I can only offer You a very sincere Heart that loves you entirely, and assure You whenever You permitt Me to see You, I'l forgett my own Affliction in hopes to lessen Yours. Our dear, our best, our incomparable Freind<sup>1</sup> is gone to Castle-Lyons. He is in excellent Health. He increases in it every Day. We shall preserve him almost as long as We can wish; longer we cannot. Take care of yourself, therefore, for his sake; and in doing so you will beyond expression oblige Your affectionate and faithfull

ORRERY.

TO BARON WAYNRIGHT.

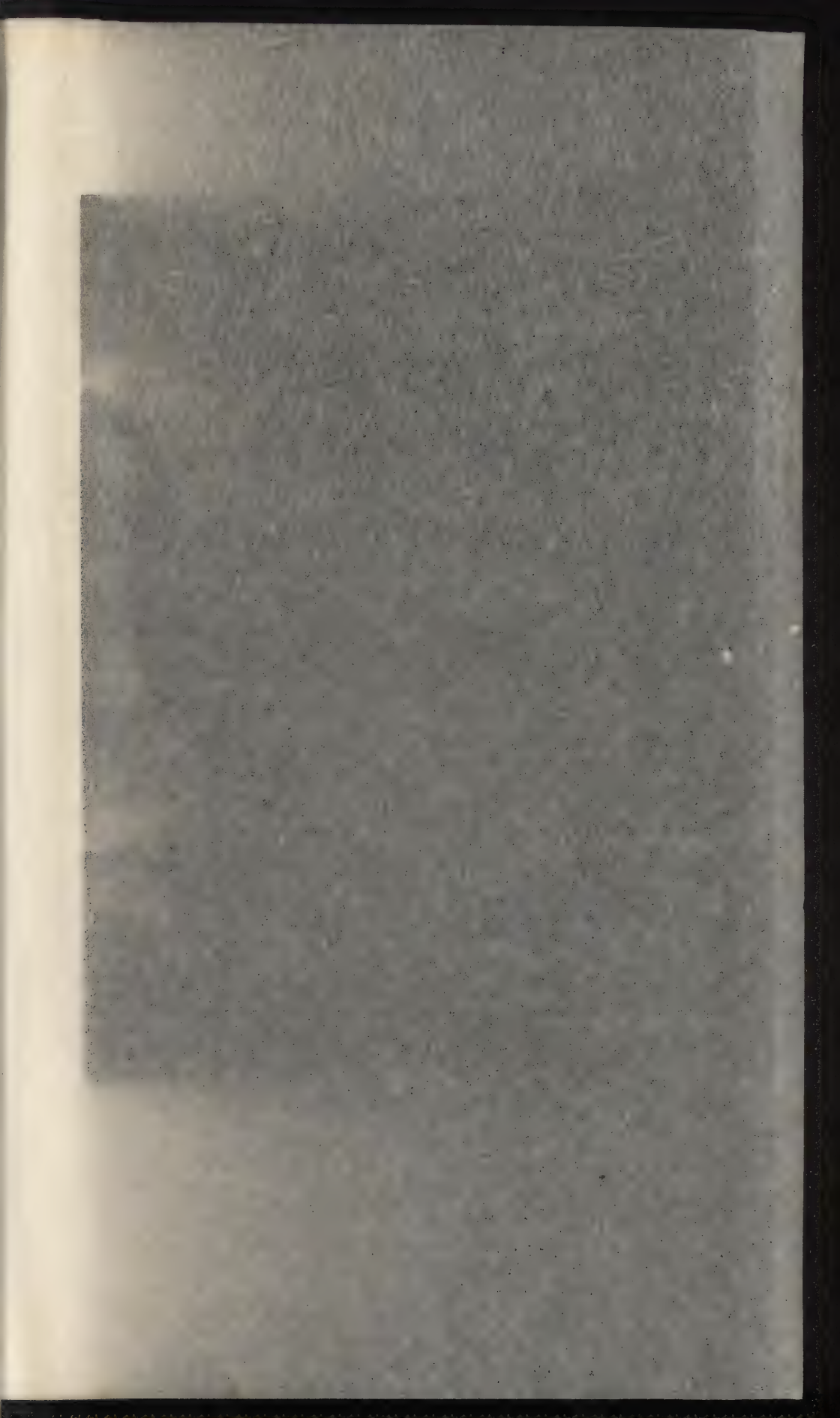
*Corke, April 5th, 1737.*

I SEE You, my dear Baron, plac'd like Neptune, amidst Cataracts and Billows. The graceful Amphitrite<sup>2</sup> on one hand and the antient Oceana<sup>3</sup> on the Other, whilst I, an humble

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Barry.

<sup>2</sup> His wife.

<sup>3</sup> His mother.



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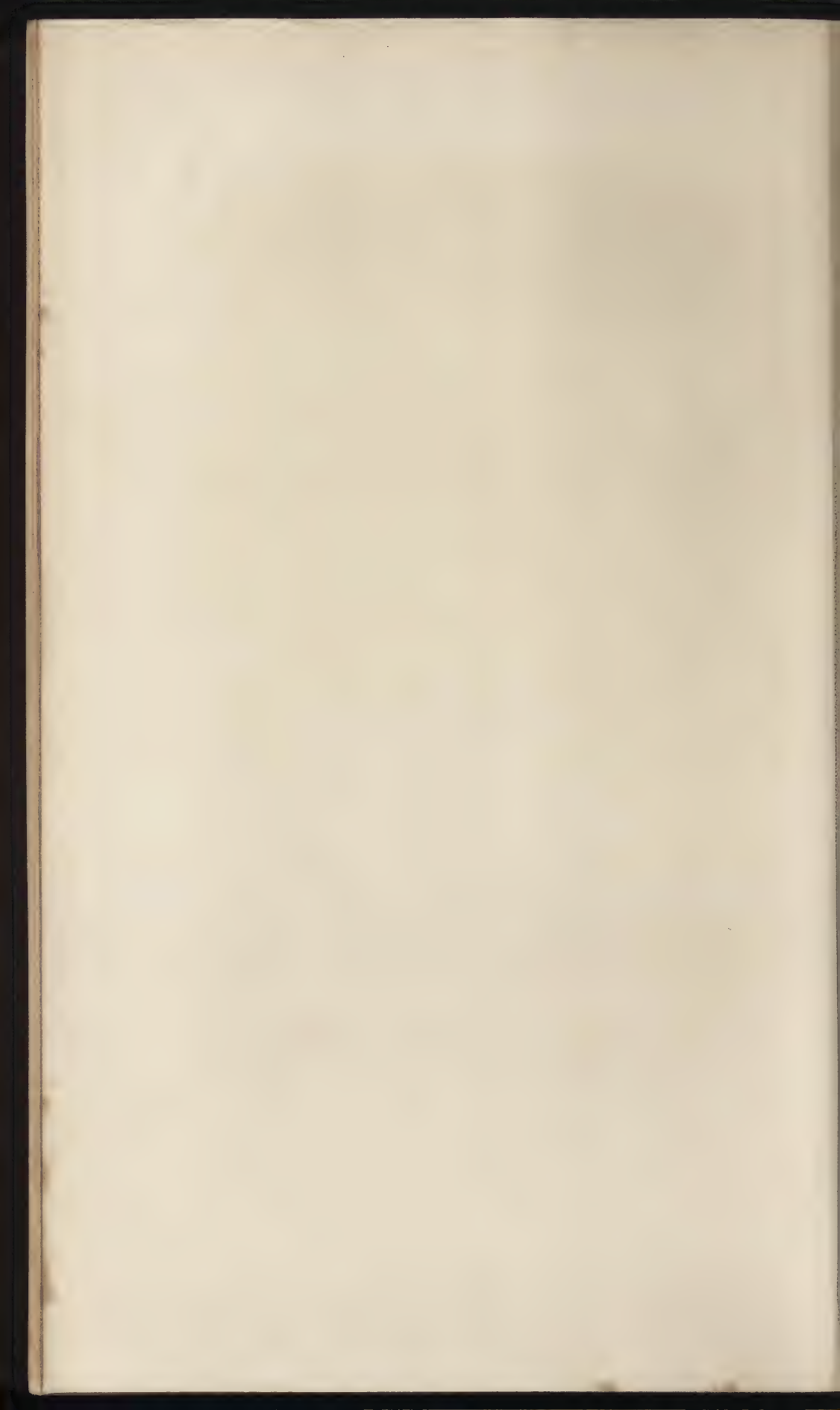


Mr. J. Monckton painted by J. Monckton

John Monckton painted by J. Monckton

*The Hon. Mary Monckton.*

Painted by J. Monckton



Triton, blow your Praises from Shore to Shore. The Dean ought to have followed the example of Veianus, and should long ago have hung up his Harp in the Temple of Apollo. I grieve to see him in the wrong, and am desirous to snatch him if possible from his little Senate. He shall have a Tripos at Marston, and our Western Farmers shall gain Wisdom as they gaze: but if He remains here I dread

*Ætnæs Fratres, cœlo capita alta ferentes,  
Concilium horrendum !*

I have some Scenes which, if I can paint in their true Colours to You will make you smile. I beleive even Gaggen and Devonshire are Politicians. The One cuts not up an Heifer, nor does the Other broil a Stake, without a Scheme. I see much, I hear more, but I am dumb as Mrs. Palliser till I visit Mary of Medicis,<sup>1</sup> and fall prostrate at the feet of your royal Porus.<sup>1</sup> The Bishop of Cloyne<sup>2</sup> lives amidst Knights, Colonels, Squires (I had almost said Lords) and great Men: like the King of France, he is surrounded by his Swiss, and I presume not to shew my Face in his Antichamber. Could We draw him towards the peaceful Regions of Orrery-Quay, I might learn to sail in burning Rivers and flaming Lakes.

Mars and Bellona have lately presided at our Assembly. Slaughter and Confusion have drove away the Ladies to distant Plains. Venus and Mrs. Clayton are fled into the Country. Miss Donallan is gone to join Chorus with the Nightingales and feather'd Tribe. Miss Firth to mix in the Chace with Diana and her Nymphs: but, thank Heaven, Lady Devonshire stays behind. Quitt your Drums and Trumpets when next You visit this sanguinary City, and fly to the hospitable Roof I live under. There feast your Soul with Dr. Barry, *Raya Avis*

<sup>1</sup> Two prints in the Baron's parlour.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Berkeley.



*in Terra!* But when You are both happy as the Similitude of your Hearts and Heads can make You, do not forget in your Mirth Your faithfull and affectionate

ORRERY.

TO CHARLES ECKLIN, ESQ.

*Corke, April 8th, 1737.*

DEAR SIR,—To imagine that amid the Glories of Grosvenor Square, You should remember an Exile in Munster, is, I confess, a Folly which I dare not indulge. Stretch'd at your Ease in your damask Sopha, You fling not a Thought away upon poor Ireland, unless some merry Story of our blundering Countrymen extorts from You a smile. You despise Us, and hold the Inhabitants and the Potatoes at an equal Value. 'Tis true We are a miserable People, and the only Thing we have to boast of is your Birth : but I conjure you by all the Pleasures you now enjoy, by the Raptures You feel at Farinelli's Voice, by the Honours You receive in the Circle at St. James's, by Farces, by Operas, by Masquerades, do not entirely abandon Us. Cherish Us at least with the hopes of seeing You again in the Kingdom. Revive us by a Line under your Hand, and fling away, for once, your Judgement to indulge your good Nature.

Dr. Barry pours out Libations to You twice a day. Ned Maurice, tho' He rails at Absentees, always excepts You out of the Number. The Dean of St. Patrick's says He has courted You like a Mistress, but You are as Coy and as Shy as Daphne. The Rest of your Freinds are as well as They can be in your Absence, and as for Me, if the Mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the Mountain, so in June or July expect to see Your very faithfull, etc.,

ORRERY.

## TO BARON WAYNRIGHT.

*Corke, April 12th, 1737.*

O SACRED Silence, How I adore Thee ! I have pass'd this day amidst the Confusion of Babel. I have been at a Feast. Paper Mills, Thunder, and the King's Kitchen are soft Music to the Noises I have heard. Nonsense and Wine have flowed in plenty, gigantic Saddles of Mutton and Brobdingnaggian Rumps of Beef weigh down the Table. Bumpers of Claret and Bowls of White-Wine were perpetually under my Nose, till at last, unable to bear the Torture, I took Advantage of a Health<sup>1</sup> at which We were all oblig'd to rise : and slipt away leaving a Hat and Sword to be my Representatives. I would have left a Leg or an Arm behind Me rather than not have made my Escape. This short Sketch may give You some faint Idea of our Entertainments in this part of the World. They are esteemed according to the Quantity, not to the Quality of the Victuals, be the Meat good or be it bad, so that there is as much as would feed an Army. The Esq. thinks he comes off with Honour. A fiery Dullness shines upon his Countenance ; He is stupidly gay. The commencement of his Gaiety bubbles up in hoarse Laughs, which gradually encrease after every Brimmer, till they join Chorus with Oaths, Curses, and Blasphemies, Filth, Obscenity and Rudeness of every sort is the Witt of the Day, and He that can be most beastly, most impudent, and most absurd, carries off the Laurel of the Triumph. But tho' it is my Misfortune to be often at the beginning of these Festivals, where I see every Thing I loath, and hear every Thing I abhor, yet I never stay long at the Hibernian Games, but hastning home as fast as possible cannot

<sup>1</sup> The memory of King William the Third.

help wondering what Mansions in the Elysian Feilds are allotted to those Heroes whose Delight consists in variety of Folly, Distraction, and Drunkenness. On the other Side of Styx there are Groves perhaps for Noise, as well as Silence ; through which Rivers of Wine roll in purple Meanders, and Cascades of Punch fall into Octogons lin'd with old China instead of Lead. The Statue of Neptune Spouts out Champagne. The Air is fill'd with Rocketts ; perpetual Cannons roar. The Cyclops hammer and huzza ! One universal Din reigns forever. Such must be the blessed Territories allotted to the Companions I am just now come from : who are in all outward appearance and form (nay, in the Shape of their Brains) made in the same Mold with Sir Isaac Newton, Sir William Temple, and Mr. Lock. Is it not a mortifying Sight to behold Mr. Pope mishap'd and Heliogabolus strait and lusty ? Who would not repine at Eugenio's Constitution, when Blumbluffer is as great a Stranger to ill Health as to common Sense ; yet these Things are strong Arguments for another World and fortifye our Patience to bear the Evils of a Life that cannot last long. But what am I doing ? talking grave and moralizing to You. I find Absurdity is catching. A Man cannot go into a Pest House without bringing away some of the Infection.

I have just now receiv'd yours, and will join with the Pelham Mob as soon as I get to London. All my Victuals shall come from Clare Market, but where is your Ode to Lord M. Where is my Tobacco ? I long to take a Plugg with Horace. Adieu my dear Baron. I am to You and Yours a faithfull Servant,

ORRERY.



## TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

*Corke, April 15th, 1737.*

YOUR Goodness, my Lord, is vastly extensive, to remember an humble Servant buried in Ireland. Parchments and Potatoes have for some time put all Thoughts of England out of my Head, but your Lordship's Letter has now rouz'd Me to think again of Liberty and my native Country. The idea of those Battles in which I have had the honour to fight on the same Side with your L<sup>p</sup> give me fresh Spirits, and I am impatient once more for the Combat; but however warlike my present Dispositions may be, I am chained down here till June or July: so must reserve my Courage till next winter.

I am extreamly sorry to hear by Mrs. C. that your L<sup>p</sup> was ill, and therefore your Letter gave me a double Pleasure, except that Part of It wherein I find you went to the House of Lords at my Request when your Health requir'd your Stay at Home. For God's Sake, my Lord, lay me not under such kind of Obligations, since no conquest can give me Joy wherein You receive a Wound.

One would imagine Virtue was Food and Sustenance. Col. Cecil has liv'd upon nothing else for some Years. If it is a Subsistence I am in no fear about him. He has a perpetual Feast within that can never waste nor have an End.

The new Comet seems to have spent her fiery Tail over England. I have heard of nothing but Feuds and Divisions there of late. What most alarms me is what I have read in a certain Book of Prophecies (little known or lookt into) that a House divided against Itself cannot stand. I am, my Lord, Your Lord<sup>ps</sup> most faithfull and obliged humble Servant,

ORRERY.

TO DOCTOR BARRY.

*April 23rd, 1737.*

MY DEAR DEAR DOCTOR,—When King's Messengers appear at the Coffee House and upon the Exchange, wonder not that Chinery flies to Kerry and I to Charleville. I chuse this method to tear myself from You, rather than undergo the melancholy Pleasure of last Evening, or the Heart-breaking Pangs of a Farewell. Wherever I am, I shall live loving, esteeming, admiring and (I hope Heaven will put it in my Power to say), serving You. We shall meet again in Ireland with fresh Delight after this Absence, which then will appear short, however displeasing it is to Us both at present. Make my gratefull Compliments to the Ladies and thank Them from Me for all their Favours. I need not desire You to cherish the Arch Deacon, but I must hope you will hasten him to Marston, which I shall reckon compleatly and elegantly furnish'd when He is there. Lett me hear from You often, and be assur'd that whatever Shape my Face takes, my Heart is wholly and entirely Yours,

ORRERY.

TO JOHN KEMPE, ESQ.

*Egmonte, April 26th, 1737.*

I WRITE this under all the Doubts and Fears that can fill a Parent's Breast. On Sunday morning, just as I was stepping on Horseback, and stealing myself away from Dr. Barry and my other Friends at Corke, a Letter from Lady Frances Saunderson brought me word of Betty's having the small Pox. You can more easily imagine than I describe, the Nights and Days I have at Present. However, the Sort is good, Lady

Frances is maternally tender of Her, and God Almighty infinitely merciful ! I go this Afternoon to Charleville, and shall expect more comfort in Noise and Nonsense than I can now find in my beloved Solitude and Retirement : Din and Confusion may tend to banish Anxiety for some Moments. *Sed Naturam expellas furcâ licet usque recurret.*—Yours in all situations,  
O.

## TO THE BISHOP OF CORK.

*Dublin, May 4th, 1737.*

MY LORD,—There is Nothing more dreadful than a Farewell. The Solemnity of that Moment melts my Soul to a degree that is scarce supportable. This is the only Excuse I have to plead for the rude manner in which I ran away from your Lordship, but I have another Plea to offer to Mrs. Clayton. The Morning I ought to have gone to Ballynaspig, I receiv'd News of my Daughter's having the Small Pox : and the Discomposure I was in on the Occasion render'd me very unfitt to appear before Mrs. Clayton, whose tender Nature sympathizes in all the Sorrows of her humble Servants. Betty is now perfectly recover'd, and I am again fitt to vye with Arch Deacon Crofton in Quibbles, Conundrums and Dexterity of Hands, but the only amusement I can afford your L<sup>p</sup> at this unhappy [time] is the following Account from London :

Your L<sup>p</sup> may remember that the D<sup>ss</sup> of Marlborough, on the Death of the Dutchess of Bedford,<sup>1</sup> her Grandaughter, redemanded all the Jewels, which were all return'd to her in a very handsome manner by the Duke. Her Grace kept them till the Evening before the D. of Bedford's Wedding with Miss Levison.<sup>2</sup> She then came at near twelve o'clock at

<sup>1</sup> Lady Diana Spencer.

<sup>2</sup> 'Lord Gower's Daughter by his first Lady, Daughter of the Duke of Kingston.'



Night to my Lord Gower's House, and said she must speak with Lord G. with his Lady and his Daughter. L<sup>d</sup> G. was up but in his Night Gown, the two Ladies were in Bed. His L<sup>p</sup> came down as he was, and the D<sup>s</sup> of M. then came out of her Coach and entering into a Parlour discours'd upon indifferent Things till Lady Gower and Miss Levison came down, whom She insisted on seeing in their Undress. As soon as the Ladies enter'd She open'd the design of her extraordinary Visit. She had formerly some Complaints against the Duke of Bedford, but She would now freely forgive him every Thing that was past on account of the Marriage which was to be solemniz'd the next day. She then told L<sup>d</sup> G. that her respect for him was very great, and upon account of his merit, her Regards extended to all his Family, and as a Testimony of It, she had brought all the Jewels of the late D<sup>ss</sup> of Bedford, and gave them as a present to his Daughter. Then rising up immediately, she flung the Jewels into Miss Levison's Lap, and ran away into her Coach, leaving this noble Family in the utmost consternation and amazement at so unexpected and surprizing a Peice of Curiosity.

An unlucky Accident happen'd a few days after the Marriage. The D. of Bedford had bought a fine Horse for his Lady's Pad, and it was brought into the Court at Bedford House. His Grace being desirous to mount It himself, got upon the Horse and curb'd him so streight that he rear'd up and flung the Duke down. The Duke was not hurt, but the Dutchess swoon'd, and Lady Gower fell in a Fitt and was carried home, where she was deliver'd of a Daughter : Both the Lady and the Child are now very well. Thus all Things have ended happily, and the Duke is resolv'd to ride more docile Creatures for the Future, who will bear his Weight, nor resist a gentle Curb from so illustrious a Rider.

The Journey is yet uncertain. Different Passions interfere and occasion contrary Orders. Your L<sup>p</sup> will read *Prince Prettyman* in Love, and You 'l find a lively description of the Situation We are in, with this Difference, that the *Prince's* Love kept his highness at home, our Heroe's urges his M—y abroad.

No Body can tell how the affair of Porteus will end, but most People imagine that it will take a different Turn from what Lord Carteret, who first made the Motion, intended it should. When the wisest Heads and warmest Hearts fail in their best concerted Schemes, who would be at the Trouble of turning Politician? To make an Egg pass thro' the Table seems to Me the highest Pitch of Art or Policy a Man can arrive at. Dublin stands just where it did. My five Senses are as much mortified here as They were improv'd at Corke : for I must ever remember and gratefully acknowledge that your Lordship took the Pains to bring my Feeling to so nice a degree of Perfection as to enable Me to know the exact Weight of the Cards : whilst my Taste was regal'd at your Table, and my Smelling in your Garden : my Eyesight by the Drawings of Miss Bush, and my Ears by the Voice of Miss Donaldson.<sup>1</sup> But now, my Lord, I hear Nothing but the creaking Wheels of unoil'd Cars. I see nothing but the works of Henry Overton, I smell nothing but the Mudd of the Liffy, I taste nothing but tough Meat, and I can feel nothing less Heavy than the Weight of Sir John St. Leger's Hand and Seal.<sup>2</sup> I must hasten therefore to England to think of Mrs. Clayton and your Lord<sup>p</sup>, and to enjoy the happiness of a past Prospect amidst my Honeysuckles and sweet Briars at Marston.

<sup>1</sup> Donallan, probably.

<sup>2</sup> 'We were at this time agreed in a Sale of an Estate belonging to Me in the County of Limerick.'

There are great Riots at present in the Colledge. Rebellion has lifted up her Head and brandished her Fire-brand against the Provost and the senior Fellows. But I am so great a Lover of Peace that I cannot tell your Lord<sup>p</sup> any Particulars : besides, it is high Time now to release You. I beg your L<sup>p</sup> will make my Compliments acceptable to the Ladies at Ballynaspig and Ineskarry, and I hope You'll forgive Me if I desire to be remember'd by your Lord<sup>ps</sup> Means, to Mr. Donallan and Mr. Crofton.—I am, my Kind Lord, your L<sup>ps</sup> most obliged, etc.,

ORRERY.

TO MRS. ANN DONALLAN.

*Dublin, May 7th, 1737.*

MADAM,—Your Commands to me will not only be always obey'd, but shall never meet with the least Delay. I enclose to You, Madam, a new Poem of Mr. Pope's,<sup>1</sup> and shall next Week, I hope, be enabled to send You *Leonidas*,<sup>2</sup> which is printing here. Judges like the Earl of Shaftesbury and the Baron of Hawnes<sup>3</sup> ought to give loose to Oratory in their Praises, but I will speak the plain sentiments of my Heart : It is a Poem that has given me infinite Pleasure, and is by much the first Performance of any that have come out in this way since Milton's. I am now going a second time over it, and find new Beauties every Step I take : Mrs. Glover, methinks, is like a blooming Nymph, who has been bred in the Country and is just come elegantly polish'd to Court : People

<sup>1</sup> An imitation of the 2 Epis. of the 2 Book of Horace.

<sup>2</sup> By Richard Glover.

<sup>3</sup> Hawnes, now spelt Haynes, was the Seat of E. Granville, Viscount and Baron Carteret, who died without male issue, and his estates reverted to his daughter Lady Louisa Carteret married to Lord Weymouth, and are now in possession of the Thynne family.



are not only deeply smitten with her Charms, but wonder why they have never seen nor heard of her before.

I have lately had a Letter from Mrs. Barber.<sup>1</sup> She is in a melancholy state of Body and Mind. Who would not pity a drooping Muse? If Bath cannot relieve her, I am afraid her Illness is even beyond the Power of Apollo. She seems to be taking her Flight to the real, not poetical, Mansions of Bliss.

Dr. Delany has presented to me his new Book on Polygamy. Surely the Dr. has given himself an unnecessary Trouble, for this is an Age when we are so far from taking two Wives that We can scarce be prevailed upon to keep one: which leads me to tell you that Mr. and Mrs. Horner are part'd.—I am, Madam, with the truest Respect, Your most, etc.,

ORRERY.

TO MRS. BARBER.

*Dublin, May 10th, 1737.*

I AM sorry, Madam, that the Gout and Rheumatism have got possession of your hands and feet, and melancholy and languor of your heart and head. The two last I receiv'd from You are evidences of your Distress, and the ill Health of your Body seems to have affected your Mind. But I find your Freinds here imagine that your native Air and the Joy and Chearfulness with which they will receive You may possibly restore your Health, or at least contribute to diminish your Pain. I am but an ill judge in this Matter, being so partial to England that I think if that Air cannot relieve You, No Air in the World can. But in the Name of Quixotism, what is your Scheme of going to Georgia? Have you read *Gulliver's Travels* till you think it necessary to vye with him in

<sup>1</sup> A Poetess of some note whom Lord Orrery befriended when in difficulties.

Adventures. Do it upon paper only, I beseech You, Madam : or if you must travel, stay till the Bishop of Cloyne sets out a second time for Bermudas and go with him. The Wildness of this Scheme destroys itself. All I can say further upon the Subject is, that if you have an Oglethorpien Disposition, You must fancy Dublin to be Georgia, and come away as fast as you can.

Your Sister Muse, Mrs. Rose, is dead. I had a most moving Letter from her to take her last and eternal Farewell of Me. She has left *The History of Joseph* incomplete, nor have I yet seen the first Part that was publish'd some time ago in England. We see few Things here, tho' by an extraordinary Fate *Leonidas* is at length come among Us. That is a Poem thus must live as long as our Language survives, and tho' I cannot run into those extravagant Praises which are bestow'd upon it on your side of the Water, yet I own I never receiv'd greater and scarce ever so great Pleasure from any Poem I have yet read in that Style and Manner. The Author, they tell me, is but five and twenty. What may not be expected from such a Genius? Where has he dwelt? certainly either on the Hill of Parnassus with the tuneful Apollo, or in the Shades of Stowe<sup>1</sup> with my Lord Cobham.<sup>2</sup>

In my late Excursions to Corke I pass'd much Time with the Clayton Family, a most amiable Sett of Freinds, happy in themselves, and who have the art to make every Body else so. I am now come thus far in my Way towards England. The Breezes of next Month, I hope, will waft my Bark thither. Two whole Years in Ireland amidst Lawsuits and Difficulties of all Kinds are little better than two Years in the Bastile in Chains and Darkness. Next time I come, It will be to enjoy

<sup>1</sup> Stowe Park passed into the hands of the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos.

<sup>2</sup> Cobham has passed to the Lyttleton family.

the Pleasures of the Island, since no man has had a larger Share of the Plagues.—I am, Madam, Your most faithful humble Servant,

ORRERY.

TO THE DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM.<sup>1</sup>

*Dublin, May 24th, 1737.*

MADAM,—I have this moment received by my Lord Shelbourne, a Packett from your Grace, and in it a ring,<sup>2</sup> highly valuable in itself, but made much more so by the Giver. I am truly happy in being remember'd by my ever dear and ever honour'd Relation, and am pleased that any Mite I offer'd at his Tomb, should be acceptable to your Grace. The Papers you mention, (of wh Mr. Pope in a Letter to me speaks with great Justice), are what I am very desirous of seeing. But I must curb all Thoughts on this melancholy Subject, both on your Grace's Acc<sup>t</sup> and on my own, and go to one of little Consequence and less merit, my present Situation and disposition of mind in this Kingdom. After a thousand dangerous Storms and indeed narrow Escapes from Tempests in all sorts of Shapes, I am at length in sight of Shore and sailing into Harbour. My Affairs in this Kingdom are almost settled, and I hope for my Life, or I have taken infinite Pains to no purpose. My Health is almost, I cannot say entirely restor'd, but I have little Time to attend to It, and having born vast fatigues both of Body and Mind, find that Rest, Quiet, and the sight of my Family and Freinds are the most salutiferous Medicines I can depend upon.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Catherine Darnley (or Sedley), 3rd wife of the Duke, and daughter of Catherine Sedley, the mistress of James II., created by him Countess of Dorchester. James II. always treated her as a daughter.

<sup>2</sup> For particulars of this Ring see Appendix.



I thought myself too insignificant to be talk'd of by any Body who had the least Buesness of their own, but I find such is the activity of Speech and Invention in some People, that they can even bring me over to England without my own Knowledge, and keep me there so much incognito, that no Mortal can see me. Indeed, Madam, I shall never be in London an hour without enquiring after your Grace's Health, and in as public a Manner as possible, for it is my pride and my desire to be known as your Grace's faithfull Servant. I wish for no higher Character, and I am sure if Zeal, Respect and Sincerity can gain it, I shall reach the utmost Bounds of my Ambition.

What an unhappy End is a certain Person<sup>1</sup> come to. My opinion of him was too right. Such principles must produce such Effects; The Thing probably makes a good Noise, and my Name may be often mention'd, but Your Grace knows that I have long abhor'd, tho' I would not oppress or ruin the Man.

I have been for some Months past in great uneasiness for Col. Cecil, but your Grace's Account of him has releiv'd me. He has the utmost Gratitude of my heart, and I sympathize in every Thing that gives him either Pain or Pleasure.

My daughter has lately had the small Pox, and they tell Me It will leave no Mark behind It. She is now in a Lodging near London for the Air. I was under great Anxiety till She was recover'd, but Lady Frances Saunderson's Kindness and Care made Me as easy as I could possibly be at this distance.

I will make no excuse for detaining your Grace so long about myself, but shew that I am too sensible of your

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Budgett, author of the History of the Boyle Family. 'Mr. Budgett, who drown'd himself and had my Protection in his Pocket.'

Goodness to beleive You want any such Apology.—I am,  
Madam, Your Grace's most obliged and obedient Servant,

ORRERY.

TO TOM SOUTHERNE, ESQ.

*Dublin, May 28th, 1737.*

WELL, my dear old Man, what News of You? Are you  
in blooming Health? May I sing with the Poet :

‘Time, like Alcides, flings You to the Ground.  
You like Antæus from each Fall rebound.’

Mr. Tighe says You have wrote to Me; but your Letters and  
my Works are sometimes given to the Winds. I have not  
heard from You this Age, nor do I expect it often, for at your  
hour of Life, Writing is but Labour and Sorrow. Tighe still  
sighs after his Consort. I have given him employment for  
some time by lending him *L'Histoire Medallique des Pais bas*,  
as he seems inquisitive after Medals. If he does not find  
enough there, I question whether Lord Pembroke's Collection  
would satisfye him. The Book is a very curious one, and  
consists of five volumes in Folio.

I am now turning my Thoughts towards England: a  
Country that I have Known upwards of thirty Years, and  
that I cannot help loving tho' She seems to disdain this  
unhappy Kingdom. There is indeed a great Difference in  
the Complexion of the two Islands. Nature has been pro-  
fusely beneficent to Ireland, and Art has been as much  
so to England. Here, we are beholden to nothing but  
the Creation; There, you are indebted to extensive Gardiners  
and costly Architects. Our Nobility, like the old Patriarchs,  
live in Cottages with Hogs, Sheep and Oxen. Your Patricians  
sleep not but in Palaces and under splendid Rafters. We

speak our Mind, and utter it so fast and undisguis'd that Sentences come tumbling forth without waiting for Form or Order. You, fawning Courtiers and sycophantic Slaves, think before You speak, a Fashion, I suppose, brought from Italy by your Opera Singers. How much more charming it is to behold with Us, whole Countys just as they were left by the Flood, than to see with You, the Sun eclips'd from the Inhabitants by Trees and Hedges. We piously trust to Heaven and scorn Improvements. You already make Plantations which cannot arrive to Perfection till You are dead, and yet, as an Instance how soon the vilest Customs spread plagues like their horrid Influence, We are imitating You as fast as Poverty and native Simplicity of Manners will permit Us. We begin to plough and to plant, but if the Plough gets into the Mire, Hercules, not We, must get it out again: or if a Tree fails We look upon it as so ill an Omen, that we will never try another in the same Place: Notwithstanding this, We are in some danger of growing errant South-Britons at last, for we are already arriv'd at Ridottos, Horse-Races and a whimsical sort of Vehicle called a Quadrille. The fair Sex who always prefer an Irish to an English Man, can only preserve us from so fatal a Catastrophe. —I am, my dear old Man, ever yours,

ORRERY.

TO DR. BARRY

(‘Upon Mr. Pope’s Translation of an Epistle in Horace’).

*Dublin, June 2nd, 1737.*

WHATEVER You say to Me, my dear Doctor, is lock’d up in a very safe Repository, nor shall rise against You till I rise at the Day of Judgement. But as to the Epistle, You have pickt out some of the least fine Lines in my Freinds Trans-



lation, and have fixt upon his Moles, his Scars and his Squint, when there are so many exquisite Beauties in his Countenance to make Amends for those little deformities. If He has not equal'd Horace's *Soldier* (wh I do not allow) I am sure He has given us a finer Lord, and You will certainly agree with Me that a Lord is worth ten Soldiers in these peaceful Days. I must differ with You and Dacier as to *multa fero*. It has been my Motto these two Years, and If I do not understand It, I will arrogantly ask, who does? Perhaps when I come to Marston the Commentators there may change my Opinion, but at present *Multa fero ut placeam* is, I suffer much to get rid of *Genus irritabile*. I say this, not only to defend Mr. P. under whose Banner I have enlisted myself, but to prepare You for the Enclos'd,<sup>1</sup> which can plead Nothing for its Appearance but the hopes of making you smile. Shew it to the Archdeacon, and then commit it to the Temple of Vulcan, who is the tutelar God of such trifling Performances, and who, I hope, will take all the Works of that Author under his fiery Protection. *Astrœa*,<sup>2</sup> I find, is flying to Heaven. The Angels are impatient for Her. We Mortals shall be sorry to lose her, tho' we are sure She is going to a better Place. That Family, methinks, is doom'd to be compleatly unhappy in Daughters. If good, They die too soon; if bad, They live too long.

By this Time You are fighting against Xerxes in all his Pride: I see you at Thermopylae, but I see You at a Distance, for I confess I am forc'd to stay with the widow'd Queen<sup>3</sup> and her weeping Children. 'And from their Father, Let Them learn to die.'

<sup>1</sup> 'An Imitation of an Ode of Horace.'

<sup>2</sup> Lady Kitty Barry, daughter of the Earl of Barrimore.

<sup>3</sup> Vide the Poem of *Leonidas*, Lib. 1.

Talking of Death, I am led to tell You of a most noble Legacy left to me by the D. of Buckingham. A Saphir Ring of great Value, sett in Diamonds, whose Lustre borrow Brightness from the Stone they surround.

Remember *Caesar*: Transport him to Marston if You can: He shall be made Dictator there, and hold the highest Place in our Republic of Letters. Dr. Delany has sent You a present of his Book against Polygamy: I told him 'I thought 'You was not in danger of that Sin, but I would certainly 'take care to convey to You this *Pignus Amoris*.'

W. T. lodges in the same House with me. The same Staircase leads to each of our Apartments, by which means I receive visits from Lords and Ladies who would never honour Me with their Presence but by Mistake. Happy Mr. T. Loving and Beloved: O! could You see him dealing about his Charms in Steven's Green, You would not wonder that our Urban Goddesses gave their Hearts into his Possession. Adieu, dear Dr., *n'oubliez jamais*.

ORRERY.

TO DEAN SWIFT.

June 12th, 1737.

You mistook me, dear Sir, as to Mr. Pope's Letters: The incomparable Author has sent Each of Us a Present of Them and of his last Imitation of Horace, by a private Hand from London, but They are not yet arriv'd; when your Book comes (which I fancy is entrusted to the Bishop of Derry, and he will be here this week) You may send me back That which You now have.

I will certainly see You very often before I go, I will constantly write to You when I am gone, and will require no Answer but at your utmost Leisure and in your best Health.

As my Journey depends upon Law Buesness, I mean References, Accounts, etc., I am put off *de Die in Diem*, and cannot positively say when It will be. But as my Children, my Freinds and my Health call loudly for my Presence in England, I hope to obey their Summons either the last week in this month, or the first in the next. I cannot bear the Thoughts of parting with You. Let us settle It by a Letter the last day wrote from each other. Do not say, Do not think, we are to part forever. Had I no Buesness in Ireland the sight of You would more than make Amends for a Sea Sickness. As I draw nearer losing You, my Affection, which lay close in my Heart, rises in Letters, in Sighs, in Tears, therefore You will excuse this Trouble from Your most affectionate, obliged and faithful humble Servant,

ORRERY.

TO ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

*Dublin, June 14th, 1737.*

DEAR SIR,—A great part of my Time has been employ'd since I wrote to You last, in searching after those Letters<sup>1</sup> wh. are missing. . . .

I am impatient to be in my native Country, to embrace my Children and my Freinds, to improve and delight myself by your Conversation, and to gain a little Health and Quiet, wh. I cannot hope for whilst I stay in this Town. Lawyers, like Surgeons, will not part with Us out of their Claws till their Bill is raised to a great height, and even then They leave many a Scar behind Them. To this villainous Tyranny,

<sup>1</sup> These letters were part of the Correspondence between Pope and Swift, and were missing for a time, to the great perturbation of the former. This matter has been so amply dealt with in other publications that only a reference to their nature is called for here.



and to an unhappy Agreement I made with the greatest Knave<sup>1</sup> in Xtendom, I owe the uncertainty of my Return, but I still flatter myself with the hopes of Liberty the latter End of this Month. My Joy will be incompleat since I must leave the Dean behind me. He has not yet put the Letters into my Hands, They are reserved for the *dona extrema*. Three from Brindley are come safe, but your kind present by a private Hand is not arriv'd. Your Heart can better tell You than my Words express what I feel now I am approaching so near an eternal Farewell to the Dean. I have but one Alleviation to my Sorrow, which is the hopes of meeting with the same indulgence from You that I have ever found from Him; because I am most truly Your Faithfull, obedient and humble Servant,

ORRERY.

TO ARCHDEACON RUSSELL.

*Dublin, June 26th, 1737.*

AY, my dear Archdeacon. I have been dying since I wrote to You. The wicked Air of this vile Town. The cursed Schemes of that Diabolical Proteus Badham, and a tottering Constitution worn out and mouldring away with Irish Tempests, all conspir'd to drive me to other Climates and distant Plains from whence no Traveller returns. By Helsham's Skill and the Power of Milk and Snails, upon which now, under God, is my cheif dependence, I am enabled to hold a Pen in my Hand, and even to walk up and down Stairs. I think I am safe, and shall lay my Bones at a great distance from St. Patricks. But I dread this Theatre of Pestilence, and therefore shall make my Exit as soon as

<sup>1</sup> 'Brettridge Badham, Esq.' An Agent who proved unworthy of his post, and caused Lord Orrery much trouble and financial loss.

possible from the Hibernian Stage. . . . I am to ride from Holyhead to London, calling the whole way at every Farm House for Milk, and picking up every Snail I see crawling upon the Earth. Be secrett, O my dear Freind, be secrett, Lett not Barry know a word of my Illness, nor indeed, should You, only to excuse the large Chasm of late in my Correspondence. My native Land, the Embraces of my Children and the Sight of my Freinds will give a new Turn to my Blood and a fresh Vigour to my Vitals. I shall change my Snails for roast Beef, and my Milk for potent October. I feel I am to live.

The Poets of this Island are most abominably pert: there are new Epigrams handing about the four Courts upon a certain harmonious Counsellor, whose prosaical Numbers, like the Wand of Mercury, putt all the Judges to sleep. An impertinent Lawyer offer'd me one of these rhyming Papers, but I replied frowningly 'That I dealt in Parchments, and not 'in Poetry.'

Hymen has his Hands full (and I daresay Hymen loves to have his Hands full). His Torch may supply the Want of Fire in the Light House. Sir J. Royden is to be made happy by Miss Brownlow, and Lord Barry equips Miss Davis with a titular Barony at present, and hereafter will do all in his Power to make her a Countess. I beleive there is not a stubborn Batchelour in the Town except Bowen and Will. Taylor.

You see, my worthy Freind, I do not write like a dying Man: like One who at the Age of Thirty was going to bid Adieu to the exquisite Pleasures of this happy World. Yet if I should fall, whenever Lord Boyle or Hammy come in your Way, force yourself into an Intimacy with 'em and warm them into Virtue and an equal Love of your two fair Mistresses,

Truth and Religion. Whilst there is Breath in Me, I shall certainly be your faithfull

ORRERY.

I protest I am better every hour: I am built for<sup>1</sup> sixty at least.

TO DEAN SWIFT.

*Dublin, July 3rd, 1737.*

I SEE, dear Sir, that I must never look at Lady O's Picture but with Sorrow. May it long keep out of my Sight, unless you fill up the vacancy with some other Peice of painting. I shall travel with the important Packett that is to leave Dublin next Tuesday night. My Horses are already neighing on the Welch Mountains. My Heart, since I have taken Leave of You, is in England. My Prayers are all address'd to the Winds. *Spirate, Spirate secundi.* Once more Farewell, and in that Word take All that the sincerest Freindship and firmest Affection can wish You!

ORRERY.

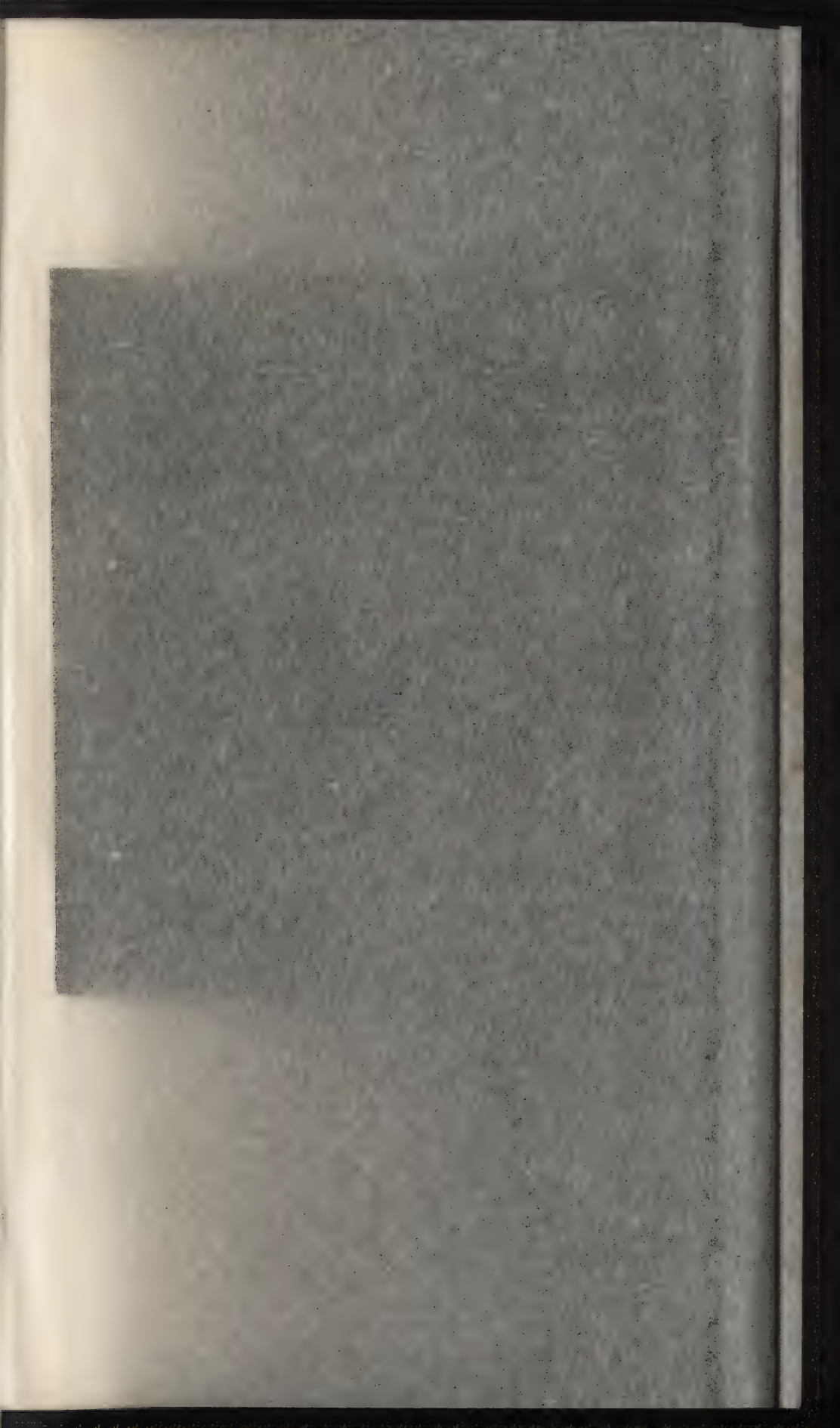
TO WILLIAM CECIL, ESQ.

*Dublin, July 5th, 1737.*

DEAR SIR,—As my Time draws nearer to quit this Kingdom, my Impatience grows greater to be in the Other. The Hours themselves go on just as they did, but the Wretch on the Wreck ever thinks them longer than He who is out of Pain and at full Liberty. Ireland, like the Sun, cherishes at a proper distance, but on too close an Approach, scorches Us to Death. A bold Briton who rashly ventures on this Shore

<sup>1</sup> (Lord O. was not a true prophet as to his own destiny, which ended four years short of the predicted term.)





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ORRERY.

TO WILLIAM CECIL, ESQ.

*Dublin, July 5th, 1737.*

DEAR SIR,—As my Time draws nearer to quit this Kingdom, my Impatience grows greater to be in the Other. The Hours themselves go on just as they did, but the Wretch on the Wreck ever thinks them longer than He who is out of Pain and at full Liberty. Ireland, like the Sun, cherishes at a proper distance, but on too close an Approach, scorches Us to Death. A bold Briton who rashly ventures on this Shore

<sup>1</sup> (Lord O. was not a true prophet as to his own destiny, which ended four years short of the predicted term.)



Walker & Co. London, 1780.

*Alexander Pope.*

Box 25 in

East of Cork date 25 Nov. 1905 (59) Pope's 1780





without the Constitution of a Giant, the Insensibility of a Post and the Knavery of a Badham, comes naked to fight a Nation of Arm'd Men. Rumours supply the Want of Sense, Goodnature and Honesty. They bring down the highest Understanding upon a Level with the Lowest, and they drive away those two hideous Companions Thought and Reflection. Who says therefore that Drunkenness is not Wisdom, or Who at least will care to say so in this Kingdom. It is the Strait Path to Preferment, and when join'd to that amiable Rage and Fury of Party that is so prevalent here, cannot fail of meeting with the highest Honours which this Nation is able to bestow.

Judge then, how unfitt I am to live in such a Place, who have not a Constitution to be always drunk, nor Folly sufficient to be mad with Party, nor Sense enough to be a Knave. Yett I must own, I have met with valuable Freindships here. Men of Virtue, and of those amiable qualities which can only sett Mankind in a high degree above Brutes may be found in Ireland. Heaven increase the Number! The Island itself is a glorious Scene of the richness of Nature unassisted by Art. But till the Inhabitants hate Drinking and love Industry, a Day pass'd in England is worth a Thousand pass'd here.—I am, dear Sir, Ever yours,

ORRERY.

LORD ORRERY TO MR. SOUTHERNE.

I AM just come, my dear old Man, from passing the Evening with our valuable Freind Mr. Tighe.<sup>1</sup> He has lately

<sup>1</sup> One of the Tighes of Woodstock, who have ever been one of the most highly esteemed county Families in Ireland; long after Lord O.'s Day, the talented Wife of the then Head of the Family, wrote a charming Poem published as 'Psyche by Mrs. Tighe.' An illiterate countryman coming across the book in some friend's house, after considering the Title with a puzzled look, broke out with the exclamation, 'An' would ye tell me now who "Sikky and Tiggy" might be, for I never met or heard of the Ladies before.'

had an addition to the loss of Dean Ward, by the loss of his Wife; which he seems to bear with the affection of a Husband, and the Reason of a Philosopher. On this Occasion his Freinds ought to show him their Regard in a particular Manner. I am therefore with Him as often as I can : but the cold Weather (of which I am but too sensible since my last Illness) and busy perplexities of many kinds keep us more asunder than I could wish. I never go from him without feeling myself the better by the Example of his Virtue, and the improvement of his Conversation. His learning which is very extensive, is mix'd with Judgment and adorned with Taste; and when less melancholy Circumstances will allow him, he can sett off his Remarks with so much true Humour and such facetiousness of Speech and Gesture as render his Company highly agreeable, and make the hours pass just as we desire. But he needs none of these engaging qualities, to attach my Heart to Him; his Love of you, his Esteem of your Freindship and the sincere affection He has for every thing belonging to you, are more than eno' to make me entirely his own. On Friday I Supp with Him, when you will certainly not be forgotten. The Noon I pass'd with the Dean of St. Patrick's who seems to grow younger as his Years increase : a Paradox which I hope you will prove to its full extent. The Dean enjoys more health and vivacity this winter, than he himself has felt for some Years past. Thus you see the Pray'rs of poor Ireland are in one instance heard. Can I finish so satisfactory a Day better than in trying to draw from you an Account of yourself and of my Freinds in London? I think not, and desire therefore that you will talk upon Paper to me as soon as you can. When we shall come to a personal Dialogue let the Oracle at Delphos inform You. I cannot. Carte's History of the D. of Ormonde is just come



over ; it meets with great Approbation. I have only had time to peruse the two first Books. The Style is good, and I believe he has spar'd no pains to digest the Materials of which he had a very large Collection. It is a Companion I propose great Delight in these tedious Evenings, leaving Cards and Balls to younger and finer Gentlemen. You are at the Fountain Head for News. We have none. Lord Kildare leads the same still Life he used to do, and makes a much greater show of his Plate than of his Virtue, tho' the latter outshines the former in every Eye that views him closely and with Attention. L<sup>d</sup> Thomond<sup>1</sup> is laid up with the gout. The Irish hospitality has broke out in his feet, and pinns him down to a great Chair and a small Meal. Tickell and Dr. Delany perform Quarantine at Glassneven. The World I suppose will reap the benefitt of their Retirement. The Press will groan for it, and future Ages will revere Delvil. To be serious, they both sent their Service to you. Thus, my dear Freind, if tiring your Eyes and Head can do you good, my Task is perform'd in writing when I had in reality Nothing to say, but the old Story of my being entirely Yours,

ORRERY.

FROM DR. BARRY.

*Orrery Quay, May 19, 1738.*

I ALWAYS told my dear Ld Orrery that providence had some particular Blessing in store for him. Yr Virtue is now amply rewarded. I know the Lady, tho yr Lordp mentions no name ; the picture is too finely drawn to require it, and can only resemble one person. I am not surpriz'd at this

<sup>1</sup> The Marquisate of Thomonde became extinct in the early fifties of the last century, and Lord Inchiquin is now the head of the O'Briens.

meeting. From her amiable Character you seem to have been form'd for each other. The Archdeacon and I feel all the joys of Friendship on this Occasion. I find myself a much more happy man than I ever was before. I have now only to wish that you may grow old together : for, with a small portion of the prophetic spirit of Lapis<sup>1</sup> I can pronounce that all other Blessings of this Life will attend you.—I am ever yr Ldp's Faithfull and Affect.

EDW. BARRY.

The Arch<sup>n</sup> has been ill, but is now pretty well, and will soon write to your Ldp. Poor Boerhaave is dying in an asthma, and, as he says himself, from a collection of purulent matter in his Thorax.

FROM LORD ORRERY TO MR. SOUTHERNE.

*Dublin, June 6th, 1738.*

MY DEAR OLD MAN,—You have made me wait so long before you shewed me the Example of a second Marriage, that I am quite tir'd, and shall therefore next week try again the Pleasures of the Marriage State. Wonder no longer at my sudden Departure from London. I flew on the wings of Love : Secrecy and Expedition were my Guides : Desire and certain Hope my Companions : and my Wishes will be crown'd even perhaps before This reaches your hands. I have all the prospect of Happiness that mortal Man can desire : a sweetness of Temper, a soundness of Understanding, and all the agreeable accomplishments that make this Life chearfull, happy and amusing. In August I hope to see you at our Tea Table

<sup>1</sup> ? Tobias.

in Duke Street, but till then shall be at my new Estate in the County of Tyrone, which tho upwards of two thousand Pounds a year, the generous Lady has bestowed upon Me. Great are her Gifts as to Fortune, but much greater in the Gift of Herself. You will say so, I am sure, when You see her, which that You may do without Spectacles many Years hence most heartily wisheth

ORRERY.

*P.S.*—Worthy Tighe is brave and well, after a long and an ugly Illness. He and all y<sup>r</sup> Hibernian Friends salute You.

#### THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Lowtown, June 29th, 1738.*

My dear Old Man, I write to you now with the approaching joy of a Bridegroom. To-morrow Mrs. Hamilton gives me Her hand and heart for Ever. I shew'd Her your Letter, and She who never tasts any Wine but on very extraordinary Occasions, toasted You with a Smile that would have warm'd your frozen Age, and renew'd Youth in your antiquated Frame. We are now at Her Uncle's House in the Co. of Westmeath. From Hence, taking Dublin for a few Days on our Way, we go to Caledon, her Seat and Estate in the North ; and then to fair England, where we hope to see you blooming in the Winter of Your Days ; and shewing us a lively Example how excellent a Preservative Humanity is of the Body, and how great an Ornament of the Soul. To-morrow and To-morrow ! I think of Nothing Else, but am, my dear Old Man, Y<sup>rs</sup> affectionately and faithfully,

ORRERY.



TO JOHN KEMPE, ESQ.

*Lowtown, July 1st, 1738.*

I AM the happiest Man in the World! Yesterday Miss Hamilton gave me, with the usual Ceremony, Her Hand and Heart. A Heart fill'd with Love and a Hand with Money. What a Turn of Fortune is here! I am now too deeply engag'd in Nuptial Ceremonies to write, to speak, to think any Thing but what Love and Joy inspire. If I could entertain a gloomy Moment, It must be on account of your declining Health. But You are well, and the whole World is gay, at least it is so to Me: for if to jaundic'd Eyes All Things seem yellow, by the same Rule to my Eyes all Things must seem happy. Adieu.

ORRERY.

TO THE SAME.

*Caledon, August 2nd, 1738.*

WE came hither upon Lady Orrery's Birthday, the 24th of last Month. A Day that shall be sacred with Me till the End of my Life. We were mett by a mighty Concourse of Men and Boys, whose noisy Acclamations drown'd the Thunder, violent and loud as it sounded from amidst the sable Clouds. I defye ill omens, and look upon the bad Weather that ushr'd Us into Caledon as the last Effort of my angry Fate, which expired, as Witches go to Hell, as Lightning, Rain and Thunder.

I cannot pretend to describe this Place, having been confined by a Cold even to my Bedchamber from the second Day of my Arrival: but I have peep'd out far enough to see infinite Beauties and much Land.

. . . Hinc mihi copia  
Manabit ad Plenum benigno  
Ruris honorum opulenta Cornu.

The House is old, low, and tho' full of Rooms, not very large. So much the better. I like it for the same Reason I like the old Roads about Marston. It will be a good Excuse to keep out Foreigners and Straglers, and we will always contrive to find a Closett or Two for Freinds. Next Year we hope to see You here, a strange wish, considering with how much joy I left the Hibernian Shore about this time twelve month, and how fully I thought myself resolv'd never to settle in an Island where the Air seem'd noxious to my Health, and the Inhabitants to my Peace of Mind. But alas! how blind are we to Futurity, and how little able to judge of what is to come from what is past. This Island, which I had the most reason to hate, I have now most reason to love, and the Kingdom in which I was most curst, I am now most blest in.

One Year must be spent in England, most of it, *si rite auguror*, at Marston, and then we will fix here at Caledon, where I hope to find that Repose which my soul so much longs after.

I feel myself at present as a new Governor, just come to take possession of my Government, unknowing of, and unknown to, the People, very desirous to please, but very ignorant how : afraid to speak, and more afraid to be silent : all Eyes watch my Motions, all Ears are open to my Sayings : and if I can read their Thoughts aright, the Caledonians wonder what hidden Charms I carry about Me to induce so rich, so good and so wise a Lady to fix her Choice on a Man who seems to have so little to say for himself. But if I am penurious of my Words, I am profuse of my Smiles, and fling

them about promiscuously, to be gather'd up by Men, Women and Children ; some say I should be tolerably handsome were it not for the Scarr in my upper Lip, to which Those who are well inclin'd to me reply, that It is an honorable Scarr, and better. . . .

Arouse, my dear Sir Harry, chear up your falling Spirits ; surely all will go well now : here is a glorious Foundation for It. A fine Estate, a sweet Temper, good Sense, many engaging Accomplishments, such as singing, playing, working, reading, in perfection ; and all this without a grain of Affectation ; so that if we have not a Helen, we are sure of a Penelope : and that's a much more preferable choice.

By Mrs. Kempe's last Letter to Me, You are losing Ground. Heaven preserve my Freind to share and partake of my Happiness, which cannot be so compleat, as not to want the Addition of your Health, impatiently and ever wish'd for by your own

ORRERY.

#### TO THE BISHOP OF OSSORY.

*Duke Street, Westmr., Sepbr. 1738.*

MY DEAR LORD,—I dictate my Epistle to a fair Hand that must inform You my Arm is not broke, but most violently strain'd, a strain that I shall feel during several future months, especially as Winter is coming on, or, rather, continued, for Summer has not appear'd since the Year 37, either in England or Ireland. One comfort arises from my Wound, It was received in the Cause of Love. *Dulce et decorum est pro uxore mori*, nor do I feel Pain when I consider in whose Defense my Right Hand lost its Cunning. We were overturned between Coventry and Creeke : but no Body



except myself receiv'd immediate hurt: The Consequences since indeed have been unlucky. I will give your L<sup>p</sup> as early an Instance as I can of my Recovery upon Paper: in the meantime we are setting out for Marston, with this unhappy Circumstance, that I fear I have taken leave of poor Kempe for ever: He is in the Jaws of Death, and yet talks of Journies to Bath and Marston: long and lasting will be the next Journey he takes, and He will leave behind him a Widow, a Mother, a Son and a Daughter: without much more support than what the Providence of God will pour down, by my means, I hope, upon Them. Wine and Free-Masonry have brought poor dear Sir Harry to his grave: however, all Losses are supplied and over paid to Me in this last Gift of Heaven, of which, my dear Lord, you shall hear more when I can be my own Secretary. All belonging to Me are to your L<sup>p</sup> and Mrs. Este most true and faithfull Servants.

ORRERY.

THE SAME TO MR. SOUTHERNE.

*Marston, Oct. 12, 1738.*

HAPPY Old Man! How I envy you! Who would not wish to live to be fourscore, when Ladies fresh as the Spring and gay as the Summer think of Nothing but Old Age—dream of you by Night, sing of You in the Morning, and toast You in the middle of the Day. Sure like our Glastonbury Thorn in the Christmas of Life, or like an Evergreen delights the Eye in Winter, more than Summer flies can in June. Not a Peice of Beef graces my Table, without Lady Orrery's warmest Invitation to your Return to partake of it. Miss Peggy<sup>1</sup> carves for You, whilst Miss Ally<sup>1</sup> pours out

<sup>1</sup> Lady Orrery's maiden aunts.

Bumper Libations of strong Ale. Thus You see we pay our Incense at Your Altar, hoping that when you cross the Cark You fling away sometimes a kind thought on your Freinds, buried in this obscure corner of Somerset. Poor Mr. Kempe is dead! 'I knew him, Horatio! A Man of infinite Jest. . . . 'Where be his Flashes of Merriment that were wont to set the 'Table in a Roar?' Call sometimes on my poor Boy in Smith St. planted among the wild Shrubs of Westminster, it is a noble Soil, and whatever defects may be in the old Standard, I am sure the Sapling went into the ground fair and goodly. By God's Blessing it will flourish there. Remember me most affectionately to Mr. Pope, and the Dutchess of Queensberry I worship like the Sun at a vast distance. You who can go near that bright Planet will find how happy it is to be in a warm Climate. L<sup>d</sup> and Lady Carpenter<sup>1</sup> are ever thought of by me with that Melancholy that attends Freinds in Absence. In short wherever I am, my Freinds are present in my mind, especially the Geraldinians, under which Title I include Mrs. Taylor, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Lloyd, and all my Neighbours near the Park. Let us hear from you, my Good Old Man.

ORRERY.

TO DR. BARRY.

*Duke Street, Westmr., Novbr. 2nd, 1738.*

I AM called hither, my dear Doctor, at this dismal Time of the Year on a most dismal Occasion. Poor Sir Harry is dead. *You knew him, Horatio! A fellow of infinite jest: of most excellent Fancy: Where are his Gibes now? His Songs? His Flashes of Merriment, that were wont to set the Table in a Roar? Not one now to mock his own grinning.* He died about the middle of

<sup>1</sup> Carpenter was the family name of the now extinct Title of the Earls of Tyrconnel.

last Month, a Martyr to the Bottle and bad Company, fulfilling the Proverb that :

He who lives not chaste and sober  
Falls with the leaf in October.

He has left a Family behind him, in the sad Situation of having lost their chief support, and Me, in the sorrowful Reflexion of having lost a true and faithfull Freind. Methinks it is my Duty now to be his Representative ; to cherish his Widow, to help his Mother, and to educate his Children. What else is Freindship? Will it not outlive the Man we love? That would be rather Enmity than Affection. I thank God I have not that Thought to answer for. I lov'd him in his Life Time, I will love his Relicks now He is dead. His Boy is the very Picture of Him, a laughing, sprightly gay Urchin : not over bashfull, nor too submissive to his Mother, in short, an only Son, and hopeful enough to deserve any Education that may be bestow'd upon him ; however, Indulgence has had a bad Effect upon his Manners, and unless his Spirit is reduc'd, and his Attention increased, All the Praeception in the World will never be able to make him a Scholar. The Girl, I know little of, the Boy falls more immediately under my Care. I am come up to settle their little Fortune, and to offer my Mite towards encreasing it. Lord Boyle and Nat Barry go on bravely at Westminster ; Nat wants some of Kempe's Assurance, and Kempe some of Nat's Bashfullness, but I make no doubt all will be right in time. My Stay will be as short as possible, nor will I peep out of Doors but upon Business. Adieu, my dear Doctor, Heaven prolong your Days, for the sake of your Family, your Freinds and your Patients.

ORRERY.



TO THE REV. MR. FERREBEE.<sup>1</sup>

Marston, Nov. 27th, 1738.

IF fractured Limbs and a thousand unlucky Accidents can plead an Excuse for a large Chasm in my Correspondence, my dear Mr. Ferreebe, You will forgive me a Silence that can only be occasioned by my most malicious Stars. Bowen tells me You never received a Letter of Thanks, which I sent in return for those excellent Verses on my Marriage. I would willingly surprize You with some other Tokens of Thanks than merely a Letter, *sed Dis aliter visum est*. This is a subject I had rather think of than write of, so I'll pass on to sing of that Nestor of Westminster, Tom Southerne. He still possesses his good humour to roast Beef and Mutton Pye. Whilst we staid at London We had him every Day at our Table. He was in Love with Lady Orrery, or at least, with her Dinners. He even admir'd her Music, tho' he is deaf, and repeated so much of his Plays to her that she became deaf also. Two young Ladies, her Cousins, protest they never heard so many Magic Strains under so comic an appearance since the Hour of their Birth ; and for my Part, He has so far infected Me that I speak to my Servants in blank verse, and call for my Buskins instead of my Boots. Thus much of Southerne. Now for Dr. Nichols, Fitz Gerald and Vinny Bourne. They are, Sir, just the same we remember 'em twenty years ago: Time makes no Impression on a true Westminster, as Nan, the Pye Woman, and old Barker can testifye: By the by, old Barker is succeeded by a young Barker, as old as himself, fatt, toothless and jolly ; *alter et idem* : not that old Barker is not still as great a Man as he was. He has only withdrawn Himself from

<sup>1</sup> Chaplain to the Earl of Orrery.

the fatigue of attending the lower School, and is become the upper Master of the Bowling Alley. Lord Boyle is plac'd in the midst of all these peices of Antiquity like a young Bacchanal amidst the Fauni and Sileni of the Age. He seems to flourish so well, that when I go to Ireland, if I can bring my Heart to part with my two dear Boys, I will fix down Hammy in the same rich Soil.—I am, Sir, Your most faithfull, etc.,

ORRERY.

TO MR. SOUTHERNE.

*Marston, December 16th, 1738.*

WEEP, weep, my dear Old Man. Fling all Westminster into tears. The Times require it, and you have tragic Strains at command. Hector, the matchless Hector, is no more! *pereunt sic celeres atque fideles!* He lived to see his Master happy, and then flew to Elyzium with the News. No Dog ever surpass'd him either in Sense, Courage or Fidelity; but Death pays no more Regard to Dogs than to Emperors. I might quote Greek Verses to you upon Hector, whose character in Homer shines brighter in my Eye than even that of Achilles: However, in plain Truth, I am sorry for my poor Dane, and have buried him in Marston Gardens; a melancholy ever-Green is planted over him, as an humble Monument of his never fading Excellence, and my perpetual Memory of It.

When I quitted my apartment lately in Duke Street which was lonesome, because without my Companion (for what was Paradise to Adam without Eve?) I ought to have sent for Bale with his Juleps, Westbrooke with his Launcets, and Monsieur Angebau with his Lozenges, but I chose to try Somersetshire Air and a Bedfellow rather than Town Smoke and a Blister. I was spurr'd on by Love. Love will

make a Hero of a Coward, a Giant of a Dwarf, and I am told (but you know best) will sometimes raise the Dead. Thanks to a kind administring Hand, I am now quite recover'd, and daily listening to Geminiani's matchless Strains. This musical Mortal has made Apollo so much asham'd by his superior Skill, that the Deity never appears, but hides himself behind Clouds and noxious Vapours. If you see the Sun in Town give my Service to him.—I am, my dear old Man, ever yours,

ORRERY.

TO DEAN SWIFT.

*Marston, January 2nd, 1738/39.*

DEAR SIR,—The New Year begins as the old year ended, in Storms, in Rain, and all the various Inclemencies of the Sky. The new year finds me in the same Situation the old year left me, a domestic Animal fond of my own House, and loth to quitt my Chimney Corner. Year may turn round after year, still I must be your faithfull Servant. The Rage of Storms, the Whistling of Winds, the Roar of Thunder, can make no Impression upon my Breast, whatever Effect They may have upon the politics and proceedings of the mighty and the great.

In an Excursion I lately made to London, I heard of matchless preparations for a Convention<sup>1</sup> (which poor Sheridan would have called a Contention) that is to be received with open Arms by the Parliament. I cannot guess what sort of an Animal it is: various are the Speculations upon it: Some say it is a Monster upon which we are to feed during five months to come, and that it is of Bulk sufficient to satisfy the Appetites of the whole English Nation: Others affirm that

<sup>1</sup> With Spain.



it is not to be eaten but to be worshipp'd, and Others again are of Opinion that it is only a Thing of Straw dress'd up in a Spanish habit. Every man forms a different Idea of it, and for my own Part, I am apt to think it is eatable, and that it will be cramm'd down our Throats be it never so hard of Digestion.

I had a glimpse of Mr. Pope whilst I was in London, and I had a Letter from him two Posts ago. He is lost in the Convention: the very Dunces forgett him, and think of Nothing but Politicks.

Ld B—ke<sup>1</sup> is still in England: but lives as privately as his Enemies could wish, and is as silent to the public as if he was in his Grave.

Lord B——<sup>2</sup> has lately entertained the Prince at C—r.<sup>3</sup> We may perhaps see him the first Minister in the next Reign, but in this He Protests he will not be one. L—— is, as usual, a Spaniard in outward Appearance, but very far from One in his Heart.

Dr. F—— is to resign his Living to his Son, and to live and die Prebend of Westminster and Canon of Xt Church. Who would have thought this some years ago?

In short, all the old Trojans are divided and dispers'd, Some one way, Some another, Some are fled into the Country, Some have taken Refuge at St James's: Some bow at Norfolk House, but others scorn to bend the Knee to any Idol whatever, and of this last Tribe is

## ORRERY.

<sup>1</sup> Bolingbroke.

<sup>2</sup> Bathurst.

<sup>3</sup> Cirencester.

TO MRS. STRANGWAYS HORNER.<sup>1</sup>*Marston, January 18th, 1738/39.*

MADAM,—I have received yours, and, as I am used to egotize very freely to you, You will allow me to do so now. There are many People who at a distance one can think of with Patience, but whose nearer approach makes them intolerable. Conversation—I mean agreeable Conversation—is not a Gift always to the Wise, no more than the Battle to the Strong : and many a man will write civilly whose Behaviour in Company is immodest, overbearing and presumptuous. Besides, an Impertinence in a Letter may be burnt, or flung aside or forgotten ; but when once a bold Briton has gott possession of your ear, You fall a Sacrifice to all the various turns that Folly or Impudence can devise. For this reason among a thousand others, I prefer the Country to the Town, and though I have your opinion of Somersetshire, yet I believe that you will agree with me that however inauspicious it has been to you, It may not be so to all your faithful Servants.

<sup>1</sup> This lady resided at Mells Park, within easy reach of both Marston Biggott and the town of Frome. The majority of readers are probably unacquainted with the fact that the familiar nursery stanza,

‘ Little Jack Horner  
Sat in a corner  
Eating a Christmas Pie ;  
He put in his thumb  
And pulled out a plum,  
And said, What a good boy am I,’

was originally a political squib. The ‘ Jack Horner ’ of the day, being sent by the King with a grant of land to the Abbots of Glastonbury, on the way thither abstracted the ‘ plum ’ in question, viz. the deed gift of Mells Park. The slowness of inquiries, of distant communication in those times, delayed discovery of the fraud, so that ‘ possession proved nine points of the law ’ to some purpose for the felonious ‘ Jack.’ Mrs. Strangways Horner was the heiress of Thomas Strangways of Melbury Park, an estate which the marriage of her only daughter merged into the Ilchester family, and caused the name of ‘ Strangways ’ to be added to its original patronymic of Fox.

At this Place I am quite retir'd : I see few, I read much, I think more, & I am Master of myself, my Family and my time. I begin to hate London, and I know of no inducement half so strong as your Residence there to make me fling away a Thought on It. There was an *Æra*, I confess, when I look'd upon all Time as mispent that was not pass'd in that City : I lov'd Noise, I follow'd hurry, I sought Crouds, I frequented Playhouses. I had various Pleasures which are now no more. I was then too young to judge even where to look for true Satisfaction. I thought it dwelt at Bartholomew Fair, or was pinn'd to Mrs. Oldfield's<sup>1</sup> Petticoat, but even in the midst of my Madness I was never outrageous. I was gay, not wicked, thoughtless, not abandon'd : in short, I knew I was wrong, but I did not allow myself Leisure to be right. Time, and certain uneasy Circumstances cur'd me : I married, I turn'd over a new Leaf, and—— but you remember my Life in New Bond Street, and I have reason to remember that the most fortunate Circumstance in It was the Commencement of a strict, and I hope, lasting Freindship with you. I know by Nature I am too easy to be broke in upon : and therefore I must keep my Distance. The first Approaches to me must be difficult, or I shall not be easy to withstand a Seige. I yield from my Heart not from my Head, from a kind of Tenderness my Mother left me, that is more becoming the Lenity of one of your Sex than the Constancy of one of ours. It is from this cause that I have fallen a Prey even in my more experienc'd Years to the Townsends, the Daniells, the S . . . . and the F . . . . ds, and it is from this Cause that I am every day giving up my Judgement, an humble Prisoner to my Pity. You and I, Madam, should fly from a sorrowful Story, as other People fly from the Plague. It will certainly

<sup>1</sup> See p. 67, and footnote there.



infect Us: however, there is this difference, Your Fortune is to be flung away upon such Occasions; mine has been so already.

My Paper draws near an End. I will say nothing of Lady Orrery until you are acquainted with her and give me your Opinion. Yes, I must say I am now really and compleatly happy. I have married a Lady with many excellencies and a sweetness of Temper which charms me, which indeed was my Case once before, but I have not married a whole Family.—I am, Madam, Your most faithfull, humble and obedient Servant,

ORRERY.

*P.S.*—Lord Boyle is this day gone to Westminster, after passing the holidays with Me. That Boy will make a Figure, or I am blindly partial.

TO WILLIAM CECIL, ESQ.

*Marston, February 2nd, 1738/9.*

DEAR SIR,—I find by yours that my Freinds are extremely importunate I should come to Town. They tell me of strange Things that must inevitably happen in a short Time. Knights to be conquer'd in Battle—mighty Champions to be slain—new Lords—new Commons—I had almost said new K . . . . in short, All to be right and Nothing to be wrong: I am accustomed to hear these Songs warbled forth at this time of the Year: they constantly succeed each other, *velut Unda supervenit Undam*: But I have long since given over my Enquiries into Dreams and Omens. Oracles are eras'd with Me: Peace and solid Happiness take place of airy Visions and imaginary Prospects. Lady Anne and I converse no more. The Curate<sup>1</sup> is dead, and Lady Anne<sup>2</sup> is, as all Prophetesses ought to be,

<sup>1</sup> 'John Sandford, of Shoreditch.'

<sup>2</sup> The Curate's mother.

stark mad. All I can now depend upon is my Reason: and if that guides me right, I shall act contrary to my Belief and agreeable to my Integrity: for, to speak openly my Sentiments, I am as firmly persuaded that the Affairs of State will glide on as usual, as I am sure I shall continue to give them my usual but ineffectual Opposition.

What is a single Voice? I dare not exert it further than a negative monysyllable. Terror hath murdered speech. Cheese is more palatable to my Taste than my own Words to my Ears, and I even dread to hear myself pronounce Yes, or No, in public, tho' I do it with an Uprightness that will justify Me towards God and Man. Nature form'd me for domestic Pleasures and moral Joys, why should I be torn from Happiness?

Yet after all I have said tho' I have the most important uxorious Reasons to keep me at home, I will quit Marston for Westminster whenever my presence is absolutely requir'd. You will take care to let me stay to the last minute.—I am, dear Sir, Your very obedient Servant,

ORRERY.

TO THE REV. MR. WESLEY.

*Duke Street, Westr., March 6th, 1738-39.*

HERE am I in close attendance upon the Convention. I mean, I was call'd up hither to shew my aversion to so ministerial a Jobb. But since my Arrival Lady Orrery has miscarried at Marston and Lord Boyle is ill of the Meazles above Stairs. You may be sure my present Situation exercises my Philosophy to the highest degree, but I thank God I can go higher. I am a Christian and relye upon my Saviour.

The complaints of your Health give me much uneasiness. I dread that ugly cough. I tremble when they tell me you look thin, and my spirits sink for You, like the Quicksilver, upon the approach of moist and tempestuous Weather. Surely you would do right to come back to Westminster. You wither at Tiverton. You will revive under the Shade of the Abbey. I have neither Age nor Wisdom enough for a Physician, yet my Vanity leads me to think that Æsculapius, were he alive, would be of my Opinion. To speak freely, I am told the People in yr Neighbourhood disagree with your Constitution as much as the Climate.

*Ætnæos Fratres, coelo capita alta ferentes,  
Concilium horrendum !*

What have You to do with Brutes and Bears? because Orpheus once tam'd the Feirceness of their Nature, do You think You can? Indeed, you are mistaken, Apollo and all his Muses would sing in vain to Toads and Monsters. I pity you extreamly. Good God! do I live to pity my honour'd Master? I must return to my poor Boy, who is just awaken'd, and is in as fine a Way (to use the Expression of his Nurse) as can be expected. To resume, and end with a word of Advice,

*Heu fuge crudeles terras ! heu littus avarum.*

ORRERY.

TO MRS. STRANGWAYS HORNER.

*Marston, March 28th, 1739.*

I ARRIVED here last Friday with Lord Boyle, whom I brought down by way of airing him after his Meazles. On Monday I receiv'd your Commands. You may be sure



I will subscribe to any Work<sup>1</sup> you recommend. I doubt not but Dr. Middleton will make the Performance well worth the Subscription. I have read, but I have never seen the Doctor. You will sett Lady Orrery and Me down for his humble Servants.

We shall be so soon in Town that it is scarce worth while to write to You, but I have lately enjoyed such a happy Share of your Conversation that I should be very ungratefull to lose any opportunity of returning my Thanks for the Continuance of your Freindship.

It is odd to send you news from the Country: yet I must tell You that the best Advices from Froome say Lord Weymouth is soon to be declared Constable of the Tower. I am not surprised that the noble Viscount should be appointed head-keeper of the Lyons and of the Tygers,<sup>2</sup> and what makes it still more probable is, that his Lordship has lately parted with a most curious collection of wild Quadrupeds, and keeps no Beasts of Prey at Long-Leate but such as walk upon two Legs. It is certain this illustrious Peer cannot live without Bears and Wolves, and He may like them as well for what I know, in the Tower as in his own House, but when he views the Arsenal and beholds the dreadful Figures of Kings in Armour besett around with numberless Swords and Spikes, and all the terrifying Ensigns of Blood and Battle, I am apt to beleive his Lordship will encline to chuse a Place of more Profitt and less Danger. I am, Madam, Your most obedient Servant,

ORRERY.

<sup>1</sup> 'Dr. Middleton's *Tully*.'

<sup>2</sup> Wild beasts were still kept at the Tower at this period.

TO THE EARL OF BARRYMORE.<sup>1</sup>*Westminster, Duke Street, Ap. 14th, 1739.*

MY DEAR LORD,—When I am in this Town I am in a perpetual Hurry: always employ'd and never doing any Thing. It is a Point of Conscience with Me to attend Courts. My Dinners therefore are generally late, and my Suppers accordingly: so the next Point of Conscience is to lye abed very long in a morning. These idle Reasons, my dear Lord, have occasion'd my Silence. But to answer your Enquiries.

The Convention was carried, like every other righteous act of State, by a considerable Majority. The People were against It. The Dictator<sup>2</sup> was for it; and Jupiter<sup>3</sup> is so amourosly taken up with his Mistress, that he leaves his Thunder and his Mortals to the Government of his Eagle. The God never appears but to give the assenting Nod to whatever his ravenous Bird proposes.

The Speakers in our House, on the side of the Minority were, Argyle, Chesterfield, Carteret, Gower, Talbot, Lonsdale, and the Duke of Bedford. On the other side, the Chancellor, The B. of Salisbury (I had almost said of Toledo), Lord Islay, Harvey, and the D. of Norfolk.

The Duke of Argyle and the Earl of Chesterfield shew'd to what an amazing height the Strength of Eloquence and the Spirit of Witt can rise. When these two Lords had finished their Speeches, I no longer regretted the hundred Miles I had travell'd thro' bad weather and worse Roads. Lord Carteret spoke with great Warmth, but without Passion. Lord Gower, as usual, very genteely, and very strong. Lord

<sup>1</sup> Fourth Earl, whose first wife was Lady Elizabeth Boyle, sister of Charles, third Earl of Cork. The title became extinct in 1824.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Robert Walpole.

<sup>3</sup> The King.

Talbot's Patriotism carried him a little too far ; if I mistake not, he swore once or twice ; but Lord Lonsdale spoke with most remarkable Judgement, and in so close a strain of Argument, that what he said was unanswerable. The Chancellor was long and tedious, and the Bishop's words seemed to come from his Pockett, not from his Heart. He was answered by the Duke of Bedford, short and extremely well. Islay was full of Latin, he brought in *Horace*, but he left out *Tully*, and Lord Hervey, who has been ill ever since (occasioned by too violent a Fitt of Eloquence) spoke nicely and was full of Peace, Plenty and Sugar-Plumbs. The Duke of Newcastle's arguments were lost in the noise of the Gallery and in the Murmurs of the Bishops, who grew very hungry towards the latter End, as well they might, for the Clock struck ten before we divided.

But I had almost forgott who<sup>1</sup> acted a most considerable Part in our Shew. He did us the honour to head our Troops, and seem'd not at all dismay'd at being trod under Foot of the majority of the Clergy. By the By we had three or four Bishops with Us, upon each of whom He bestow'd most gracious Smiles and Nods of Approbation. The hopeful Youth was very busy all day ; When an Enemy spoke, he turn'd his Back to him, and fell to placing his Cravat, or pleating his Ruffles, but when an Ally stept forth, He was all attention, and turn'd up his Ear like a little Bird that listens to a Flagellet. The Speech over, he chirrup'd Applauses to the Person who was next him. My Paper draws to an End ; Adieu, my dear Lord. All your commands shall certainly be obey'd.

ORRERY.

<sup>1</sup> Earl of Stair.



TO THE REV. MR. WESLEY.

*Duke Street, Westr., May 4th.*

HOWEVER well Westminster might agree with You, it certainly agrees very ill with Me. I live to be a Slave to the Importunities and Visitts of half the Town. Some come to me out of Idleness, some visitt me because I am a Lord, some because I have a House, and some because I am in Debt; the latter are least welcome but most sincere. You know how little I like this kind of life. I am out of my Element when I am out of the Country, and tho' St. James's Park puts one in mind of the Somersetshire verdure, yet the Music on the Parade is no more equal to the songs of our Nightingales than the Music of the Opera House is to an old English Ballad. By the by, the Comparison does not hold exactly at present, for the State of that Theatre has long been overturn'd, and the Princes and Heroines who used to strut so furiously upon the Stage have been long ago sent, like the Jews and the Gypsies, to wander over the Face of the Globe, whilst the two Brothers Hendel and Heydegger live in daily expectation of the Gallows.

The Curate of Shoreditch, the illustrious Sandford, is no more! He died last April was a twelvemonth, and with him perish'd Puns, Quirks and Quibbles innumerable. I heard not of his Death till some Months after it happen'd, and, to speak in his own Style, I never could think gravely of him till He was in his Grave. Peace! Peace! Peace! to his Manes! Vale! Vale! Vale! *Nos illum, ordine quo natura permiserit, cuncti sequemur.* He was certainly a Man of whom His Freinds could scarce speak seriously without laughing,

and tho' he was by no means apt to laugh at himself, He was always the only Person in Company not guilty of that Indecorum. Laughter puts me in mind of Tom Southerne, who is heartily your Servant, and so very deaf that you might now venture to laugh as loud as you pleas'd without incurring his displeasure.

Lord Boyle is improving at Westminster School under the Instructions of Dr. Nichols. The soil there is still excellent, and the Ground not the least worn out. However your Tillage would do wonders, and I might hope to see my Boy shoot up daily under such a Husbandman, for whatever Knots and Blemishes are in the old Oak, the Saplin is fair and spotless, I assure You, and so good Night.

ORRERY.

TO DR. BARRY.

*Duke Street, Westminster, May 29th, 1739.*

WHEN I write from London, my dear Doctor, I write from a Place of so much hurry and confusion that my Letters will probably appear a kind of Chaos, *Matter without Light*. The political Situation of the State is all Confusion, at least it appears so to us, who can only judge of what comes before our Eyes. The Sessions is drawing towards an End ; crowned with the glories of a Convention and the honours of a parchment Peace. It is most certain we are far from Papists in Religion, but surely we are so in Politicks, we beleive Things so directly contrary to our Senses, so absolutely unlike what they are called, that for my Part I imagine it far from improbable to beleive in time Atheism to be true Religion, and Whiggism the true Philosophy. As yet I have not brought myself to this extensive freedom of Thought, so I remain amidst the

Minority, who begin now to grow weary of protesting, or at least languid in that noble Prerogative, as you will find by the only Protest we have had this Year.

You enquire much after my State of Health : I am as well as your wishes or your Art could make Me. Matrimony even agrees with Me a second time. You Physicians say a second Dose of Physick does most good. I hold You all in the highest Reverence, and look upon You as Prophets. You are the favorites of Apollo, and your Oracles undoubtedly are true. Beleive me, I am perfectly happy and perfectly healthy. We propose to be in Dublin in August, if not sooner. May we hope to meet you there ? Indeed, my dear Doctor, until You are planted in the Soil of that Metropolis, You are an Exotick, and liable to the pinching Blasts and uncertain Seasons of Corke. It is a horrid Climate. Quitt it, and draw nearer to the English Shore.—I am, ever yours,

ORRERY.

TO THOMAS TICKELL, ESQ.

*Duke Street, Westr., June 11th, 1739.*

SIR,—I leave London tomorrow, and after some stay in Somersetshire, shall proceed towards the Hibernian Shore. Amidst various Clamours and a thousand Calls, I snatch up a Pen to tell You that the noble Peer is not to be seen. He lives in a Labyrinth. Sir R. W.<sup>1</sup> has the Clue, but I have no Interest there, so I must tell You, that it is impossible for me to serve F.<sup>2</sup> I wish him a more able, he cannot have a more zealous Freind. As to Letters, they will be no purpose. His Lordship cannot read, so advise F. to sit down contented

<sup>1</sup> Sir Robert Walpole.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Fenton, probably.



and learn from Horace to make his Desires square with his Fate. He must either do this or improve his Patron's Head and Heart, which You will say is by no means impossible, since He has quitted his old Freinds in the Country for new Freinds at Court. When we meet in Ireland I shall be more explicit on the Subject, in the meanwhile You will believe Me as faithfull as unsuccessful in your Service.

To date a Letter from London and to send no News is perhaps a little impolitick. A Man should pretend to be of some Importance, tho' he really is not. However, to confess a great Truth, I have no secrets but what are in the News Papers, in which I could wish I own to insert one Paragraph, because I would have it as public as possible that I am, Sir, Your very obedient humble Servant,

ORRERY.

TO THE REV. MR. WESLEY.

*Marston, June 18th, 1739. Monday.*

DEAR MR. WESLEY,—We arrived here last Friday: All well, and much happier if we thought You so. The character You give of our mutual Freind, Mr. F—g—d<sup>1</sup> is indeed not only very amiable, but very just. I know every Syllable of it to be true. And I also agree with You entirely as to what You say about Words. I have often thought it greatly to the honour of our Language that there is no word in any other Tongue so expressive of that Godlike Attribute Good Nature, as in English. It seems to be a radical Phrase, perfectly of our own growth, and answers the Idea of Benevolence, Humanity, Sweetness, and a whole Groupe of Virtues all under One. So far in praise of the Language, but

<sup>1</sup> Mr. FitzGerald.

surely it is little in Praise of the People, that a Word so excellent in itself, should in the present fashionable Acceptation of It be perverted to a very different Sense from the original Meaning and totally corrupted from the antient Idiom that it bore. A goodnatured Man at this time of Day signifies little better than a Fool, and is generally looked upon, where there are not some remarkable Tokens to the contrary, as a tame, complying inoffensive Animal, so very low in understanding that his good qualities arise from Ignorance and his Virtues from want of Spirit. This is widely different from the true meaning of the Phrase, and can be only attributed to the uncertain Situation of a living Language which, like the Sea-Shore, loses in one place what it gains in another. But Good Nature is in itself of so dignified, so distinguished and so adorable an Essence, that it ought never to be lessened or misapplied. It should receive the utmost marks of respect due to a Title of so great Honour. It should be esteemed as the Characteristick of our Nation, and let other words perish or lose their significance, this ought ever to be preserved, and to be deemed sacred to Men of Sense and true born Britons: and if Simpletons and Fools must be indulged with some tender Epithet, let us coin some new word that may entitle them to our Pity, since they never can deserve our Esteem. My paper allows just room to say I am, faithfully yours,

ORRERY.

TO BARON WAYNRIGHT.

*Marston, July 20th, 1739.*

MY DEAR BARON,—Altho' I am certain my destined journey to Ireland is right, and may be attended not only with advantages but possibly with pleasure, yet I am not with-

out my Fears and Uneasiness on the Occasion. I have long known the People, the Manners and the State, and from Knowledge must arise either hatred or affection. You will easily guess which of those two Passions has taken root in my Breast. There are certain individuals in every Place, perhaps in Hell, who must be belov'd, esteem'd, admir'd, but when the Body in general is corrupted, what signifies it tho' a single joint or two escape the Contagion? if I were superstitious a thousand ill omens would attend me on this occasion, but at the thoughts of meeting You they must all vanish.

I shall bring all my little Family with me. I was once determin'd to leave Lord Boyle at Westminster, but my Heart cannot bear the Separation. I am resolved to dedicate my Time in Ireland to his Service, and to publish something *in usum mei Delphini*: for to You I dare own he is a Boy of infinite hopes: One who will prove, if his maturity answers his Blossoms, the most worthy of his Name.

You see, as usual I pour out to You the inward Thoughts of my Soul. But not to be too serious, I must tell You an Adventure that happened to Me yesterday in this room. A Neighbour of mine at Froome (who has lately been an Author, and has done me the honour to mention me in his Performance) came yesterday to make me a visit some hours before dinner. It is the custom here if our Freinds intend to dine with Us they break in upon our breakfast. I had never seen him before, but at first view perceived he was a most sober Personage, of gravity sufficient to make a mute at a Funeral, and of Formality enough to be a Gentleman-Usher to the Arch Dutchess at Brussels. To while away the time before Dinner, after I had paced the Garden over with him in all demureness, I brought the Sage into my Library as the most acceptable Place in which so profound an Adept could repose



his limbs. He soon advanced towards the Books, and taking down one in which I had scribbled some observations, he turned it over with as sad a countenance as I have ever beheld and then asked me, 'Is it your method Sir Mylord, to write 'in your Books?' upon my answering in the affirmative, he replied, 'I am sorry for it, they will not sell so well hereafter!' The Beauty of the observation, especially from one who had complimented me in print, the seriousness of the Observation, and the Truth of the remark made me venture to smile in spite of all efforts to melancholy, and I daresay the upright Presbyterian, for such he was, will now look upon me not only as a Scribbler and Defiler of Paper, but as a Mockers and vain Ridiculer of holy Men; it is time to fly therefore out of a Country where my reputation is sinking and dwindling away, to an Island where your Countenance and Freindship may protect and defend me. Adieu.

ORRERY.

TO DR. KING.<sup>1</sup>

*Dublin, August 27th, 1739.*

WHEN you was gone, my dear Doctor, Marston Bowers lost all their Charms. The Leaves wither'd, the Flowers droop'd, the House-dog grew sullen, the glow Worms died, and Melancholy diffused itself throughout the whole Parish. Our Curate had thoughts of turning Methodist, and the Esquire relaps'd into the Ague by drinking Water. Mr. Scott broke his Ruler, and Twitzer talk'd of planting Thistles and Crab trees. The Harpsicord prov'd out of Tune, Lady Orrery grew hoarse, and little Kate would squeal no more. You will easily judge I quitted such a Place with Pleasure, especially to hasten to the Dean<sup>2</sup>: After your Conversation, His

<sup>1</sup> Principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford.

<sup>2</sup> Dean Swift.

Company only could be relishable. I found him in excellent Health and Spirits. God send Us all a fitt of the Gout at Seventy! He is much yours, as is Mr. L——, to whom I delivered your Packett.

I am now going to Rust in the County of Tyrone: *The World forgetting by the World forgott*: and as You know I neither hunt, drink, shoot, nor play at Nine-pins, I must find out some amusement, some diversion to fill those Winter Evenings that approach so fast and last so long. I have therefore undertaken a great Work, such a Work as will require all my own Attention and all the Assistance of my learned Freinds. It is a Translation of Pliny's *Epistles*, and to each Epistle I propose Notes, such as shall take in all Kinds of Learning, History, Humour, or agreeable Observations, so that the whole may be worth the Acceptance of the Publick. I have ever despised literal Translations: at best They are only fitt for School Boys, and they are what no Man of Taste can bring himself down to. I would make Pliny an Englishman: I would keep up his Sense and Spirit, but I would endeavour to use such Expressions as He himself would have chose had He written in English. Now I have laid my general Plan before You: Will You allow me to send You from Time to Time some of my Performances? I need not add, will you use Me like a Freind? I know You too well to doubt It.

Pliny is an Author I have long studied, long admir'd and long lov'd: His Sentiments charm Me. He had a Soul that was an Honour to human Nature. He was learned and an Encourager of Learning. He was a fluent and a persuasive Orator: He was noble, generous and goodnatur'd. He had an Emprour for his Master and his Freind, from whom he receiv'd and upon whom he reflected great Honour. His

Uncle—— but what am I doing? You know him and all his Relations, and I am drawing their Pictures. Forgive Me, my dear Doctor: To my Freinds I love to talk of my Freinds, and shall certainly hear with great Satisfaction and much Improvement whatever you say of my *Cæcilius*, whom I begin to think and call my own. Our Correspondence, for I flatter myself You will make it mutual, will turn upon Learning, and unless Musick comes in, I don't see how Lady Orrery will have a Right to interrupt It. Take her best Wishes then once for all. They will ever attend You, I assure You, tho' I should not happen to mention Them so punctually as She desires Me. The Boys are silly Punsters, and bid me say *Vivat Rex*. In short all mine are yours, and at the Head of them

ORRERY.

TO DEAN SWIFT.

*Caledon, Sept. 29th, 1739.*

DEAR SIR,—Behold an Englishman growing fatt and flourishing in the County of Tyrone. Fortune has been extreamly kind in her Favours, and I have no other Way of shewing my Gratitude, but by living on the Spott from whence those Favours flow. Where our Treasure is, there will our Heart be also.

The Time is now drawing near when the Eyes of Europe will be fix'd on the Councils and Determinations of College Green. I cannot ask you to be absent from a Scene of such Importance; but if Peace be the Result of those Councils, as I doubt not from their Wisdom it will, I must hope to see You here next Summer. The Inducements to make You quitt Patrick's Street, (a Place I confess very alluring) for the less well bred Butchers of the North, are Quiet, Ease and a Pyrrha



and Deucalion who know how to value You: but if War ensues, if his Grace of Devonshire opens the Temple of Janus, and the shrill Trumpet sounds to Arms, even then your Retreat here will be secure. Encompass'd with Hills and Presbyterians, we bid Defiance to *Don Geraldino* and the *Conjux violenta Philippi*. Our Plough Shares will be Plough Shares still: nay, so great is our aversion to Swords, that we do not suffer Prize-Fighters to come amongst Us, and, what is more wonderfull, One of our Lords, the Baron of Blaney, has quitted the broad Belt and Hanger for the Toga Xtiana of the Church: so that All the Tumults we apprehend are *in Nubibus*. The Clouds are the chief Ministers to Boreas, and they execute his Orders without the least Colour of Justice or Shew of Pity. The Winds blow down our Trees and the Rains rot them, nor can their Wrath against Groves and Plantations be exceeded by any Sett of People beneath Them, except by the Natives of the Place.

You see I scorn to disguise the Situation of our State, and since You have long known my Imperfections, why should you not know the Imperfections of my Land? A Land whose worst produce is Cheese and whose greatest want is the honour of your Company. I leave Lady Orrery to speak for herself: She is at present in the Dairy tasting buttermilk and trying a new Churn. By and By we must go together to the Pidgeon House, and when Night comes on, we shall shutt our Windows and retire to the Muses and the Loves. I am, dear Sir, Your ever oblig'd, affectionate and obedient humble Servant,

ORRERY.

## TO BARON WAYNRIGHT.

*Caledon, October 13th, 1739.*

No, my dear Baron, I will not be tempted to quitt Study and Repose for Noise and Idleness. Not your Eloquence, equal as it is to all I ever heard or read of, shall tempt Me from my Cabbin, or draw me beyond the limits of my Garden. Shall I leave my peacefull Home, my much lov'd Indolence, and all the joyous Moments of my Fire-Side, to plunge into Noise and Battles? to beat the Spaniards in Bumpers and the French in loud Laughters? No, softer Amusements and gentler Victories employ my Hours. But Oh my Baron releive Me from the only uneasiness I labour under, the Want of your Conversation. Come then next year the Northern Circuit, or we shall hang ourselves in one of our Groves. When shall I see you if I do not meet You with the Sheriff of Armagh? Chear us, therefore, with the hopes of attending You, and Lady Orrery shall appear an Amazon on Horseback to conduct You hither, while I, like the stout Achilles, will shine at the Head of my Myrmidons to honour and almost adore Justice, when she assumes so beloved a Form. I speak thus early that You may take your Measures accordingly.

Now for Pliny: What You have heard is true: I am translating him: He is an Author who I think has not had that Regard shewn him which he most deserves. His sentiments are fine, his way of thinking, open, humane and noble. His Freindships sincere and well-chosen: his Fortune easy and well managed; and his whole Life a Scene of Virtue and honourable Acts. Should such a Man be buried under a Heap of Dutch Commentators? No more than You should be buried in Ireland. He is in some Places a little obscure by affecting

to be too concise, and from that Reason, as well as from the difference of the two Languages, I am oblig'd often to take a long Scope to keep up an Epistolatory Style and at the same time make him intelligible. My greatest disadvantage is, that if I err or mistake his Meaning, I have no Body to set me right. I have no Assistance but my own Brains and Lady Orrery's Ears, to whom I read each Epistle (like Molière to his old Woman in the Chimney Corner), and from her Criticisms form my Sentences at least more tuneable, if not more exact. Upon each Epistle I write an Essay, which I make as lively and as little tedious as I can. I will not send you any of my Labours till I have finish'd the First Book, which may be about Xmas, but scarce sooner.

W. G. who is now here, shall deliver You an Epistle of my own, containing some Account of your English Freinds and likewise of your English Enemies, for even You are not free from the *inexorabilis hostis*. Lett what Name soever be given You, my dear Baron, I know what Name You deserve. You are the Pliny of our Age : An ornament to your Country and a loyal Subject to your Prince, and, lett me add, the *Decus et Tutamen* of Me your faithfull and affectionate

ORRERY.

TO WILLIAM PHILIPS, ESQ.

*Caledon, October 30th, 1739.*

*Sollicitae duco jucunda Oblivia Vitae.* This is the real Reason why You have not heard from Me since my Arrival in Ireland. A perpetual Hurry employ'd my Hours at London and at Marston, but at Caledon they slide away in uxorious happiness, and rustic Joys. I have now tasted the two extreams of Fate : the Rage of Tempests and the Serenity of Calms.



Wonder not, my Freind, if I am cautious how I thrust forth my Vessel again from Shore, or commit my Pinnace to the uncertainties of Wind and Weather. She must be first new rigg'd, well stor'd and richly freighted, and then perhaps She may be stout enough for a Voyage to England, but at present we must lye by in Port to refitt. If I talk thus of Vessels and Voyages, the officious Rascal who opens this Letter will think I am carrying on a treasonable correspondence, and may look upon Me as a Privateer fighting under Spanish Colours. The Times are dangerous, and therefore no more of Seas and Storms.

I am charmed with Caledon, and when I should be writing to my Freinds, I am moving an old Gate or cutting down an antient Apple Tree for a Prospect: in short, I am lost amidst the various Pleasures of inglorious Ease. The morning dawns, and my little Pad ambles with Me through all my various Groves and verdant Fields. At Noon, I lean upon my Pitchfork and eat my oaten Cake. The Afternoon is pass'd at the Pick-Ax and the Spade, at Night Lady Orrery's Voice and Harpsicord in sweet Delights transport my Soul to Rest. My Days are innocent, my Nights are happy. Chearfullness sits smiling round Me, and Plenty keeps close to my Side. My Gate stands open to the Widow and the Stranger. You now know where I am.

TO ARCHDEACON RUSSELL.

*Caledon, Nov. 12th, 1739.*

MY DEAR ARCH DEACON,—We Lords are a most unhappy Sett of People. It is true we have some Advantages that draw on envy from the untitled and uncoronnetted Vulgar, but our disadvantages are such, that no Pity is too great for Us. I

am led into this way of thinking by a Visit I have lately receiv'd from the most impertinent, the most inquisitive, the most disagreeable, the most dismal and the most scycophantic Lord-following Fool that Earth ever produc'd. He came hither unask'd, unthought of and unwish'd for, and travell'd all the way from D——y<sup>1</sup> at this bleak Season with the most dismal Face and most rotten Constitution that has been (since time immemorial) discover'd in these Parts. But his Face and Person, tho' death-like and forbidding even to a degree of Terror, are still preferable to his Head and Heart. He is by Nature one of those Question-asking Animals who pry into the secrets of the higher Powers in order to make a Figure of Importance, and to appear deep in the Knowledge of Family Occurrences and Lordly Affairs: from this accursed Disposition I have suffered immense Persecution. He was resolv'd to lose no Time, and before He was well warm in my House he began to ask Me, 'When I went to Town? Why I staid in the Country? Whether I had lately heard from my Freinds in England? What their Opinion of Things was? What they Thought of my Absence in Ireland? How long I intended to sojourn in the Kingdom? What were my intentions about my Children? How I liked T. B.? Whether I examin'd my Sons myself? Whether my Daughter was out of her Sampler? How She relished a Step-Mother? and whether the old Woman he remember'd in England was still about her?' Here I grew a little sour, and answered the latter Questions snappishly enough: upon which He turn'd over a new Leaf, and putt on the Air of Freindship under the Mask of Flattery. He let me understand that I was of all Men his darling Favourite: He called me *Procerum dulcissime*, and he told Me he had often heard of Caledon,

<sup>1</sup> Derry?

but was resolved never to see it, fine and famous as it was, till I, *Magnum hujus Aedis Ornamentum*, was seated, as he now had the honour and pleasure to view me, in my golden Throne in the midst of my terrestrial Paradise. This Ear-tickling Discourse was wound up by one plain, modest, humble Question in these Words: 'Pray, my dearest Lord, what is your exact Income here in the North? Because, if it were a Million, it cannot be more than I wish It.'—Gods! was I reserv'd for This? But not to tire you with any more of his Adulation, let us view him in another very different and very hideous Light. He is naturally very hypocondriacal and melancholy, and therefore his Brains are fill'd with bad Omens, dire Misfortunes and all sorts of evil News. His Prophecies are more terrible than Cylenos', and he delivers them in a hoarse deep hollow Tone that would frighten Hercules. When Lady Orrery went the other day to visit a Neighbour about six miles off, during her Absence he was giving me infallible Assurances that She must be overturn'd, and break an Arm or a Leg, if not her Neck. He was perpetually regretting that my Sons had not had the small-Pox. He observed that my Daughter look'd pale and consumptive, but hop'd with a Sigh, that she might rub thro' it, tho' Master Peachick look'd so just before he died. By the dint of second Sight, he knew I could not withstand the extreme severity of the Weather, and he lamented with Sobs and Groans that Caledon was not in the South of France: then he sung of Rheumatisms, Coughs, and Agues, of Catarrhs, Imposthumes, Diarrheas, Gravel, Ruptures, Gout and Stone, and concluded all with a Prayer against the bleakness of easterly Winds and the Power of the Irish House of Commons.

I need not name him to You, He is now with You,



or will be so, soon after You receive This : He quitted us this morning, and had rivetted me strongly in an opinion I had long entertained, that A Man had better keep Company with a dozen Knaves, than with one Fool, for, cautious as I have been in all my Answers to Him, He will nevertheless entertain Dublin with an Account of Me and my Family during all the Winter Months.

Hasten hither, Archdeacon, that your Sense may make amends for his Folly, your Sincerity for his Flattery, and your Cheerfulness for his Prophecies.—I am, most sincerely yours,

ORRERY.

TO DOCTOR BARRY.

*Caledon, Nov. 30th, 1739.*

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—I welcome you most heartily to Dublin.<sup>1</sup> You are now in your proper Sphere, where you cannot fail to shine with a Lustre far beyond all the lesser Lights of the Firmament : but you must yet awhile look upon yourself as only rising into Glory : and at the first dawning of your Appearance you must expect to meet with some Clouds and noxious Particles that may obstruct the force of your heat and the brightness of your Rays. The finest Noons begin with the dullest Mornings. Fogs and Vapours precede Sunshine : on the other hand, if the Mornings be too early bright, the Noon is overcast, and the Sun sets amidst all the Terrors of Erebus and Nox. Your Morning, my dear Doctor, may possibly be cloudy, but I shall see you in your Meridian darting forth your Beams and at once giving Warmth and Light to the whole Globe of Ireland.

It is very certain the *Genus irritabile Fratrum* are awakened at your Approach. Be arm'd then against the various

<sup>1</sup> Dr. B. had transferred his practice from Cork to Dublin.

Monsters that for want of other poisonous Animals, are particularly plentiful in the City of Dublin.

*Gorgones, Harpyiaequae et Forma tricorporis Umbra* consider now as Shadows. Lett them hiss. Let them crawl; and lett them try to hurt You. Your Power is from Phœbus, and You are invulnerable. They will soon find You so, and they will return disappointed to the Ooze and Filth of the Liffy.

I hear You do not intend at your first Appearance to rowl over Essex Bridge in your own Chariot: I am sorry for It, for a Chariot seems not only necessary if you have great Business, but more so if You have less than your Skill entitles you to. Œconomy may exert itself in a thousand Instances more properly than in this. The Brotherhood will rejoice at it, and the proud, the rich and the vain (a numerous and mighty Generation) will scorn to send for a Physician who has not a Chariot to grace the outside of their Portal. Consider too, whilst You are box'd up in your Chair, You may be crushed and destroy'd and run over by some hasty Member of the Fraternity, as he flies with the Wings of the Wind and the Horses of the Sun to dispel the Gout, the Jaundice and the Devil: and it is too true that Ward, or Mrs. Stevens could be sooner with a Patient if they went in a Coach than Apollo himself could be if carried in a Sedan. No, my dear Doctor, if you turn your chariot into a Chair, I'll turn my Coach & six into a Kings-End Carr. Adieu.

ORRERY.

TO MR. SOUTHERNE.

*Caledon, Janry 1st, 1739-40.*

LET it not be said, my dear old Man, that I have seen two days in the New Year without wishing as many

Years to You as you have good Qualities, which I verily think is making you immortal. We are wrapt up in Snow. The spotless Ermin is not whiter than Caledon Gardens. Our Potatoes, like Relicks, and the Skulls of Saints, are dugg up from amidst the Bowels of the Earth. We are obliged to guess whereabouts they are, and there we drive in our Pick-Axes, our Spades and our Crow-Irons: but if we guess wrong or are mistaken in our Situation, *Vae Miseris!* the Caledonians are obliged to support themselves without a Dinner. Mark how we are punished for want of faith in Travellers. The Stories of Men outliving a winter in Iceland, as also of the Breath freezing so as to render the Voice unheard, and the Words lockt up till a Thaw came, were formerly looked upon as wily Fancies and Offsprings of a lying Brain, but now we own them true, true as a Midnight dream or one of Dr. Baxter's Apparitions. We experience all the cold of Iceland in the County of Tyrone, and not only our breath is frozen, but our Lips seal'd up in Frost, till Tea or a Lady's Kiss setts our Mouths at Liberty. The Ink cannot freeze in my Pen, because the ardour which comes from my Heart when I write to You, inspires my Fingers ends with warmth and makes every Muscle in me glow with the heat of Freindship, but if I was writing upon Business or without Affection, Ink, Pen, Paper and Scribe would be all Statues of Ice in a minute.

Tomorrow compleats me thirty-three: I have now no Remnant of Youth left but want of Knowledge and Experience. I am jogging on towards forty, and find, as I go forward, I begin to think People middle-aged, whom I have heretofore looked upon as grave old Gentlemen, so what is added to my Years I take from theirs, without either of us finding Benefitt by the Exchange.



Lady Orrery, Betty, Charles, Hamilton, even King Nobby (old and good as you are) send their best Wishes to you and to all our valuable Freinds at Westminster. I thank God we buffett the Cold as stoutly as if we had been born in Muscovy. May no Weather hurt You! No Age conquer You! No War molest You! (for here we are dreadfully afraid of the Spaniards) and may neither Snow cover your Potatoes, nor want of Memory make you forgett

ORRERY.

TO ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

*Caledon, February 23rd, 1739-40.*

SIR,—You may look upon this as an Epistle from the Dead: We are buried to the World and pass our time in as much tranquility and in as much ignorance of what is doing in the great neighbouring Island as if we were stretched at full length in our Coffins. Some Life indeed we have still remaining, just enough to remember the happy hours we enjoyed in England, particularly at Twickenham. You must allow our Gratitude to break out now and then in a Letter, and must forgive an Interruption occasioned by the warmest Wishes, tho' in the coldest Climate, for y<sup>r</sup> Health and Welfare. During the late severe season our Fears and Anxieties for you have been great. The strongest Constitutions and the most robust Frames have been shattered and unable to withstand the Keeness of the Frost: in pity tell us then how you have escaped? A Letter directed to Caledon near Tynan in the County of Tyrone, Ireland will reach two of the faithfullest Servants you have in the World.

The Dean has lately had another Fitt of the Gout, but is now in perfect Health. We hear often of him, but seldom

from him. The Lady's<sup>1</sup> Power, (one may say it without danger of hurting one part of his Reputation) encreases daily : at night her Influence ends : that is, She retires to her Lodging, and the Dean to his Bed : but returning Light brings her back to her Station, which she quits not, till, as She poetically expresses it (for now she scarce deigns to call for Small Beer in Prose) the goddess Luna, whom She once worshipped as Lucina, borrows Light from her Brother Phœbus to guide her Votaries to their peaceful Home. Of other People we know little and enquire less. The fatal Catastrophe of the E. of Sc—— has reached these Greenland Territories, but the name of the Heiress who was run away with, and the running Translator at Charing Cross, will in all likelihood, like other mysteries of State, remain unknown to the Caledonians forever. Let Mr. Pope live and enjoy his Health, Let him sometimes think of Us, just to say he is well, and we will sow our Potatoes and spin our Flax with all imaginable Content and without the least grain of Envy or Complaint of the Age we live in, for be assured, Sir, we are with the utmost Truth and Respect Your most obliged and most obedient humble Servants,

ORRERY. MARGARET ORRERY.

TO MR. SOUTHERNE.

*Caledon, May 14th, 1740.*

THE News Papers are just arrived. I congratulate You, my dear old Man, upon the late Honours of his Grace of Argyle. Honours which I have wished him often, and the only Honours he wanted. None of his faithfull Servants see

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Esther Johnson, privately married to Dean Swift, whom she eventually predeceased, and illegitimate daughter of Sir Wm. Temple.

his Character rise to the highest Pitch with more Pleasure than You and I. My Pleasure, perhaps you'l say arises from Pride. I am proud to see so great a Man as independent as Myself. I am independent and I always will be so ; but it is of no consequence what I am : it is of consequence to the three Kingdoms what he is. May his life be as long as it is glorious, and may you live to see it so.

I have a thousand good Things to tell You of my Family. We are the happiest People in the World, easy, retired, chearful, full of Gaiety, and full of Love. Lady Orrery, the Source from whence these happinesses flow, is your faithfull Servant. Lord Boyle is deep in Ovid, and tomorrow commences a faithfull Follower of Æneas and a Rival to Achates. Hammy has enlisted himself under Erasmus, with whom he generally passes the morning in a dialogue upon miscellaneous Subjects. Betty is thrumming upon the harpsichord and growing towards a May-pole. Of the Unborn, some Months may allow me to send You a Paragraph. Now lett us go into the Garden.

My Trees flourish, my Lawn looks green, and my Walks nice. My Gardens are encompassed by a River, whose Borders are covered with goodly Trees, the boast and glory of the County of Tyrone : thus you see I am fixed among bounties of Nature, profuse to me in every Blessing that this Earth affords amidst this Scene of uninterrupted Joy, I am glad to feel now and then a pain in my Toe, least I should fancy myself already in Heaven, because I have certainly passed thro' Purgatory. I am, my dear old Man, ever yours,

ORRERY.



TO WILLIAM PHILIPS, ESQ.

*Caledon, July 12th, 1740*

DEAR SIR,—Do I live to tell You that the Sunbeams no longer cherish, the Power of Phœbus is no longer a blessing to Mankind. Surely Phæton is in the Chariot, and the Earth is again to languish under the influence of a rash hot-brained Boy.

Scarce had I writ these words when a Shower has descended with as much Violence as if it had been Gold into Danae's Lap : the bounteous Gods continue it ! or we dye of thirst, a death that no Irishman can think of with Patience.

The heat of the Weather has often made me compare this Island to the glorious luminary which I just now mentioned. We are refreshed and enlivened by the rays of Hibernia at a proper distance, but whoever attempts to live within the planet must be scorched to Death. The native Salamanders indeed make a shift to subsist in this midst of this Ball of Fire, but to free born Englishmen who love to breathe in wholesome air, the torrid Zone, or Vulcan's forging Shop, can scarce be more intolerable, yet all this is owing to the inhabitants : nature has done wonders for the Kingdom, but the very breath of an Irishman, nurtured and educated within his own country is poisonous and destructive. Many of the wiser sort, after your example, fly their mother Earth and live in England. Thither also will I return, as soon as Lady Orrery's Condition, and the Situation of my own Affairs will permit. I came here firmly resolved to stay some years, but my resolutions now are all shattered to peices. The Rage of Party, the natural malice against an Englishman (enriched as I am with the only Jewel of their Kingdom), the

wretched conversation, the intolerable pride, the invincible stupidity of these Sons of Thunder, ill agree with my turn of thinking. I have a delicacy, perhaps too great a one, in my nature, that abhors roughness and rudeness of every kind. Politeness and Civility may command me at any time and in any manner, but haughtiness and brutal ignorance make me act like the Traveller in the Fable, who wrapt himself up the closer the more he was blowed and blustered upon.

It has been said of the Germans that they are a hundred years behind the rest of the world in knowledge and the elegancies of Life. I wish it is not an observation applicable to the Irish. However, I must confess their long intestine Wars, their constant and slavish dependence upon another Kingdom, and their just dread of popery, are some sort of excuses for the fire of their brains and the fury of their hearts. But till their Situation or their Manners are altered, I hope it will not be my ill Fortune to live amongst them. At the same time I speak and think this, I solemnly declare that in every material point wherein I can serve this unhappy Kingdom, I will to the utmost of my power. I know the bread I eat must come from hence: I know my Ancestors have been very great and happy here, nor am I ungratefull to Heaven and to Ireland, for the blessing I enjoy in my Wife. All I entreat of fate is not to fix my dwelling here. If I sojourn within the Island, my Abhorrence to Persons and to Things may possibly encrease, but if I depart right early, my hatred will be turned into affection, and I shall forget the awkward but malicious subtilties, the low, but ill-designed schemes, and the poisonous Arrows that have been aimed in the dark against Your true and faithfull humble Servant,

ORRERY.

TO THE REV. MR. WESLEY.

*Marston, July 16th, 1740.*

MY DEAR MR. WESLEY,—I find it absolutely impossible to resist paternal Love. I must snatch Lord Boyle from Westminster. The Thoughts of parting from him for three or four Years are not to be endured. A thousand dreadful Dangers occur to my Imagination: A thousand horrid visions arise before my Eyes. The Boy himself, tho' willing to submit to my Commands, dreads so long and so distant a Separation. He is in Tears day and Night as the Time approaches destined for our Departure: a universal melancholy reigns in my Family: we are become the Sons and Daughters of Sorrow and Anxiety. Is this Situation to be borne? No, no, I must not, I cannot bear it. What then is to be done? I will boldly follow the dictates of my Heart, and borrow him from Fitz Gerald and Doctor Nichols, to return him back again with Interest, and to restore him again to that Temple of Learning Westminster-School with an Encrease of Virtue, Knowledge and Politeness. You will smile at the word politeness. Do not imagine I mean dress and foppery. You know I detest them, but to own the sentiments of my mind, I am not without Fears that my friends will think I act wrong in snatching away a very hopeful Child from an English to an Irish Education. Believe me, I have strong reasons for so doing which I cannot reveal, and I write to You as to a Parent, not as a Philosopher, when I tell you the resolution I have taken.

I am in dreadful anxiety about your health. All accounts tell me the contrary of what I wish to hear. Your Life is of great consequence to all your Freinds, to me in particular who



have long known, loved and admired You and at the most distant part of the world will always be Your faithfull humble Servant,

ORRERY.

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY TO TOM SOUTHERNE.

*Marston, Nov. 21st, 1742.*

MY DEAR OLD MAN,—You partake so much in all my felicities, and rejoice so much at all the Joys of your Freind, that I must inform you (notwithstanding the large Parcel of Letters I am to write on y<sup>e</sup> Occasion) that this day has given me a third Son, Lady Orrery an heir to Caledon, and my Freind, I hope, a future humble Servant. what compleats my happiness is Lady Orrery's safe delivery and promising State of Recovery. We are both mutually and firmly your own, and wish our Boy may prove like you, not only in the Length but in the Manners of his Life. Adieu.

ORRERY.

EXTRACT AND COPY OF A LETTER FROM  
DR. BARRY TO THE EARL OF ORRERY  
CONCERNING MR. ANNESLEY.

*Dublin, Jan. 14, 1743.*

MY DEAR LORD,—You blame yourself for not writing to me, but I condemn my silence more. I really begin to think, that this Neglect of Ceremony attends often the greatest Ties of Friendship and affection. I never wrote fewer Letters than of late to my Mother, yet I never lov'd her more. I have, I think, a thousand Things to say to you and have not one happy vacant Hour to relieve my Mind. . . . I have been

more out of Order than usual of late . . . which frequently has depriv'd me of Rest after being spent with the Fatigues of the Day. Ye Speaker having heard I had ye Gout, sent me a fine Cane, fit to support me, and to shew in a Side Box at ye Play House. How can I fail when thus sustain'd? You desire me to send you what Particulars I have of Lord Anglesey's Case. No unprejudiced Person doubts of the Justice of this Cause; but such a complicated scene of Wickedness, and such Hair-breadth escapes from imminent Danger could only be unravell'd by Providence: 'tis beyond the Reach of Human Pow'r. The Lord is universally unpity'd, abject in his Misfortunes; the Young Man modest and humble in his success. He has been lately ill but must be reserv'd to greater Happiness, and is now pretty well but troubled with a Cough. An Apothecary in College Green, Mr. Shaw, told me that he had once ask'd him when he was a common Black Guard, where he lay in ye Night. He said he was happy when he could be admitted to a Stable with Horses; but that he more frequently lay at some Street Door. He sent immediately for a Carpenter, made a Stall for him under his Window, supply'd him with a good quantity of Straw, and bestow'd this little House upon him, where he lay, till he was kidnapp'd; and with Reason expects, that he will soon give him a better House than he lives in. It seems unaccountable that One that had been acknowledg'd in his Infancy for L<sup>d</sup> Altham's Son, should during his Father's Life be thus shamefully expos'd; but this can only be accounted for from ye variable Temper and Jealousy of the Father, influenc'd by his Uncle and the desperate State of his Affairs, which oblig'd him to support his Extravagance, to give Leases in Reversion, which could not be granted, had he own'd that he had a legitimate Son. He is now in the County of Wicklow, and

most of the Tenants there acknowledge him for their Land Lord. We all expect the Trial with Impatience.<sup>1</sup> . . .

COPY OF AN ORIGINAL LETTER FROM COUNSELLOR TIGHE TO THE EARL OF ORRERY  
CONCERNING THE TRYAL BETWEEN MR. ANNESLEY AND  
THE LORD ANGLESEY.

MY DR LORD,—Your kind Letter has put new Life into an old Man ; and I shall execute your Commands in this, and all other Things sincerely and honestly, as I had a Share in it, and if (according to learned Example) I grow tedious, remember that you are in the Country where you have some Leisure to listen to your Friends. And the rather as it was the most solemn Tryal that I ever knew for it lasted a Fortnight, the Jury (by Consent of both Sides) adjourning every Night, and the whole business of the Court stopping all the Time. The Jury was certainly a very excellent one : ten of them were Members, and their Estates worth above Seventy thousand Pounds a year. Our Witnesses were good, as L<sup>d</sup> Ross, L<sup>d</sup> Mount-Alexander, Mr. Coakley, Mrs. Annesley, Mrs. Cole, etc., and above all his dry Nurse, who tho' thrice examined was still the same, as the Chief Baron acknowledg'd. Their Witnesses were not as consistent, but they were sifted to the Bran by Harwood. And the Nurse appealing to my Lord himself, whether he hadn't ordered her to take great care of the Child, this transported my Lord so, that he bounced up, and swore she ly'd, for he didn't care if the Child and she were both at the Devil : true, says Harwood, we believe you my Lord, but by this you confess that there was a Child. Mr. Makercher

<sup>1</sup> See Note at end of these Papers. The signature and rest of letter have been cut off and are missing, but the writer was Dr. Barry.



rank'd the Evidence very well, for I was appointed to fight under General Purcell, a brave bold Butcher in my Neighbourhood, who was two hours and a quarter on the Table, and mov'd the Court so, on the sufferings of Jemmy Annesley, that most in it wept. Purcell told me he had drop'd him at my Door the Night before, and I must carry him on, which I did, and shew'd that he was spirited away—I did not call it kidnapp'd—from my service in April 1728. This my Man assured me who saw him in the Ship roaring and crying that his Uncle had run away with him, and there we shall leave him in Slavery for 13 years. But I must take him up again in his Return Home, for I had a Letter from him at Jamaica. The Court called for the Letter but I told 'em that I had lent it to one of my Lord's Agents, to shew it to my Lord, and that he had never return'd it ; the Man I named was Reiley a tall Irishman : As soon as I nam'd him he struck out of Court, as my Lord had done, when I mounted the Table, and they hunt Reily gloriously, asking him when he goes to the Counsellor for another Letter. I told the Court further that I had an impudent Attempt on me, for an Affidavit was brought to me ready drawn to swear Jemmy a Bastard, but I refus'd it, and if they inquired into it, they would find the Adviser, it was a Clerk of Mr. Coltis that brought it to me : Coltis was then Attorney to my Lord, but has since quitted him, so he wou'd have told all. The Court call'd for him, but he was not there, tho' I presume that the Jury smelt the Rat, for they laid more Stress, and so did the Town on my Evidence, which lasted but an hour, than I did : for they concluded that my Lord would not take all this pains about a Bastard. This is the Part I acted and impartially relate it to your Lordship ; for my Friend said I was a rigid Man and wou'd as soon goe

to the Devil as sign such an Affidavit so that they mistook their Man much. Besides take this for granted,

‘ While I live no Knave,  
Shall walk the World in Quiet to his Grave.’

And Lord Mount Alexander calls him freely the greatest Rogue in Europe. Your English Attorney Tiffard, proved him a Pick-Pocket High Wayman and guilty of Bigamy, and had brought him off in all Scrapes : they wou’d have had a Townsman of his blacken him, but he told ’em the worst he knew of him was that he was an Attorney, and wou’d goe to the Devil for his Client : this wou’d not do, so they dropp’d his Evidence. I question whether any Man in the Kingdom, at the Distance of thirty years, cou’d prove his Birth so clearly as he did. When the English Attorney came on the Table, my Lord went out once more. And indeed I think my Lord wounded himself very deeply in taking the Defence on himself, for then we all fir’d point blank at him ; had the Tenants been the Defence we cou’d not have done so. In a Word, they have laid him so low, that the Devil and Oliver won’t raise him. They tell a Passage of him that I imagine is too good to be his. When the Lords all turn’d their Backs on him in the House, he said if it was for his Vices they were too late, if for his Misfortunes they were too early. We had ten old Lawyers against us, and ten young ones for us. There was a fat Curate in this Town who was very zealous for my Lord, who has fallen away to Nothing since our Victory. Right Jack Falstaff. . . . But I choose to close with L<sup>d</sup> Clarendon’s Remark which I apply to Mr. Annesley, Viz: that he has met with that Recompense which the Divine Justice usually assigns to those who patiently attend his Vindication. Thus I have obey’d your Lordship’s Commands tho’ I have tired your Patience I fear. But I have done.

My best Respects to your excellent Lady, and all your Family. I am glad to find 'em all well.—I am, Your Lordship's Obedient Hum: Servt.

R. TIGHE.

May all the Blessings of this chearful Season attend your Lordship and Family.

To The Rt. Honble. the Earl of Orrery, at Marston near Froome, Somersetsh.

*Dec. 22d, 1743.*

COPY OF A LETTER FROM COUNSELLOR TIGHE  
TO EARL OF ORRERY WITH A FURTHER ACCOUNT OF  
MR. ANNESLEY.

*Jan. 26, 1743.*

MY GOOD LORD,—I read your Letter from Duke Street with great Pleasure and Delight as I do every Thing that comes from your Lordship ; but I shou'd have had more Joy, if you had mention'd the Health of your excellent Lady, and the Progress of your Sons ; I presume they don't throw ye Books out of ye window now. I shou'd be glad likewise to hear of Dr. Delany's Health, and Mr. Pope's, to whom I owe many of ye most pleasing Hours of my Life. . . . But I come to your Lordship's Questions, and find you as desirous of seeing our marvellous young Man, as ye People at ye Musical Society, where Six Hundred were assembled on ye Night that he was to be Chairman. He was very civilly received at the Castle, but hasn't taken his Seat among his Peers as yet, so that he has no Title but waits for the King's orders, the Lawyers that ye Duke<sup>1</sup> referr'd it to, having delay'd him as too hard a Point for them. I wish he was ye only Slave in ye House ; but while

<sup>1</sup> Duke of Buckingham. Lady Altham was his (illegitimate) daughter.



there are Pensioners and Bishops there will be slaves there, or, to give it a softer Term, Creatures of the Court. He is a very modest, humble Young Man, *nec Phoebus secundus instruit*; I have found him so on much acquaintance with him. And your Friend the Chief Baron, who made him sit an hour or so with him (with a Design to see into him), sais that notwithstanding his low Education he is a very sensible young Man. But ye Story now going is that Frank Annesley has found some Letters of Lady Altham's, complaining of ye want of a Son. But where were these Letters during the Tryal? Frank is not us'd to be wanting, and to his own Cause. And my Lady lost her Senses long before she dy'd with a dead Palsy. Yet they give out that these Letters are laid before ye King. Your Lordship will easily discover the Truth of this Report as you are upon ye Spot. But your Lordship will see by this Grub-St. Elegy scribbl'd on ye Back by ye Person who gave it to me what ye Sense of ye World was about his Son at that Time; very different from these Letter-Writers. The Passage in my Last relating to Lord Anglesey, I hear was ye Bishop of Cashell's, as it is most like, for he has a Head. . . .

On the Prince's Birth Night, the Ladies had like to have been disconcerted by two drunken Lords and a Commoner that got amongst them when they ought to have been in Bed; but they had been drinking loyal Health's to be sure, that sanctifies all.

When you see Mr. Garrick be so good as to let him know, that we have a Young Fellow now rehearsing, that for Voice and Person will outdo all the men he ever saw on the Stage: he is above Six Foot high, twenty five years old, and the Son of a Goldsmith; his Name is Spanger Barry. He has an excellent Ear, and as he is very strong, pushes wondrous well.

They give out that Lady Altham's Letters are writ to Mr. Sheffield, as you are well acquainted with that Family, you will soon learn that.

I find Mr. Brooks, Author of *Gustavus Vasa*, is a great Friend to our young Actor. I am sorry to find our Friend Garrick so roughly treated by Mr. Machlin, who I fear is a better Writer than Garrick; as to the merits of the cause I know Nothing of 'em but as they are set forth by each Party, who seem to have drawn Blood in Controversy. I have obey'd Your Lordship's Commands as well as I cou'd . . . and have nothing more to add but my best Respects to my Lady and Your Sons.—I am, etc. etc.

RI. TIGHE.

COPY OF PAPERS RELATING TO LORD AND LADY  
ALTHAM INCLUDING RECEIPTS OF MONEY FROM AND  
LETTERS TO JOHN DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AND NORMANBY,  
FATHER OF LADY ALTHAM.

[AN Indenture dated 1707 on the marriage of Lord and Lady Altham is very complicated in detail, and the subsequent financial disagreements between the two families bear out the suggestions of Dr. Barry and the Councillor concerning the pecuniary straits and very indifferent characters of both Lord Altham and Lord Anglesey. Two or three of the letters, and numerous receipts from both Lord and Lady Altham, seem worth publication as being (among other reasons) good types of the filial style of those days in parental correspondence.]

LETTER FROM LORD ALTHAM, ENDORSED BY THE DUKE  
'SINCE THE QUARREL.'

*Feby. 1713/4. Dunmain.*

MY LORD,—I was honoured with Your Grace's kind Letter, and I hope I shall never be guilty (in any Means) of incurring Your Grace's Displeasure; and I now propose to devote myself entirely to Your Grace's Commands. And tho' some should insinuate that I would not make good my Wife's Jointure, yet I beg Leave to assure Your Grace that all that is in my Power to do I will. I must own that my Estate in this Kingdom by me is lessened, and were it to do again, I would never be guilty of the like Faults. And since Your Grace has been so kind to express your Favour towards me I humbly beg Your Grace's Interest, that I may have a Troop of Horse in this Kingdom, it being what I think myself most capable of undertaking, and Civil Employments being more difficult to get, Your Grace being now at the Helm may command any Thing of that Nature. . . . It would be an addition of near £400 a year to my small Fortune, and would make us ever easy, and I will endeavour to make all suitable Returns for so great a Favour, and I beg Leave to subscribe myself Your Grace's most obedient humble Servant and Son-in-Law,

ALTHAM.

My Wife joins with me in Duty to Your Grace and my Lady Duchess, and has expected the good News of my Lady Duchess being brought to Bed.

*Dublin, July 1715.*

MY LORD,—I was honoured with Your Grace's, and had answered it sooner but waited for Mr. Eyres. . . . I have been



in this Town with my Wife ever since I received a Copy of Your Grace's Letter to Captain Briscoe and at no small Expence. I did not think this affair would take up so much Time.<sup>1</sup> . . . My extraordinary Expence attending in this Town, does oblige me this Night to draw on Your Grace for £50 payable at 5 Day's Sight, which I would not have done till the whole Matter was over, but I am really under Some Necessities, therefore hope Your Grace will honour my Bill, which I will allow either in Interest or Principal as you please, and that you'll forward the Conclusion of the Settlement in such manner as I may not be obliged to await here to my Prejudice. My Wife joins with me in Duty to Your Grace and Lady Duchess, and I am Your Grace's most obedient, humble Servant,

ALTHAM.

*July 28, 1715.*

MY LORD,—I received Your Grace's Letter, and I am sorry that I have not Credit with you for such a sum. I have offered every Thing in my Power to prove myself a dutiful Son-in-Law as well as a kind Husband. . . . I have drawn myself under Difficulties to attend Your Grace's Letter to Capt. Briscoe which I did depend was to sign Deeds and receive the Remains of my Portion. I have according to Your Grace's Desire given Putland a Rec<sup>t</sup> for £30 and I hope Your Grace will pay it. Yr Grace's most humble Servt.,

ALTHAM.

<sup>1</sup> This affair was the settlement of the jointure wh Ld A. still delayed making, and on wh the D. of B. made the final payment of a marriage portion on his side depend.

## COPY IN PART OF A RECEIPT FROM LADY ALTHAM.

22<sup>nd</sup> Jany. 1717.—Recd from Captn Richard Butler of Ross the Sum of £40 Sterling in several Payments, of which £10 was pay'd to Proctor and Advocates on account of the Suit commenced unjustly against me by my Lord Altham, and the other £30 was pay'd for my Lodging and Board; the said Sum of £40 was pay'd by His Grace the Duke of Buckingham for my account . . . as Witness my Hand,

M. ALTHAM.

COPY OF LETTER FROM LADY ALTHAM TO THE  
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

MY LORD,—I thank God I am able once more to pay my Duty to Your Grace for my Eyes are much better, and to let Your Grace know that the Captn received a Letter from his Correspondent from London last Thursday, which has been a Month in coming, and I have been in mighty Want, I having not one Farthing to help myself. The Captn seems surprised that he had no Letter from Your Grace, and much more so, as well as myself that Your Grace's Servant that carried the £20 to the Man, should tell him that it was for a Quartredge for the Lady Altham. Your Grace will, I hope forgive me if I say, I am somewhat ashamed that the Smallness of my Circumstances should be known, and ere till now kept my Credit, so that as yet no One but the Captn and his Wife knew them. You will I hope not blame me for this Precaution, when you consider how much it would please that barbarous Lord of mine who can never be brought to be sorry for what he has done, but by finding Your Grace will not let

me Want. I am afraid the Captn begins to grow weary of troubling himself in the Behalf of One that seems forsaken by all. . . . You have forbid me writing to her Grace, but, I hope, I may give my humble Duty to her, and wish her all Health and Happiness, as well as to Your Grace for this next New Year, and I am My Lord, Your Grace's most dutiful, humble and most obedient Daughter and Servant,

M. ALTHAM.

If I might be so bold, I would desire to hear from Your Grace.

[The Trial of which the foregoing Papers treat created as much excitement in Dublin in the eighteenth century, as did the notorious Tichborne case in London in the nineteenth. The Lady Altham whose letters to the Duke of Buckingham are quoted above was his avowed natural daughter (of whose mother there is no mention) and married Arthur Lord Altham, who appears to have been at all times in great financial straits, which occasioned great Complications with his Father-in-Law the Duke. Whether he were rightly or wrongly accused of less lawful expedients cannot now be determined, but in the course of his Cruises in the West Indies Admiral Vernon fell in with a young man in great distress and bondage, who claimed to be the legitimate Son of Arthur Lord Altham, early kidnapped and sold into slavery by his Father in order to set free the entailed Estates for the purpose of raising money upon them. Admiral V., convinced of the truth of these Statements, brought home young Annesley, whose Suit was triumphantly carried in Dublin, but without any apparent result beyond his living quietly upon the Property unmolested, but not assuming the title, and dying unmarried. The Earl of Anglesey against



whom the Trial was brought was Richard, his Uncle, who was in extremely bad odour in Ireland by reason of atrocious misconduct towards a Miss Simpson whom he prevailed on at the age of barely fifteen to marry him privately, and after obtaining a large fortune from her Father (who made them remarry publicly) and having three daughters by her, finally deserted them heartlessly to live with a Miss Donovan, whom he actually proceeded to marry in his first Wife's Lifetime. The Duchess of Buckingham's first Husband was an earlier Lord Anglesey whom she divorced for faithlessness and cruelty.]

COPY OF AN ORIGINAL LETTER FROM EDWARD STILMAN TO HIS BROTHER THOMAS STILMAN AT FROOME, GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE AT DETTINGEN. COPIED AND SPELT EXACTLY FROM THE ORIGINAL.

*To Mr. Thos. Stilman. In Froom in Somersetshir in England. Thus :*

DEAR BROTHER,—I send you thes Lins to Let you know that i am in good helth and now i can with plether send you the happy nus of ouer Suckses in the Batel that hapened the 15 of this Month and now i shal proceed with the pertecklers which was as folos thusday in the morning at 5 a Clock the french begun playing thar Cannon upon ouer Baggeg from a batery thay had raisd at the other sid the Main and so continued tel 20 Minuets after 8 and then thay turned thar Cannon upon us and all our rogmonts of hors and Draggouns tel 12 which you may think it strang but i shal tel you the Cos of it thay had got 40 Thousand in a wood Just a gainst ouer right whing in order as soun as we was marcht up to fall in upon ouer rear and so we should ben confined in frunt and

rear with the water at one side of us and a wood at the other but it was happily discouerd and ouer Cannon set brisk to Work and by 12 lat the wood about thar ears and Drof them to the rest of the Army and then we marcht up all the foot in the frunt of ouer right Whing and the Draggouns in the Center and all the hors upon the left and his Magisty in the front of the old Bufs as bold as a liont with his can in one hand and his Sord in the other. So when thay cam up to them we all gav three housays and all the futt gave 3 the mortels chers that euer was known and the french turned tail and run to the water side in hops of gitting ouer thar brige but while we cape them in play the queins men puld down the brige and a bout 2 thousand of them was fos into the water so that the Main is be com a Seckent Denuap so then ouer Lift whing cam in to play and ouer regmont pusht in upon the gandarins which is the french Life gards and a regmont of Dragguns and the ferst push as we mad M<sup>r</sup> Vizard was at my rite hand so we had ouer Sords upon ouer rist and ouer pistols in ouer hand and be fore M<sup>r</sup> Vizard could droy his trigger his hors was shot and ded upon the Spot and Vizard's legg laid under one horses belly i dropt my pistol and i hold out my Sord with a stif arm and cot the blos and neuer waged tel i so M<sup>r</sup> Viz Leg clear of his hors so he got of clear with only the Lost of his bags and Shurts and all the things that he had it was a mortel hot batel as euer was seain in this aeige as i haf heard ofescers say sence god knos i thote euey minuet to be my Last. for i thote that all of them presented at me and the whirling of the bols mad me all most dif butt god allmity heard my prars and brot me of clear without anny woond when i was in hotes of the battell i was so past fear M<sup>r</sup> Figors hors was shot and M<sup>r</sup> Gorgs hors and M<sup>r</sup> Meeis had his belt cut of in to but did him no harm dockter Hatthou is shot

through the body and stil alive and like to do well the most shocking thing was to hear the cris of the wooned french as we rid over when we prsued them but we could not help it so when the batel was ouer which was about 7 a clock we marcht to a plas to in camp on and then 4 Men of a trop was orderd to goe back to tack up ouer tents and citels and all the rest of ouer camp Mitterils and i was one of them and then my hart was shoked mos of all for mos a mile to gether my hors could not step for ded men and horses we lost 15 hundred Men and some ods beside woounded and the french Lost 9 thousand beside woounded the 26 all the whole army fired 3 times after prars for Joy of Vicktory i was upon the vangard for a fortnight be for the battel and i thought it hard work but no thing is so hard as kiling of Men pray my Dear Brother giue my Deuty to my Dear wife and Children and my love to my Brothers and Sisters and all my relations and all that do ax for me it is my dayly prars to god that i may life to com home and lif in happness with my Dear Wife and Children which is all at present from your most loveing Brother

EDWARD STILMAN.

i mad what in queery i can and sent Jams numan to all the regmonts that he could go to find out if thar was anny of my tounsmen ded and he could find but one which was Thomas Wilkons his head was shot of by a cannon bal the regmont that Samul pew belong to is 5 Mils from ouers so i got Liberti and rid to him and i found him in good helth i could not stay with him not abofe 5 minuts he givs his Deauty to his wife and his love to all pray send to in ginerall Hunywood's regmont near Ashaffingburg or els whar.

[The Battle of Dettingen was fought in June 1743, by the



Allied Powers against the French. The English under the command of George II. and the Duke of Cumberland. And the French Horse, under the Duke de Gramont, charged with great impetuosity, but were obliged to give way and repass the Maine with great precipitation, having lost about five thousand men wounded or taken. The loss of the Allies amounted to two thousand men.—SMOLLETT.]

FROM DR. BARRY.

May 22, 1744.

MY DEAR LORD,—Shall I admire or blame your philosophic Life? is real Happyness and *otium cum dignitate* preferable to the joys and splendour of Courts? is it more innocent and agreeable to catch fish than ensnare men. I can venture to assert that this is not the way to be a prime Minister, and to say with Terence *Abi, nunquam rem facies nescis inscribere Homines.*

I can scarce forbear asking what news from Home and when Pliny will appear? but that I prefer yr Health and freedom from irregular Gout to Fame. I had a letter lately from ye Archdeacon, who is much recovered, but almost as much a philosopher as yr Ldp. I wish I could prevail with him to take lodgings in the Castle and attend Levées regularly one Session, but I despair of ever prevailing on him to regard any worldly interest. I think he preaches as well as Dr. Delany, and has as good a title to preferment. He only wants another Mrs. Pendarvis, if such another can be found. An Episcopal friend of mine would willingly lay his mitre at her feet, or give her his naked Venus for one embrace.

Do not tempt me with an invitation to Marston. I should easily be prevailed on to quit Family and Business and fly

there, but 'tis yet a little to soon to take such liberties, but if I live I shall certainly goe to Somersetshire.—I am ever my d<sup>r</sup> Ld Orrery's faithfull and affec<sup>t</sup>

EDW. BARRY.

Fellowships and Schollarships were yesterday disposed of. Pringle was thoroughly recommended, but faild for want of answering. I find he was cautioned for not answering at public Examinations some time agoe. I hope he will prepare himself better next Time, for he wants no necessary interest if he has a moderate degree of merit.

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY TO COUNSELLOR  
FORRESTER.

*Caledon, October 1, 1746.*

Do you wait for the ceremony of my bowing first or have you forgot your friend Orrery? I would chuse the former rather than the latter, for your excuse in not telling me how you do, especially as I heard some time ago that your health was by no means in the state I wish it.

It will be long, I fear, before you see me again in Lincoln's Inn, I am detained by a lawsuit, which is only a polite phrase of being head and ears in an Irish bog. If I can wade through it in two or three years time, with limbs and health sufficient to crawl to England, I may perhaps trouble you to scrape off some of my mud and mire, and to mend my tattered garments at the Bar of the House of Lords at Westminster.

From this Island, no news is to be expected. Ireland is the small boat tied to your greater vessel, and therefore it is of little consequence in what manner we paddle our oars when our voyage depends on the sails and tackling of your man of

war, yet you would laugh to see us imitating you in all our rigging, and, what is more extraordinary, imagining that we steer a large course with great art and dexterity; when, alas, the utmost longitude of our sailing is only the length of a cable rope affixed to your sheet anchor.

I am embellishing this place, to which Nature has given great beauties, and where the soil is so extremely propitious that trees grow as fast here as they did in the Golden Age. Thus am I at once amused and rewarded by my labours; and my present state were indeed much to be envied, if the Sea did not flow between Me and many valuable friends. To hear from them is all I can expect at present, and therefore you must not think me unreasonable in desiring to know the common occurrences that relate to those of our mutual acquaintance, whose chance or station does not entitle them to a place in the *Evening Post*.

Lady Orrery, whose compliments attend you, received a most polite letter from your mother. Lord Boyle has been ill, and although he is now recovering I dare not trust him to the mercy of the Waves. My other scions are fat and flourishing; if you now and then take notice of my Westminster Scholar, it will be like yourself, and add to the friends<sup>p</sup> you have always shewn, Dear Sir, to Your true and faithfull humble Servant,

ORRERY.

TO LADY ELIZABETH SPELMAN.

*Caledon, November 1st, 1746.*

MADAM,—My Life has been of late so entirely employed among my lawyers, my tenants and my agents that I find it scarce possible to write to your Lady<sup>p</sup> on any other subject but arrears, ejectments and insolvences. The arrears, Madam,



due from me to your Ladysp are great, and I confess, so great, that I farther own, nay, I boast, that I shall never pay them ; being insolvent ; and therefore entirely at your mercy, But let my noble Landlady eject me : Keep me still in your books, Madam, carry on the debt as usual, from page to page, and say that you are willing to indulge with perpetual bounty an old tenant who has the honour to belong to your Family.

Your Ladysp, I know, will have goodness enough to enquire what has become of me for many months ? O, Madam, my whole time, till within this last month, has been passed with the O'Neils, the O'Briens, the O'Cormucks, the O'Hughes, the O'Donnells, and numberless Giants of Munster, I am, now, Madam, settled amidst the Titans of Ulster, the Macknomarroughs, the Mackduffias, the Macklaughlins, and, let me add, the Mackheaths. Thus, your Ladysp may observe, I fly from the O's to the Macks, and next Summer intend to return from the Macks to the O's. But my winter is dedicated to the Macks only. But where is Lady Orrery ? Madam, she is my rib, close at my side : I assure you full of gratitude, affection, and respect to your Ladysp : so is my daughter Betty. We are so happily settled at this place, and are so numerous in ourselves and our train, that I have no thought of returning to England till Edmund can talk bad Latin and till Lucy has worked out a sampler. It will be time enough then to remove our camels and our herds of every kind, and journey towards the land of Canaan. In the meantime we hope to hear from our friends, and if your Ladysp will give me leave, my next shall be a description of this place, which is indeed highly beautifull, and in which I feel no distemper, no pinching severity from weather, except the sad misfortune of being so widely separated from those whom I love and honour. I am, Madam, etc.,

ORRERY.

## TO DR. KING.

*Caledon, November 30th, 1746.*

YOUR letter, my dear Doctor, should not have remained so long unanswered, if business and anxiety had not delayed my acknowledgements. As I need not trouble you with the first excuse, it is to the last only that I entreat your attention.

Lord Boyle has been very much out of order. The joy which my tenants in Munster shewed at the appearance of their young Landlord engaged him in so many necessary parties of pleasure (wherein Bacchus, I assure you, had little or no part) that he caught a violent cold, which kept him confined, not without some ill symptoms, above a month in Dublin. He is now with me under the care and management of his Mother (such she appears to be, to my children, upon this and all other occasions) and I think is in an hopeful way of recovery, but I can by no means venture him yet across the Sea. Depend upon my strongest assurances of his being restored to you as soon as his health and the time of the year will permit. I shall communicate to Mr. Watkins many other particulars concerning him, but I am impatient to converse with you, as you are desirous, I dare say, to hear certain anecdotes relating to myself.

I am so totally alienated from my native country, and so enamoured of the place I live in, that unless some few friends held fast the ligatures of my heart, I think the remaining pulses of it might beat at liberty within the Walls of Caledon. The Romans, my dear Doctor, seem to have carried the *amor patriæ* too far. A man's country may prove ungratefull, may degenerate from itself, may become an asylum of slaves, may — here you interrupt me, and, allowing my possibilities, ask

if Ireland be preferable in arts, in sciences, in virtues or freedom, to England. No, my best of friends, I advance no such assertion, but my lot is fallen here ; here is my treasure, and where my treasure is there must my heart be also. In truth, Caledon itself is a most delightful place, and I am attempting to make daily additions to its beautys. Gardens, Groves, and, above all, an hermitage ! where I hope to have your bust, that the image of learning may appear within the confines of Orrery till I again have the happiness of embracing the original, Heaven in its mercy may have decreed, but has not yet revealed to me. Your design of publishing your works together must give pleasure to your friends in general and to me in particular. I dwelt so long on that part of your letter that I dreamed last night I was crowned with laurel by Apollo. All, all, here are yours, not only Pyrrha, and Deucalion, but every branch of the tree, especially the old weather beaten trunk.

ORRERY.

FROM THE REV. MR. BIRCH.

*London, Dec. 4th, 1746.*

MY LORD,—I am really ashamed to look back to the date of your Lordsp's most obliging letter to me from Caledon, which I have left so long unanswered. But I was willing to wait till I could give your Lordsp some account of the progress of the impression of your Pliny, which is now advanced to the 17th Letter of the 3rd Book. Mr. Melmoth seems to be apprehensive of being anticipated, for his Translation is advertised without a name, by Mr. Dodsley, as just ready for publication, in two volumes 8vo, at the price of eight shillings. . . . Mr. West, a nephew of Lord Cobhams, who published some years ago, an excellent canto in the style of Spencer, upon travelling,



and who has lying by him a translation of Pindar, has now in the press a treatise in defence of Xtianity. . . .

The phenomenon of Electricity still engages us here, and new discoveries in it open themselves every day. Mr. Watson, in particular, has given a sequel to his former experiments and observations, many of which your Lordsp was witness to at his house. He seems now to have demonstrated the source of the Electrical power, which he represents to be an Elementary Fire, connected intimately with all bodies at all times.

Mr. Barry, from Dublin, reigns upon the stage in Drury Lane, and is opposed by a confederacy at the other house, consisting of Garrick, Quin and Mrs. Cibber, who are all to appear in January in a new Tragedy of Mr. Thomson's called *Coriolanus*, and in *The Married Coquet* a new Comedy of Doctor Hoadley, Physician to his Majesty's household, and son to the Bishop of Winchester.

I had last night the pleasure of seeing the part of Chærea in the Eunuch of Terence, perform'd by Mr. Boyle.

My compliments attend my Lady, and I am, My Lord, your Lordsp, etc.,

THOMAS BIRCH.

TO THE HON. HAMILTON BOYLE.

*Caledon, 10th 8th, 1746.*

I AM to blame (not you), my dear Hamilton, in any chasm that has appeared in our correspondence. But, as I desire to be ever with you upon the freest terms imaginable, I hereby give you a general release from writing to me, except when or how you please. To confine you in any point that cannot essentially prejudice either you or me, is what I shall never

attempt in the utmost severity of my nature. But at the same time, let me tell you that the oftener I hear from you the happier you make me, and the longer and more particular your letters, the more real comfort I enjoy. Your brother must stay with me yet awhile, he is, I hope I may say, recovered : but my fears for you both are always great, and perhaps greater when you are nearest to me, then I watch every look and dread every cough or even the slightest complaint that can be. When at a distance, I trust in the providence of God. And although in general I am full of fears, yet am less so in particular than when you are present.

L<sup>d</sup> Chesterfield demands all respect that either I, or any of my Family, can pay him. My other friends you know, and I have not the least doubt of your acting judiciously, even in the part of sending a ticket.

We are not without our objects in this retired place : for we have our Whittings, our Pilky, our Rowling-pin (all these L<sup>d</sup> Boyle<sup>1</sup> will explain to you), and if we have a mind to go farther from home for game, our Georgy, our Wat. G. and innumerable old Ladies. But you are happy in the midst of sport, starting fresh game every day and every hour, while we are obliged to hunt our poor animals over and over, till not only they are tired, but till we are glad to quit the chace for a little breath.

I hope Dr. L. will be present at the *Eunuchus* in his embroidered . . . In short, my dearest Ham, may all health, happiness and merriment attend you ! So wishes your affectionate Father,

ORRERY.

<sup>1</sup> The formality of this designation by a parent of one son to another is conspicuous in contrast to our latter-day habits and customs.

## FROM COUNSELLOR FORRESTER.

*London, 18th Decembr 1746.*

MY DEAR LORD,—A tedious and most painful illness that I have been afflicted with ever since the 24th Augst must be my excuse for not writing long before this day, especially as I had frequent accounts of your Lordsp and my Lady's welfare from our friend the Dr. I lay ill above six weeks at Sr J. Cottons, during which I underwent the several operations of bleeding, vomiting, blistering, two cuppings and medicines without end.

The pleasantness of your Lordsp's present habitation I had heard much of from the Dr. before your description of it. I fancy that were the inhabitants of those parts of a temper and nature equal to the soil, the place would be a perfect Elysium, but perfection is to be expected nowhere, save Heaven. However, the flow of the sea between you and us, ought not to diminish the pleasure arising from a good air and a propitious soil, since nothing passes here but what a wise and good man could wish rather to be a stranger to, than a witness of. Ambition and love of gain absolutely weigh down friendship and every sort of connection. We see daily instances of it which neither your Lordsp nor I would perhaps have expected. This and many other things notwithstanding, let me tell you we have as noble and extensive projects as the best times afford. An army of 140,000 men in the field next campaign, which will regain all Flanders and Brabant, and so weaken France by the help of an eruption into Provence: so that (provided only there be no more difficulty in the execution than the imagination), we may by the Autumn have Louis quinze as fast in the Tower as the noble King Edward had his rival



King John. If your Lordsp doubts all this will happen, I can't help your Incredulity, besides, you may safely forbear believing, being already settled in the place where unbelievers of this matter are banished to, and whom you will perhaps have an opportunity of seeing in Sep<sup>r</sup> or Oct<sup>r</sup> next. . . .

The noble Earl of Aylesbury is drawing near his end from a paralitic disorder, nor can his blood, notwithstanding all its royalty, be kept warm much longer. The town has already prepared the Countess a second husband of a more proportionable age and vigour to her Ladysp.<sup>1</sup>

I beg to be remembered in the most respectfull manner to Lady Orrery as well on my Mother's account as my own. I am extremely glad to hear of L<sup>d</sup> Boyle's recovery, for I shall ever cherish and honour him, not only on his own account, but upon that (considering where you now are you'll excuse the phrase) of being his Father's son. Pray tell him that both his and your Lordsp's friends expect much from him, considering his name and blood. They expect no less than that he shall distinguish himself as much by the number of his virtues and good qualities, from the youth of the age as the majority of them do by their vices, Idleness, Foppery and Inattention to everything commendable.

I have now troubled you with a long scrawl, but hope its tediousness will not deter your Lordsp from giving me a line now and then at your leisure.—I am, my Lord, your Lordsp's, etc.,

AL. FORRESTER.

<sup>1</sup> Field-Marshal Conway, whom Lady Ailesbury (who was the third wife of her first husband) eventually married.

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY TO THE  
REV. MR. WATKINS.*Caledon, Janry. 22, 1746-47.*

DEAR SIR,—As I was proposing to answer your first, I rece<sup>d</sup> your second letter. Let me return at once my thanks for both. I find I have differed from you in some parts—not in very many. But I confess, from what you say of Mr. M——,<sup>1</sup> I am very impatient to see his work. If he goes on in Manuscripts that will mislead him, as evidently as in the instance you have sent me, he had better, in my opinion, have relied upon the printed copies, in which there is room enough for innumerable criticisms and various readings, but, till I see his performance, and I fear it will be long before it reaches Caledon, I cannot form the least judgement of the execution of the plan, Works of learning arrive slow in Ireland, and circulate slower when arrived.

I leave L<sup>d</sup> Boyle to speak for himself. Lady O. and all the Caledonians remember you with true esteem.

I am jogging on in Mottos. The Statue of Diana stands at the entrance of a wood, which by the turn of the river is formed into a Peninsula. Fields again on every side, the motto is :

En lucus et ara Dianæ

Et properantis aquæ per amœnos ambitus agros.

But, to tell you the truth, my tenants have a notion that I am atheistically inclined, by putting up heathen statues and writing upon them certain words in an unknown language. By accident, an attorney, who guides most of them in their family

<sup>1</sup> Mr Melmoth.

disputes, had enough left of school learning to declare that my mottos were all latin, which proved still more dangerous, not only to my character, but to my life. They immediately suspected me for a papist, and my statues had been demolished, my woods burnt, and my throat cut had not I suddenly placed a seat under an holly bush with this plain inscription SIT DOWN AND WELCOME. I have assured them that all the Latin mottos are to this purpose, and that in places where they cannot sit down, I have desired them in the old Norman dialect to go to the lodge and drink Whisky. The attorney, for five shillings and fivepence (such is our Irish Crown), has retracted all he said last week, and since Monday last has submitted to act the puppet and to suffer me to be his prompter. While I can keep him by bribery in this excellent road, my life is safe, and while it lasts, I shall take all opportunities of shewing you how much I am, dear Sir, your unalterable humble servant,

ORRERY.

Dr King is never forgotten at my table. The att<sup>r</sup> begins to drink him with true devotion because his health is always a bumper.

MR. BIRCH TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

*Norfolk Street, London, Feb. 7, 1746.*

MY LORD,—It has been no small addition to the pain I have suffered from a violent inflammation in my eyes of above two months' continuance, that I have been wholly incapable of returning my acknowledgements to your Lordsp for so very agreeable and obliging a letter as yours of the 22nd December,



and I am not yet recovered enough to do it in the manner I could wish.

The position of affairs abroad is extremely promising, and France seems in a state of humiliation, which it has not felt for many years ; a powerfull enemy in her own bowels, whom she will find it difficult to dislodge, and a very superior army collecting against her in Flanders which may strip her of all her late acquisitions.

Lord Lovat, it is expected, will petition for a longer time for his trial, than the 23rd instant, but much longer cannot be granted on account of the Judges going into circuit. He intends to respite his fate by protracting his defence, having given in a list of no less than 64 witnesses, though to little purpose in the event, for the evidence against him is clear and full.

Mr. West's Book, your Lordsp will see, deserves the high approbation it has met with here. But his uncle, Lord Cobham, is so unhappily prejudiced against the subject that he cannot speak of the performance with temper, and declares that he will not forgive a Layman for concerning himself with such matters.

Cibber's observations on Dr. Middleton's *Life of Cicero*, are marked with some of the peculiarities of the author, but the book, as I am assured by good judges, has sense and vivacity, and is much beyond what one would expect from a man who professes that he knows nothing of the history of the times about which he writes but what he derives from the writer who gave occasion to his observations, and from whom he differs in many things, and particularly with regard to the character of Caesar. A new life of Caesar is just imported from Paris in 2 vol. 4<sup>to</sup>, written by Monsr. Morabin, who gave the public a very good Essay towards it in his *Exil de Cicero* about twelve years ago.

My eyes, which have but ill directed my hand thus far, will serve me no longer than to add my compliments to my Lady and my Lord Boyle, and the assurance of a more punctual correspondence when I am able from, my Lord, your Lordships, etc.,

THO<sup>S</sup> BIRCH.

THE PRIMATE OF IRELAND TO THE EARL  
OF ORRERY.

*Dublin, March 10th, 1746.*

MY LORD,—Your Lordships most kind congratulation is as undeserved by me as any honour that I have received, and I beg leave to assure your Lordship that it is as welcome. I have often lamented the interruption of so early an acquaintance as mine was with your Lordship, and I have the more lamented it from a persuasion that it has been occasioned by accidents and situations. They are more strongly on my side, as I have the happiness to find this, my last and very great settlement, in the neighbourhood of your Lordship's, I shall do my utmost to redeem the time that I have lost in the cultivation of so valuable a friendship, and shall upon all occasions endeavour to approve myself, as I really am, my Lord, Your Lordship's most affectionate servant,

GEO. DERRY.

FROM THE RT. HON. LORD BOYLE.

*St. Mary Hall, April 7th, 1746.*

MY LORD,—I suppose this will find you in Dublin. I long most impatiently to hear from you. My brother and Bowen are to come to Oxford in Easterweek.

We have had another terrible accident at Christchurch College. Some noblemen and Gentlemen made one of the scouts drunk, and they say he fell downstairs : but there are several bruises about him. His scull was fractured, and he died the day after. The coroners inquest have brought it in Wilfull Murder, and the Gentlemen have all disappeared : they will surrender themselves to be tried. This verdict is thought very unjust. The jury were drunk. The Gentlemen concerned are almost distracted with grief. It is most certain they never thought of murdering the man, but played many tricks with him ; such as cutting of his hair. There are a thousand different reports, and we cannot have a true account till their depositions are known. This affair, and that of fighting Dr. King, which was done two months ago, will hurt the University in general, but probably ruin Christchurch. Perhaps you did not hear an account of that affair. Two gentlemen of Xtchurch, and one of Lincoln, were very much in liquor, and played a great many pranks with the women whom they met in the streets. At last, one of them ran into the Drs. lodgings after the chambermaid. The door was shut upon him. The Principal, hearing a noise, went out in his night-gown, with a candle in his hand. Duncomb (for that was his name) fearing the principal should know him, struck the candle out of his hand, and they had a little scuffle. The Dr. collared him and sent for the Proctor. The other two, whose offence was not so great as his, were ordered to ask pardon publicly, which they did. L<sup>d</sup> Charles D—l—s<sup>1</sup> was one. Duncomb was to have asked pardon upon his knees, and in a more public manner : which [kneeling] he has refused to submit to. He will, we suppose, be expelled as *contumax*. The persons concerned in this last affair are Lord Abergavenny, L<sup>d</sup> Char. Scott,

<sup>1</sup> Douglas.



Mr. Bale, Dobson, Carter, Delaval, Smallwell ; all belonging to Xtchurch. L<sup>d</sup> Abergavenny and L<sup>d</sup> Charles Scott, are, they say, little concerned in beating or otherwise abusing the man. They are almost mad with grief. The former has had two fainting fits. They all left the Colledge at about 3 o'clock on Monday. The Verdict, Willfull Murder, against persons unknown, being brought in at about 11 on Sunday night. You must not credit what reports you hear, but I will take care to send you the proceedings as I learn them. Remember me to all at Caledon or Dublin. I am, my Lord, your Ldsp's most dutiful son,

BOYLE.

FROM DR. KING.

*St. Mary Hall, April 10th, 1746-7.*

MY DEAR LORD,—I have rec<sup>d</sup> y<sup>r</sup> Letter, and return you both y<sup>r</sup> Packetts in very good Time To-day ; I shall probably return you the uncorrected Sheet by the posts Tomorrow. I have many Speculations in regard to the treatment y<sup>r</sup> Ld and I have rec<sup>d</sup> from the D. What can he mean by it? 'Tis as great an Affront as can well be offered, but for what end? He may look on me perhaps as a little Man and of no consequence. But he cannot think so of You who are in all respects his Equal and in many his Superior. I don't know whether I ought not by For: (if he will deliver y<sup>r</sup> message) to desire my Book again. If not, I know but one other Method to make the Man sensible y<sup>t</sup> he is a man and so am I ; and that I shall certainly take. For nothing now can excuse y<sup>r</sup> Usage. I saw a new Paper To-day for the 1<sup>t</sup> Time, called y<sup>e</sup> *National Journal*, w<sup>h</sup> is to be published twice a week. I like y<sup>e</sup> Manner of it much, because y<sup>e</sup> Author seems resolved to

tell us a little Truth, an Ingredient w<sup>h</sup> is not to be found in any other Paper. We propose to take it in, but till we have settled our Correspondence, will y<sup>r</sup> Ld be so good to send it to us. Believe me my dearest Lord, Ever Yours,

W. K.

#### THE ANSWER.

D<sup>R</sup> DOCT<sup>R</sup>,—Y<sup>RS</sup> of y<sup>e</sup> 10<sup>th</sup> came to me Yesterday, and as I shall have little time to write to you after I have seen our friend Mr. F. Today at Dinner, I snatch up my Pen at an early hour to answer it. The Behaviour of the D. of A. calls for resentment even from the meekest Spirit imaginable. let us state the Case. His Grace desires to read a Book not yet made publick, and w<sup>h</sup> he had sufficient Character to spur on his Curiosity. The Author, without farther loss of Time than was inevitable, sends the Book handsomely bound, and desires Ld Or<sup>y</sup> to deliver it. As soon as Ld O. was able to put on a Shoe, so as to attend H. Gr: he carried y<sup>e</sup> Book, and least the D. of A. should not be at home, he writ a Letter in as civil terms as possible, to let H. Gr: know y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Gout had prevented his earlier Delivery of a Present designed by the Author for H. Gr.'s own Perusal. The Duke was abroad, and Ld O. committed the Book and y<sup>e</sup> Letter to his Porter. A month is now pass'd since H. G. rec<sup>d</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Book, and he has not thought proper by Letter, Message or Writ to acknowledge to Dr. K. the Author, or to Ld O. the Carrier, the Rec<sup>t</sup> of such a Present. This is an exact Representation of the Facts ; now let every Gentleman judge whether the D. of A. has not failed in Politeness to a degree that admits of no excuse. If H. G. had intended to *steal* the Book he c<sup>d</sup> scarce have Acted otherwise. You smile, when I mention the possibility of his *stealing* ; such

an Inclination may happen *ex Natura* and on this point suffer me to tell you a story. A Scotch Lady of Quality speaking not long ago of her two sons, told an intimate Friend that She was happy in the qualifications of both but that she had experienced very different sensations when she bore each in her Bosom: 'While I carried John I was amazingly intrepid, 'defy'd Dangers, wish'd to command Armies; delighted in 'Warlike Talk. But when I went with Archy, I had Violent 'Inclination to steal, even my own silver spoons and c<sup>d</sup> not look 'any of my Friends in the Face, 'tis well I escap'd Committal 'to the Tolbooth for a Thief.' Alas! I am interrupted. Y<sup>r</sup> faithfull

O.

[Written on the outside page of the Letter, which was in an envelope :—]

*April 12th, 8 o'Clock A.M.*

*To the Inquisitor of Letters,*—Sir, Pray Attempt not to stop this Letter. My Letter to Sir Cord: Firebrace was stopped some While agoe; but I have a Copy of this Letter and Your Stoppage will be of no Use.

I am Sir Not Your humble Servant.

MR. COLLEY CIBBER TO MRS. PILKINGTON.

THOU frolicksome Farce of Fortune!

What! is there another Act to come of you then? I was afraid some time ago you had made your last Exit. Well, but without Wit or Compliment, I am glad to hear you are so tolerably alive. I have your incredible Narrative from Dublin before me, and shall,



as you desire, answer every Paragraph in its Turn, without considering its Importance or Connection. You say I have, for many Years, been the kind Preserver of your Life. In this, I think, I have no great Merit, because you seemed to set so little Value upon it yourself; otherwise you would have considered that Poverty was the most helpless Handmaid that ever waited upon a high-spirited Lady: But, as long as the World allowed you Wit and Parts, how poor, compared to you without a Shilling in your Pocket, was an illiterate Queen of the Indies. Oh! the Glory of a great Soul; why, to be sure, as you say, it must be a fine Thing indeed. But a Word in your Majesty's Ear. Common Sense is no contemptible Creature, notwithstanding you have thought her too vulgar to be one of your Maids of Honour. Common Sense might have prevented many Misfortunes as your High and Mightiness has been reduced to run through. 'Tis true you have stood them all with a Catonian Constancy; but I fancy you might have passed your Life as merrily without them. You see, I am still Friend enough to be free with your Failings; but make the best of your bad Market. You seem now to have a Glimpse of a new World before you: Think a little, how you are to squeeze through the Crowd with such a Bundle at your Back, and do not suppose it possible you can have a Grain of Wit till you have Twenty Pounds in your Pocket. With half that Sum, a greater Sinner than you may look the Devil in the Face. Few people of Sense will turn their Back upon a Woman of Wit that does not look as if She came to borrow Money of them; and when Want brings her to her Wits' End, every Fool will have Wit enough to avoid her. But as this seems now not to be your Case I am more afraid of your being out of your Wits at your good, than your bad Fortune; for I question whether you are as able to bear

the first as the last. If you do not tell me a damned poetical Fib in saying that People of Taste so often borrow *Cicero* of you, I will send you half a Score of them, with which you may compliment those whom you suppose to be your Friends. Perhaps you may have a Chance of having the favour returned with Something more than it is worth. Generosity is less ready in shewing itself, when it only appears to be grateful. In a Word, if you would have those Books you must order some Friend in London to call upon me for them. For, you know, I hate Care and Trouble.

I am not sure, your Spouse's taking another Wife before you came over, might not have proved the only Means of his being a better Husband to you. For, had he picked up a Fortune, the Hush, Hush of your prior Claim to him, might have been worth a better separate Maintenance than you are now likely to get out of him. As for my Health and Spirits, they are as usual, and full as strong as any Body's that has enjoyed theirs the same Number of Years.

If the Value I have for you gives you any Credit in your own Country, pray stretch it as far as you think it can be serviceable to you; for under all the Rubbish of your Misfortunes I see your Merits sparkle like a lost Jewel. I have no greater pleasure than in placing my Esteem on those who can feel and value it. Had you been born to a large Fortune, your shining Qualities might have put half the Wit of your Sex out of Countenance. If any of them are uncharitable enough to call this flattery, tell them what a poor Devil you are, and let that silence them. If ever you should recover enough of the Public Favour to dissipate your former Sorrows, I should be glad to see you here; in the Meantime you will fully re-pay any Service I have done you by sometimes letting me hear of your Well doing.

I hope you have but one Volume of your Memoirs in the Press ; because, if that meets with any Success, I believe I could give you some natural hints which, in the easy Dress of your Pen, might a good Deal enliven it.

You make your Court to me very ill by depreciating the natural Blessings on your Side of the Water. What have we to boast of that you want, but Wealth and insolent Dominion? Is not the Glory of God's Creation, Lovely Woman, there in its highest Lustre? I have seen several and frequent Examples of them here, and have heard of many, not only from yourself, but others, who, for the agreeable Entertainment of the social Mind, have not their equal Play Fellows in Old England.

And pray, what to me would Life be without them? Dear soft Souls ! for now, too, they are lavish of Favours, which in my Youth they would have trembled to trust me with. In a word, if, instead of the Sea, I had only the dry ground Alps to get over, I should think it but a Trip to Dublin. In the mean Time we must e'en compound for such Interviews as the Post or Packet can send to you or bring to Your real Friend and Servant,

C. CIBBER.

*Mon., Jan. 29, 1747.*

TO LADY ELIZABETH SPELMAN.

*Caledon, May 16th, 1747.*

MADAM,—Your Ladysp, I am persuaded, will most easily forgive my silence when I assure you that during these last six months I have been under great conflict of mind for my children, who were continually alarming us by little complaints to which children of their age are subject. We dreaded the smallpox ; it has been very severe in Lady Orrery's family.



We came to a resolution therefore, to inoculate them. It has pleased God to bless our proceedings, and Edmund and Lucy are now as healthfull and as playfull as their years and strength can admit. We have received many congratulations upon the occasion, none of which pleased me more than the fat house-keepers, who said 'She was glad they were past the small pox, as no more rolls of wax candle would be wasted in looking at flea-bites, freckles and pimples.'

In my last, Madam, I promised you a description of this place. Our house, which is called the Castle, is extremely old and weather-beaten. By the assistance of good fires we keep ourselves warm in it in winter, and in summer we pass most of our time at a Lodge in the park, about a mile and a half distant from the castle.

I shall carry your Ladysp in this letter no farther than the garden, which consists of fifty acres diversified by wood and water: three parts of it being bounded by a large and broad river, and the fourth is walled in, so as at once to give us fruit and security. On the side of the river is a most noble grove of fir trees. These, like the tall cedars of Lebanon, are perpetually green, and afford us at this time of the year, a gloomy shade, that like the awfulness of a Cathedral, inspires us with a serious kind of reflection, and keeps the mind in a proper state of humility, without diminishing the chearfulness which makes life agreeable. From the grove, let me lead your Ladyship into my study, from whence I transmit the compliments of the whole female race of Boyle to your Ladysp. But these commands were given me some days ago at Dublin. Lady Orrery and Lady Betty are still there. They will move Northward next week. I shall go as far as Dundalk to meet them. As I passed through that town yesterday, I heard that Lord and Lady Limerick

were perfectly well. I have not the honour to know them, but I thought the news would be acceptable to your Ldysp and indeed to every body who has heard of their name.—I am, Madam, your Ladysp's, etc.,

ORRERY.

TO THE REV. MR. BIRCH.

*Caledon, May 26th, 1747.*

DR SIR,—It is very certain I write to you with regret. Had a Southsayer foretold such a doom I should have believed him as little as the Trojans believed Cassandra. However, let me entreat you to lay aside my future letters till your eyes are perfectly recovered. Let them remain, like the letters of a guardian to a young heir, in your Bureau unopened.

I have lately passed a fortnight in Dublin in attendance upon my two youngest children, who were inoculated and who have passed through the small pox in a most happy manner. All my leisure time was employed in the book-sellers shops, and particularly in search of such books as you have mentioned to me. Many of them were not to be found in our Hibernian coast. When St. Patrick banished poisonous animals, the Saint in his fury probably cursed books into the bargain. He certainly wished ignorance might succeed him, and I am sorry to tell you that scarce a gentleman in Ireland (although he be a better Protestant than even St. Patrick dreaded) goes farther in literature than Urban's *English Magazine* or Faulkner's *Irish Journal*.

Mr. West's book pleased me very much. I know and I greatly admire and so respect the author, whose virtues are most truly christian. The book is as much applauded here as any book can be.

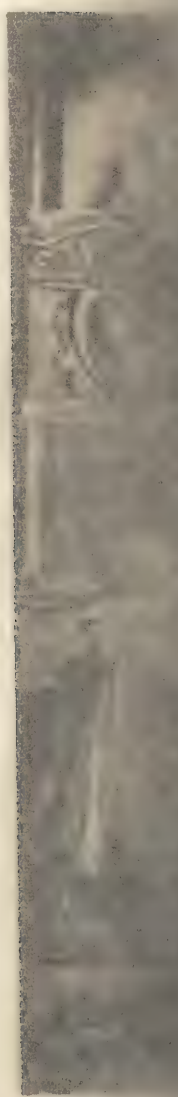
I had a glimpse of Warburton's Shakespear. My house is too little to hold any more Shakspears. But I have room for the Divine Legation of Moses. Let me recommend to you, if you have not seen it, *Les Memoires d'un honnête homme*. It is an amusing tale, written in a superior style, but in the manner of *Marianne* and the *Paysan parvenu*: or rather, written so entirely in the French manner, that I daresay no English translation of it will appear tolerable. Perhaps you will not descend to these kind of entertainments. They serve to relax my severer studies, and as such toys I mention them to you.

The Essay on virtue, and the Philosophical books, stay on your side of the water. Virtue is loth, I fear, to come to Ireland, and Philosophy thinks she should be swallowed up in our Bogs. Yet in truth such apprehensions are groundless. We are really improving, slowly but certainly.

Lord Chesterfield's influence, like the departing sun, has left a warm and serene sky behind it. I have known this Kingdom fifteen years. More improvements than I have visibly observed of all kinds could not have been effected in that space of time. Duels are at an end. Politeness is making some progress. Literature is close behind her. Industry must follow. As popery decreases, cleanliness and honesty will find place. The Charter Schools<sup>1</sup> will banish the former,

<sup>1</sup> 'The Incorporated Society in Dublin for promoting English Protestant Schools in Ireland.' The original design of this Society was the work of the Bishop of Dromore (Henry Maule). In 1733 a Charter was granted to the Lord Lieutenant and others in Corporation for the erection and support of these schools. In 1739 the King made a donation of £1000 and 'an annual grant of the like sum on the 'establishment of this Kingdom.' In 1794 new financial regulations were framed. In 1826 fresh rules were issued 'for the Government of the Protestant Charter 'Schools,' and a Parliamentary Paper was printed 'for the use of the Endowed 'Schools in Ireland' in 1856. Up to the year 1787 £62,029 had been remitted in all by the corresponding Society in London, and in 1789 an anonymous Englishman bequeathed £40,000 to the fund.





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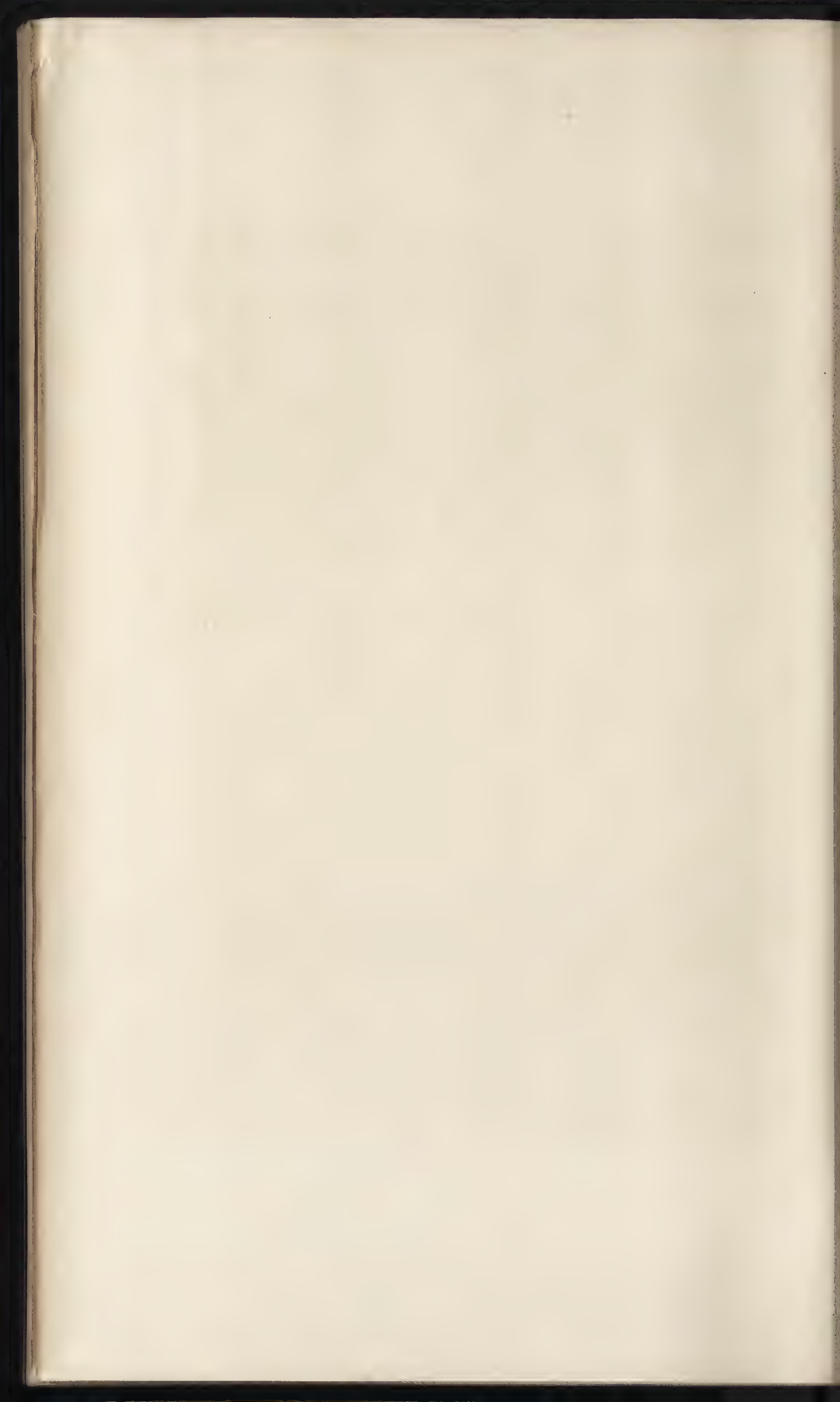
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*The tomb of Roger Boyle of Preston  
and of his wife Joan, parents of the first  
Earl of Cork, at Tiversham in Kent.*





and introduce the two latter. In this part of the Island we are all Protestant. I wish we were all of the Church of England. But what am I doing? forgive me, I entreat you, for I thought myself conversing with you, and was willing to detain you as long as possible under my roof. Adieu then, without further ceremony. You know me, Sir, Your faithfull etc.,

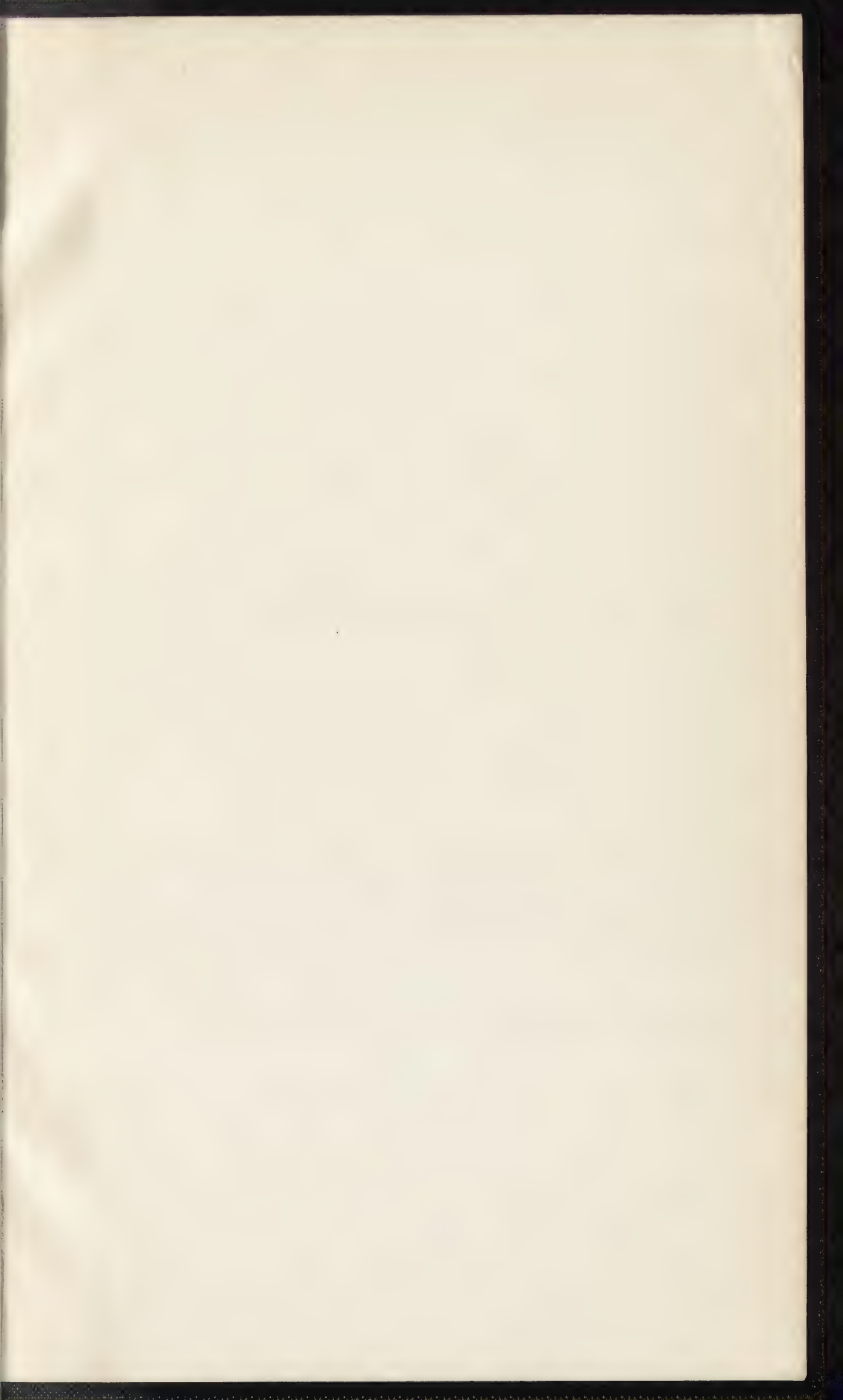
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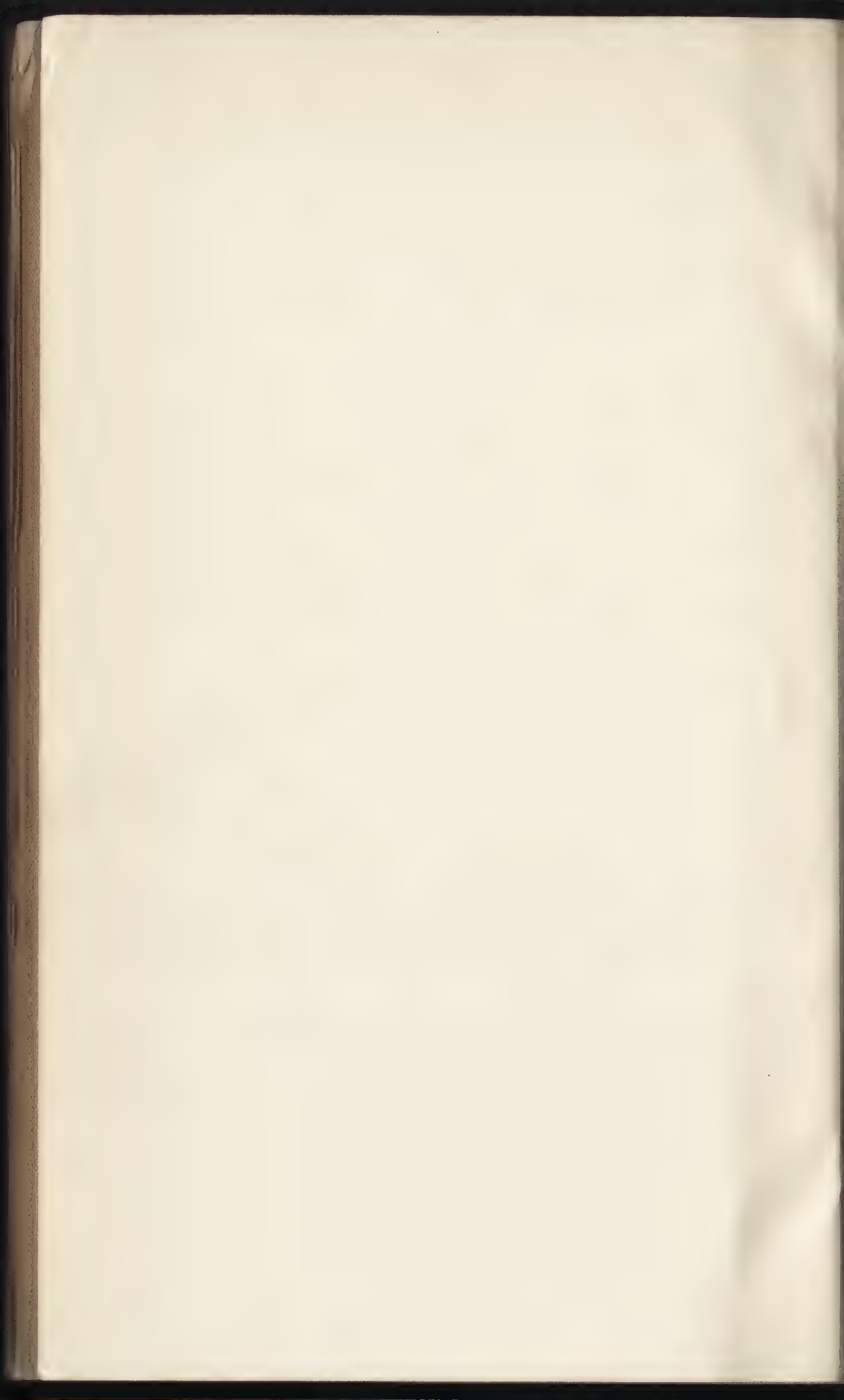
Your packets arrive constantly.

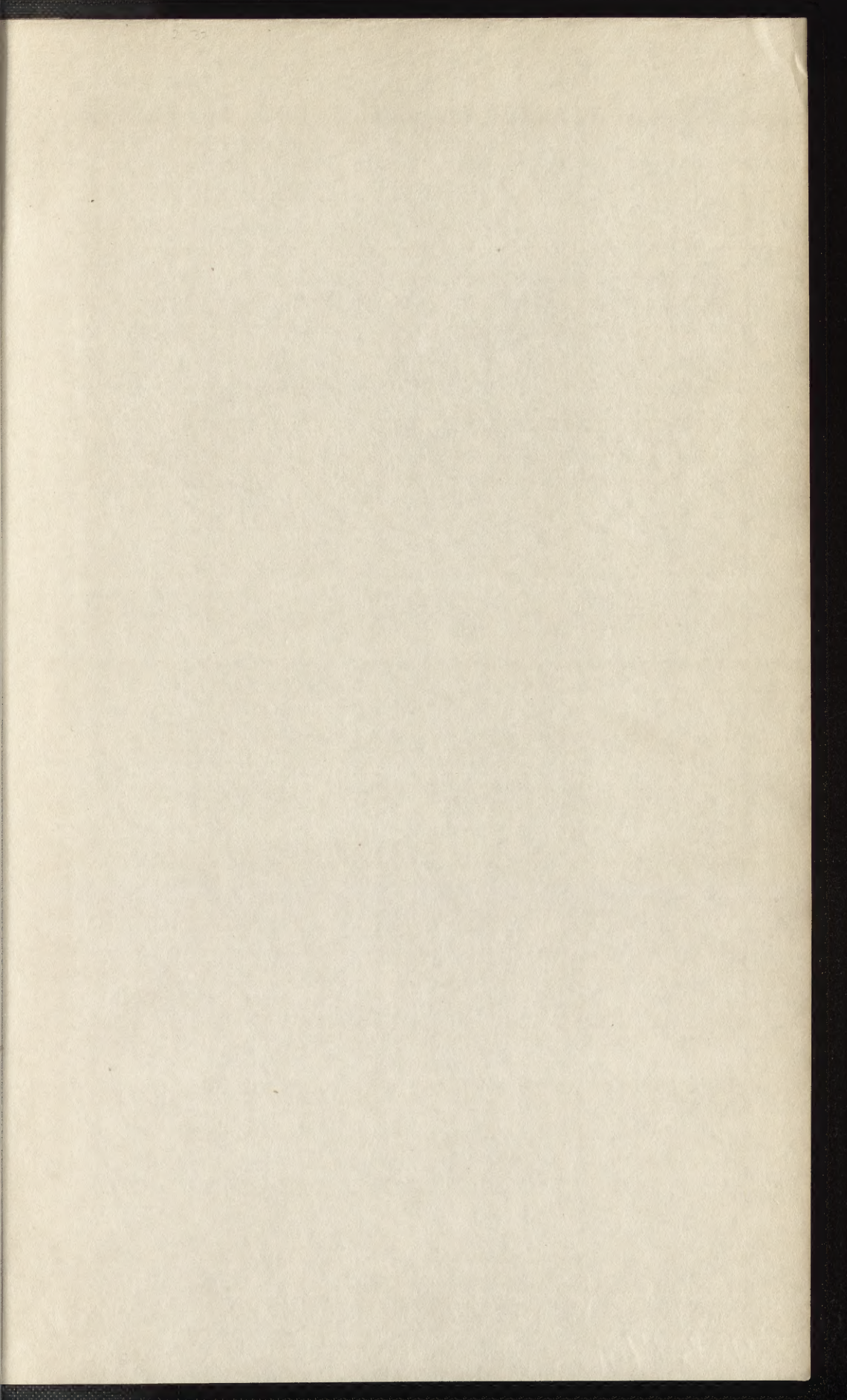
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(B. Wilson). Lord Chesterfield. f. xviii

The arts in Dublin 1736. f. 157-227

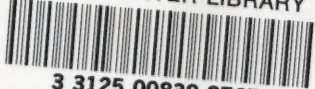
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